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Printed and Published by [illegible] Newspapers Limited, at New [illegible] Gray's Inn [illegible] ing House Square, [illegible] London WC1X 8EZ, [illegible] Friday, March 19, 1976, [illegible] the Post Office as a newspaper at the [illegible]

T·L·S
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
FRIDAY ● 19 MARCH 1976 ● No 3,862 ● 18p

## Machiavelli and his heirs

## Liam Hudson on 'The Drama of Social Reality'

Poets: Ted Hughes, Gavin Ewart

Historians: Otto Hintze, Richard Cobb

Ulster: Intermarriage, Unionism, Architecture

## Can literature be psychoanalysed?

## Coca and cocaine

## The voyage of Ice Bird

*Two dancers in Alwin Nikolais's ballet triple* Duo, *from the 1974 production in Paris: reproduced in Harrap's* Stage Design Throughout the World 1970-1975 *(see also page 312).*

## Updike as critic

**Commentary:** Frank Kermode on 'One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest'

**Fiction:** N. F. Simpson, Christiaan Barnard, Françoise Sagan, Ursula Holden

# Corruption and renewal

### By Felix Gilbert

**J. G. A. POCOCK:**
The Machiavellian Moment
Florentine Political Thought and the Atlantic Republican Tradition
602pp. Princeton University Press. £11.80 (paperback, £6.10).

Let it be said straight away that *The Machiavellian Moment* will be essential reading for historians, political scientists and those interested in historical methodology. J. G. A. Pocock himself assumes responsibility for the title, which is indeed fitting, but this becomes apparent only after one has read the book. *In Professor Pocock's view Machiavelli has achieved an eminent position in the development of political thought because of the crucial character of the problem which he persistently pursued: the problem of infusing new strength into a disintegrating political society and of renewing republican virtue when it was succumbing either to adverse fortune or to corruption.*

The importance of this theme ought not to be denied, but Machiavelli's commendation of republican virtue is only one side of his thought, which touches upon many different aspects of political behaviour: the search for laws which might make politics a science, and the problem of the relevance of moral prescripts for success in political action. The "evil Machiavelli" who subordinated moral considerations to effectiveness was the figure whom the people of the sixteenth century regarded with horrified fascination.

But the devilish "old Nick" makes no appearance in *The Machiavellian Moment*; of course Professor Pocock is aware of the selective nature of his approach and states frankly that "there will be aspects of Machiavelli's thought in *Il Principe* not dealt with here". The reader should not expect what the title might lead him to assume: that Machiavelli was the only political thinker who was concerned with the problem of corruption and renewal, or that the book will deal with the relation of morality to politics or the possibilities of a political science—briefly, with more than a segment of Machiavelli's thought.

Misunderstanding of the book's intent is particularly dangerous because *The Machiavellian Moment* does not fit smoothly into any of our scholarly compartments. Although we get some account of politics in Renaissance Florence and then in Stuart England, this is not an historical book in the sense of a study concerned with the description of political events and actions. The book dwells in the sphere of thought. But this again does not indicate its character: it is not a history of ideas. Historians of ideas, as Professor Pocock quite correctly states, are interested "in the relation between ideas and events, thought and experience", *and he is not concerned with these relationships; although a reference to events might be necessary in order to explain an allusion, they* do not pattern the structure of the world of political thought. Still less is this a work of intellectual history if the developments of intellectual history are viewed as dependent on the impact of the interests of social groups and classes.

Consciously or unconsciously the author challenges the emphasis which in our times scholarship places on economic changes and on social structure and social stratification. The subtitle "Florentine Political Thought and the Atlantic Republican Tradition", indicates that Professor Pocock wants his work to be a study in the history of political thought. However, the sharp line which he draws between what he is doing and what political historians, historians of ideas or intellectual historians are doing, advertises his intention to treat political thought in separation and isolation from all other fields.

Professor Pocock gave a theoretical justification of such an approach some years ago in his essay "Languages and Their Implications; The Transformation of the Study of Political Thought", in which he explained that the proper area of the historian of political thought is analysis of the language of politics or of the "rhetoric of politics", and that the particular methodology needed for such an investigation gave the study of political thought its distinctiveness and autonomy. This is very different from the traditional procedures in this field; Neither is the study of political thought treated as a history of individual thinkers whose life experiences explain their contribution to the development of political thought, nor is political theory examined for its underlying philosophy. According to Professor Pocock, common political rhetoric creates a bond which establishes a distinctive period in the history of political thought and sets this period off from other periods which speak a different political language.

This points to a further difficulty for which the reader must be prepared: the book is not easy to read. Perhaps this was unavoidable because the method which Professor Pocock assigns to the historian of political thought is a close textual *interpretation of the political writings that are his sources. This interpretation* has to solve a number of tasks. It has to establish the relationship between the issues with which the writer is concerned and the language in which his concern is expressed, and it must show the relationship of the language of a particular writing to the political rhetoric of the time. An analysis which, without obfuscating the divergent aims of different political writers, tries to establish the linguistic and conceptual system common to them, must lead on to a high level of abstraction. Ambiguities—to use one of Professor Pocock's favourite terms—are inherent in an approach which assumes that concrete individual facts, if embedded in the language of political discourse, become inextricably combined with abstract general concepts.

This connection can be shown only by careful reading of a text, from sentence to sentence, almost from word to word, and it can become evident to the reader only by making him a participant in such detailed textual study. This is a book to which the reader must give uninterrupted, close attention. This task is not simplified by the style of the book; it is terse and complex. The terseness was probably necessary in order to keep the book within a manageable size. I feel less sure about the need for complexity of style.

When Professor Pocock turns from textual interpretation to summarizing statements he writes sentences of impressive and brilliant simplicity. There are few scholars, I suspect, who would not like to have written what Professor Pocock said about Greek historiography: "It was, after all, Greeks who pioneered the writing of history as what it has so largely remained, an exercise in political ironies—an intelligible story of how men's action produces results other than they intended."

Professor Pocock does not seem unaware that there are limits to what he can ask from his readers. He frequently inserts clarifying and synthesizing statements, particularly at the beginning or end of chapters or sections. They fulfil an important function because they show that, despite its covering a span of many centuries, the book forms a unit. It has a thesis which is new and original, namely that from the fifteenth to the end of the eighteenth century a common political language was used, at least among those who lived in societies which gave their members the possibility of active participation in politics. This was a language in which the concepts of virtue, fortune and corruption were crucial, and since these concepts, whether rightly or wrongly understood, were derived from classical political sources, the term civic humanism is accepted by Professor Pocock as appropriate to designate the mood of political thought in early modern Europe with which his book is concerned.

This view, that from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, civic humanism was an important factor in political thought, implies some readjustment of views commonly held. With the exception of the brilliant but unique figure of Machiavelli, who wanted to separate political behaviour from Christian morality, the political thought of the Italian Renaissance has been considered as closely tied to its own time, as an integral element in the intellectual climate of the period, but its importance and influence seem to cease when history moved away from Italy to other regions of Europe. Professor Pocock presents a much more positive evaluation of the political thought of the Italian Renaissance. The political writers of this period are presented as the creators of the political language of civic humanism, and it is argued that this political rhetoric remained a force until the eighteenth century, shaping even the beginnings of American political thought. Professor Pocock's book, therefore, raises the question whether even the sixteenth century Me ranean Europe and the Eng speaking world remained at intellectually more closely together than is usually assume

More than 450 pages of *Machiavellian Moment*, its las parts, are devoted to the of the political thought of Renaissance, and to a demonstra tion of the importance of the toric of civic humanism for Eng and American political th until the eighteenth century. the briefer first part, whi meant to establish "the concep background" of the entire stu also of unusual interest. Prof Pocock discusses here matte which he has touched in pre essays: the transformation of cern with the past into hi Men have always made use past for steering through whether by following the cus of former generations or by rely on their own experiences or those of their immediate ancesto

However, such a relationship the past is not yet history. History requires that the events of thi world be regarded as more than isolated individual facts, arguing that they are connected, contain meaning, or at least have an end. Actions and events on the eart must be viewed as being result and cause of preceding or followin developments in order to endo the past with the character of his tory. The triumph of Christian created a difficult problem for the evolution of a historical outlook because although the prospect of an Apocalyptic end might be co patible with Christian views, attempt to give definite structu to the sequence of human eve was unthinkable because it imp a limitation of God's absolute fre dom. The genesis of a histori outlook, therefore, becomes nected with the process of secula sation.

Professor Pocock's discussion the development involved in origin of a historical outlook sh be of the greatest interest historians of historiography. I wo say that most of those wo ing in this field find the treatment of this subject jumping from one historical to the next—unsatisfacto clearly, such studies ought organized around the function the changes in function which historical literature and scholarship has undergone in the past four centuries. Such an approach, in dealing with the developments in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, will probably have to place great emphasis on the institutional setting within which history was taught. In the nineteenth century the impact which a wider audience had on creating new forms of presentation, a new "style", deserves more attention than it has had. Professor Pocock's notions about the transition from the idea of a useful past to the idea of history can be considered as the outline of a prologue for a satisfactory treatment of the history of historiography.

For such a purpose, however, Professor Pocock's research will have to be expanded and lead beyond the point where he breaks off. The question of the development of a truly historical outlook is left in abeyance when secularization, interest in the surrounding world, produced a new, more positive attitude to the *vita activa*, increased interest in political activity, and created a political language.

Professor Pocock considers this to have been the great achievement of the political writers of the Italian Renaissance, and he justifies his thesis with a detailed treatment of the genesis of a new political rhetoric in the political writings of this period. I have no doubt that readers will find this part of the book of "the greatest possible use". Numerous Florentine and Venetian political treatises and memoranda—often printed only in rare old editions—are now made more widely known, at least in their main features and aims. One might wonder whether Francesco Vettori might not have deserved to appear as a political writer in his own right and not simply as a recipient of Machiavelli's famous letter, and whether Giovanni Cavalcanti's *Florentine History*—a work full of flattery and venom and remarkable chiefly because it was used by Machiavelli for his *Florentine History*—deserved eight pages of description and discussion.

But Professor Pocock does not intend to give us a balanced survey of the political ideas of Italian humanism but to establish that complex of concepts and ideas which was linked to what he considers the central problem of Renaissance political thought. This is concern with the question "whether the *vivere civile* and its values could indeed be held stable in time". This question makes sense only in the framework of a self-determining society, i e, it presupposes "a republican vision of history".

It became an issue of great urgency at the end of the fifteenth century when Florence, "obsessed by external danger and internal division", was in danger of losing its possibilities for autonomous action. In the political discussion which then developed, the key words which for Professor Pocock formed the essence of civil humanism are liberty, its corruption with the passing of time, and its renewal.

It is certainly true that the problem of maintaining strength and stability was the primary concern in the thinking of most Florentine writers—whether oligarchs or democrats—and their interest in the Venetian constitution was dominated by the question whether the famous Venetian stability was the result of a perfect political order or was paid for with the loss of freedom to a small, elitist group. According to Professor Pocock the most profound student of this problem was Machiavelli. Pocock's Machiavellian Moment is that particular point of time when it will be decided whether decline will continue to extinction or whether renewal of a free political life will be obtained. This is the question with which, says Professor Pocock, Machiavelli was dealing in all his writings, or at least in *The Prince* and the *Discorsi*. Machiavelli's "originality is that of a student of delegitimized politics", and Machiavelli's *Prince* is "the greatest of all theoretical explorations of the politics of innovation".

What this implies is that the moment for renewal comes only when political society is nearing complete disintegration, because only then can the life of society be placed on an entirely new basis. Such an innovative renewal requires virtue, which needs to be possessed by all those who attempt the renovation of society—whether an individual or a group—and which must be developed in all those who will be members, that is, citizens, of the renewed society. The innovator must have virtue of extraordinary strength because the presupposition of renewal is complete disintegration, that means a moment of utter weakness of all those forces and factors which can resist the blows of external forces and which might hold men back from the corrupting seductions of tyrants. If social disintegration is the hour of virtue, it is also the hour of Fortuna. "The politicisation of virtue had arrived at a discovery of a politicised version of Original Sin." The message that the only remedy for corruption is complete innovation is considered by Professor Pocock as Machiavelli's most original and most important contribution to the civic humanism of the Renaissance.

I have doubts about this interpretation of Machiavelli's thought. I must confess that I am sceptical about the modern tendency, particularly strong in Anglo-American scholarship, to adjust Machiavelli to the morality of modern academic politics: a figure of high ideals though of a slightly murky practice.

*Niccolò Machiavelli.*

All the attempts—and they go back to the eighteenth century—to show that Machiavelli's amoral counsels were only means to a moral end, and to suggest that Machiavelli found no pleasure in demonstrating that before the power of force the thin walls of religion and reason easily collapse, seem to me futile and misleading. But this view is perhaps intuitive rather than subject to rational proof. Also it should immediately be said that, although Professor Pocock's view of Machiavelli shows traces of the tendency to reduce Machiavelli to a virtuous republican, he is never implying that there are not also other facets of Machiavelli's thought.

My doubts about Professor Pocock's interpretation of Machiavelli's thought are not only general but also specific. It is the concept of the innovator which, in my opinion, does not bear Professor Pocock's interpretation. He writes that "innovation is the theme" in the sixth chapter of *The Prince* and that here "the category innovator has substituted itself for the category new prince in the sense that it is more comprehensive and capable of greater theoretical precision". But Machiavelli has different words for his "reformer". He is an "innovator", but he is also called the "introduttore", that means he brings "nuovi ordini", but the "nuovi ordini" may be merely changes of existing laws, as the reference to Savonarola at this place indicates.

Sometimes Machiavelli may have envisaged an entirely new organization of society which would generate political virtue in its members and give them the possibility of demonstrating this virtue. But sometimes he thought only of a constitutional reorganization which would shift power from one group of society to another. Moreover, he regarded as the crucial problem in political organization not innovation but renovation, return to the original constitutional form. That Machiavelli thinks not only of creating a social body, new in spirit and form, can be deduced from Chapter 18 of the first book of the *Discorsi* where Machiavelli considers "rinnovare a poco a poco".

Professor Pocock would have some justification to argue—as he suggested in his essay "Languages and Their Implications"—that we have to deal not only with what an author "meant to say" but also with "what he was taken to have said". Briefly, Professor Pocock would say that Machiavelli was taken to be a representative figure in civic humanism; as such he was chiefly concerned with the question how virtue could be revived in a corrupt society, and innovation was for him the highest task that could be achieved by political action. But here it must be said that for many Machiavelli was a unique figure, not the representative of civic humanism. What most people saw in him was the villainous Machiavelli pardoning murder and recommending a disregard for the sanctity of oaths.

The more politically minded found in Machiavelli's writings, with their emphasis on the need for an aggressive power policy and with their doctrine of the interest of the state, the germs of a realistic political science. Quite consciously this part of Machiavelli's legacy is disregarded by Professor Pocock. Not unlike his procedure in the first section of his book where he develops the ideas of history only to the point where they implied the creation of a new political language, he also selects from Machiavelli's intellectual legacy only one strand—the intermingling of his ideas with those of civic humanism. The pursuit of this strand leads him to England and the British colonies in North America.

It seems astounding to maintain that doctrines developed in and for the urban society of the Italian city republics should have any bearing on a strongly agrarian country with powerful elements of a feudal past—that "republican and Machiavellian ideas" should "become domiciled in an environment dominated by monarchical, legal and theological concepts". According to Professor Pocock, however, there were links which made the transplantation of Machiavellian civic humanism to this very different social milieu possible. In addition to the existence of a strong Aristotelian tradition which created a common terminology there was in English society a strong impulse to a *vita activa* "creating its own morality".

It was crucial, however, that in seventeenth-century England we also find the apocalyptic element which demanded a complete innovation of society and which in Savonarola's times had given Florentine political thought a new intensity. In England, "apparently to a greater degree than in any other Protestant society . . . Apocalyptic was national, a mode of envisaging the nation as existing and acting in sacred time". This mood provided an opening for the influx of ideas of political renewal and innovation. It is clear that this attitude was restricted to certain periods of inner upheaval and to particular individuals or groups, and that they form the object of Professor Pocock's investigation.

The particular angle from which Professor Pocock interprets the thought of the radicals of the seventeenth century and of the English republicans provides a further demonstration of the very complex character of their political thinking. In an interesting discussion of Michael Walzer's thesis in *Revolution of the Saints*, Professor Pocock stresses that the revolutionaries of the civil war were not only alienated saints but also permeated by traditional notions about English history. As can be expected, Harrington, whose dependence on Italian political notions is evident, receives a lengthy treatment. His *Oceana* "marks a moment of paradigmatic breakthrough, a major revision of English political theory and history in the light of concepts drawn from civic humanism and Machiavellian republicanism". Harrington's case also supplies a striking and fascinating demonstration of the transformation which some

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Renaissance notions had to undergo in order to become applicable to England's particular problems.

The main theme in the rest of *The Machiavellian Moment* is a demonstration that even after Harrington, far into the eighteenth century, the great issues of British politics—landed interests versus trading interests, county versus court, commerce versus power politics—were discussed in the language of civic humanism. Publicists regarded the reawakening of virtue and its preservation in order to halt the spread of corruption as the overriding political task. "Corruption", therefore, was a key term; as chief enemy of virtue it took the place which Fortuna had had in the Renaissance. The destructive power of corruption was strengthened in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by the rise of the commercial classes: "When a government became corrupt Harrington thought it was less because the citizens had ceased *to display the virtues appropriate to it than because the distribution of political authority was no longer properly related to the distribution of property that should determine it.*" The economic problems were political problems and it was possible to express economic issues in a language of Machiavellian civic humanism.

Professor Pocock treats the economic literature of the eighteenth century in a chapter entitled "Neo-Machiavellian Political Economy", and Davenant, to whom he gives particular attention, becomes the representative of a "Machiavellian economics". This is not a bad finale, because Professor Pocock's description of the attempt to fit the morality of a rising bourgeoisie into the ethical system of a previous period will provide some welcome amusement to the readers of this stern and unrelenting book.

Still, I am puzzled and bothered by this last part of Professor Pocock's book. I cannot suppress some doubts about his thesis that the language of political discourse into the eighteenth century was still the language of Machiavellian civic humanism. Were the new problems which had arisen in the political world successfully incorporated into this language? Despite the great ingenuity of Professor Pocock's presentation it seems to me that the reverse is the case. Instead of assimilating the new issues to the old language, the writers, although forced to express themselves in traditional terms, were really groping for a new language more adequate to the issues which they were treating.

It is characteristic that many of the seventeenth and eighteenth-century writers who spoke and wrote in the language of civic humanism were outsiders. It appears to me that Professor Pocock, although he has raised and answered many questions in his book, has failed to ask one question. With increasing distance from the early sixteenth century, did the language of civic humanism remain the rhetoric of politics, or did it become increasingly restricted to expressing the notions of political utopianism?

Professor Pocock's work has the unquestionable merit of demonstrating that the linguistic system in which political ideas are expressed patterns the context of these ideas. The problem is whether he does not go too far in investing the rhetorics of politics with a determining and autonomous character.

There are two questions that have to be raised. The human vocabulary, as rich as it is, is limited. And all the nations of the European civilization live on foundations laid in classical times. It would appear most probable that in certain situations they use expressions like virtue to which their classical origin has given a strong and deep ring. The use of such words does not need to indicate that the writer who uses them is bound to the linguistic system in which they occur at certain times. I cannot help wondering whether in pursuing the research on which Professor Pocock has embarked, a distinction ought not to be made between those terms which have meaning only within a particular *system of political language and those key concepts which might occur in this system but have a life also outside of it and above it.*

In Professor Pocock's views on the history of political thought, the possibility of studying the language of politics as an autonomous structure is central. And it is certainly true that in *The Machiavellian Moment* outside factors—whether political or economic—have only a small role or no role at all. But, and this is the second question, does he not go too far in eliminating or restricting the impact of political events and social and economic developments on political thought? Professor Pocock's book is a history of the Machiavellian moment—of that moment in which the alternatives are social disintegration or complete renewal.

But if one thinks when in European history a Machiavellian moment occurred, neither the English Civil War of the seventeenth century nor the happenings in the British colonies of America come first to mind: one thinks of the French Revolution and of the reforms in Prussia. There we find hope for the beginning of an entirely new area, the appeal for a complete renewal of the social organization. There we have the demand for an active participation in politics by every member of society, and there we see the creation of a citizen army. We have the call for a conversion to true virtue—whether this call is uttered in France by the virtuous Robespierre, or in Prussia, promoted by the young military men of the Tugendbund.

The model for this renewal of life was the heroic age of humanity, the world of the classics as it appeared in David's paintings or in Hölderlin's songs. But the language of civic humanism had not extended its sway to the Machiavellian moment in France and Prussia. Certainly, Machiavelli had a part in the political innovations of these years—though not the half figure of the civic humanist but the full figure who preached force and freedom. This was the time when Machiavelli was rediscovered in France and Germany. It was the time, too, when the new debate about Machiavelli began—a debate which continues to the present day, and to which Professor Pocock has made such a striking contribution.

*A bracelet called "Goldfinger", in white and yellow gold, and a collar ("Women's Lib"), also of gold, by Bruno Martinazzi: from Ralph Turner's wide-ranging and informative survey,* Contemporary Jewelry: Critical Assessment 1945-75 *(208pp with 378 illustrations. Studio Vista. £12.50).*

# Not to be sniffed at

## By Matthew Hodgart

**GEORGE ANDREWS and DAVID SOLOMON (Editors):**
**The Coca Leaf and Cocaine Papers**
372pp. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. £4.25.

*Erythroxylon coca* is a shrub cultivated in the high Andes; the Indians who chew its leaves, it is said,

Live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together,
careless of mankind.

The leaves contain a number of alkaloids, the chief of which is cocaine (methyl benzoyl ecgonine). In the form of a white powder it is sniffed up the nose, causing euphoria, among other things. Though illegal it is currently fashionable in the United States, a land in which it seemeth always afternoon. This collection of papers is a response to the fashion, but it is not a work of science, although it includes some scientific material. If it were, I should of course be incompetent to review it, since I possess no pharmaceutical knowledge and hold no informed opinions on the subject. (To declare my interest, I use alcohol, caffeine and aspirin, but not nicotine or anything else.) It is better to look at it as a work of enlightenment and persuasion, one designed to dispel the clouds of ignorance and prejudice that surround the subject, to suggest that the use of coca leaves may be positively beneficial, and even to hint that it ought to be made legal. It is legitimate to examine the rhetoric and arguments employed and to see how far the book succeeds in its purpose.

Most of the solid information is contained in three chapters, the papers by Richard T. Martin and by Andrew Weil (both trained scientists), and the "Consumers' Union Report". From these I learn that the plant was given divine status by the Incas; that it is widely held to increase endurance and to alleviate hunger; and that it is not addictive or harmful. At least a prima facie case has been made out for the last claim, but it is not yet clear how much of the cocaine travels from the leaves, which are held for a long time as a quid in the cheek, into the bloodstream via the stomach. There are some amusing historical anecdotes about the coca leaf, which in the 1880s was used by an ingenious Corsican called Mariani to make a tonic wine. This had an immense success and testimonials came in from Blériot, Dumas, Duse, Edison, Gounod, Ibsen, Pope Leo XIII, President McKinley, Massenet, Pope Pius X, Jules Verne and H. G. Wells; truly the Drink of the Gods. The idea was imitated in 1885 by the great John Styth Pemberton, a patent medicine maker from Atlanta, Georgia, who improved on it in the following year by adding an extract of the Kola nut, containing caffeine, to coca leaves in a syrup. A little later came the brilliant addition of fizzy water.

By 1906, when the Pure Food and Drug Law was passed in the United States, the company had switched from ordinary coca leaves to decocainized coca leaves. The formula of Coca-Cola is a secret, but the Consumers' Union alleges here that it still contains caffeine; whether or not it contains any of the alkaloids of the coca leaf is unknown. This is all good fun, as is the historical and anthropological background provided by some of the other authors. More than half of the book consists of lengthy extracts from *Peru: History of Coca* (1901), by William Golden Mortimer, which offers much curious information about the Incas and the natural history of the coca leaf.

When the subject changes from the leaf to the extract, from coca to cocaine, the argument becomes more clouded. The pure alkaloid was isolated, according to one authority, in 1860, according to another in 1844, but it hardly matters, since little use was made of it until the 1880s. It gained fame as a local anaesthetic, especially for eye operations; and then was taken up as a splendid general tonic by a young Viennese physician, Sigmund Freud. He soon became a regular user and pressed the drug on his patients, friends, colleagues and fiancée. To the last he wrote in 1884:

> Woe to you, my Princess, when I come, I will kiss you quite red and feed you till you are plump. And if you are froward you shall see who is the stronger, a gentle little girl who doesn't eat enough or a big wild man *who has cocaine in his body.* [Italics in original.] In my last severe depression I took coca again and a small dose lifted me to the heights in a wonderful fashion. I am just now busy collecting the literature for a song of praise to this magical substance.

Far from testifying to the virtues of cocaine, this only proves what an eccentric Freud must have been at the age of twenty-eight. At this point the lines get crossed, since Mortimer (1901) twice quotes Freud on the benefits of the drug, without mentioning that in three years Freud became scared, kicked his habit and stopped prescribing the stuff. Nor do the editors annotate Mortimer to that effect, though they make a mild correction, leaving Freud's name among a mass of indiscriminate testimonials. The technique of persuasion employed here rests largely on an unsubstantiated and perhaps less opinions—and it back Many of the medical opinions from the 1880s, the heyday "snow"; it is common knowle that then and even later physici have been only too ready to reco mend bizarre or dangerous remedies. Mortimer himself somewhat uncritical: e.g. "The Homoeopaths who have long re garded Coca as a valuable remedy employ Coca in sexual excess especially when dependent onanism." I dare say they did I dare say that they were wro His own conclusion is dogmat

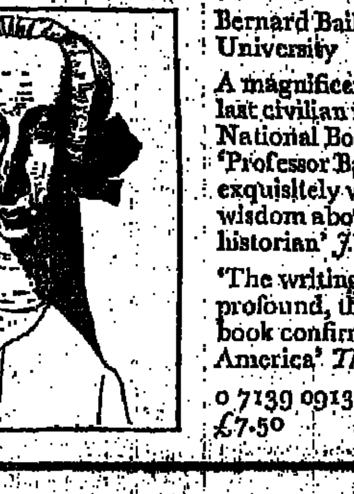
> As to the value of Coca, the cannot be the slightest doubt. to its utter harmlessness there be no question. Even coca against which there has been of perniciousness, is an the physician of inestim worth. . . . Medicinally emplo cocaine in appropriate dosag stimulant that is not only less, but usually phenomen beneficial when indicated.

Scattered throughout the however, are unambiguous de tions of the nasty effects of co Sniffing it, for example, does things to the inside of the where "one often sees lumps cocaine crystals and dirty grey crusts, sometimes actively ble From such crusts, with the help the usual reagents . . . one confirm the presence of cocain corpses that have been dead weeks . . .". Thanks very but I think I'd rather have a tea. The psychological effects said to include delusions of per tion and of infestation by vermin

These things, however, ment runs, only happen to unfortunate people who do not how to use cocaine moderately editors admit that it is a drug, but argue that so is alcohol:

> The simple fermentation of and starches in hops, malt barley produces the mildly holic *soft* drug beer, which ally contains between 3 per and 6 per cent pure ethyl However, if it is distilled comes absolute ethyl Several ounces, taken short space of time, can dire toxic reactions loss of sciousness and vomiting, can be a lethal combination

And yet many have learnt alcohol sensibly. All that is enough, but it does not prove people can use cocaine or that they ought to be given opportunity to try. In fact alco ism is a serious social evil; since it is mainly caused by dri spirits, it is better to live in Street than in Gin Lane. is another drug that causes damage to public health, and probably impossible at this control its use. Why then public a further opportunity damage its health, by allowing free use of still other toxic The authors, in my opinion, answer this question and about cocaine. In place of argument, they seem to be to create a favourable clim opinion by the exhaustive rep of uncritical views, including ground journalism as irrespo as some of the medical quoted. But logic and critic hard work, and why should labour be? Surely, surely is more sweet than toil.



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# Praising and sharing

## By John Russell

**JOHN UPDIKE:**
**Picked-Up Pieces**
567pp. André Deutsch. £6.95.

Big-selling novelists do not always appear to advantage in their occasional writings. Some turn grouchy and competitive; others, pseudo-Olympian. Sometimes the difference of length, pace and tone quite unmans them; sometimes we glimpse shortcomings of character which the author in question contrived to keep out of his fictions. Altogether it's a touchy business.

But it is a business from which John Updike emerges very well. His new collection is a ten-years' tally. It includes fifty book reviews, some poems, a parody of Iris Murdoch, drawings which remind us that Mr Updike was at one time a student of the Ruskin School in Oxford, England, three contributions to the literature of golf, some travel pieces, a confected interview and four speeches for foreign audiences (in Lagos, Seoul, Bristol, Adelaide). It runs to well over 500 pages, and it bespeaks everywhere a hospitable and unguarded intelligence. We can only be grateful that there were so many occasions on which Mr Updike did not say "No".

Those speeches, for instance. They were delivered in situations of the kind which Graham Greene epitomized once and for all in his screenplay for *The Third Man*. A writer arrives in a city unfamiliar to him and pays for his air-ticket (round-trip, first class) with well-sounding generalities which may or may not please the locals. It is clear from the texts printed here that Mr Updike is no Demosthenes. Oratory as such has no place in his speeches. Their tone is confidential, wry and digressive. But it is also persistent. Ideas once glimpsed are pressed to a rapid conclusion; feelings once uncovered come across as unexpectedly raw.

We may be surprised for instance that this most idiosyncratic of big-selling writers should tell his audience in Australia that

> the writer's strength is not his own; he is a conduit who so positions himself that the world at his back flows through to the readers on the other side of the page. To keep this conduit scoured is his laborious task; to be, in the act of writing, anonymous, the end of his quest for fame.

"Energy ebbs as we live", he told them a moment or two later; and "more and more the writer thinks of himself as an instrument, a means whereby a time and a place make their mark".

Given this, we may ask what time and what place will be seen to have made their mark in the work of Mr Updike, who is now in his mid-forties, has twenty-three books of his own on the shelf, and shows no signs of ebbing energies. He is specific about the intrusions of given particular time and place into books which are often read as if they were entirely private in their resonance.

"In each of my books, a precise year is given and a President reigns. *The Centaur* is distinctly a Truman book, and *Rabbit, Run* an Eisenhower one. *Couples* could have taken place only under Kennedy . . .". But the vital thing is to maintain alertness. That nose of Mr Updike's cleaves the air like the prow of an ice-breaker: into what significant commotions will it next thrust itself? How far and to what purpose will he journey from Labor-in-vain Road, the street as a resident of which he for so long was improbably registered? *Picked-Up Pieces* gives us some ideas.

There is, for example, a three-line aside on the subject of his childhood which tells us as much as most autobiographies. "We were a family struggling on the poverty edge of the middle class during the Depression; I was keen to avoid my father's noisy plight within the plague of competition; pencil and paper were cheap, unlike most other toys." The concerns to which he graduated not long after were unassuming by the standards of fifty or a hundred years ago: they were "to survive, to improve, to make my microcosms amusing to me and then to others, and to fail, if fail I must, through neither artistic cowardice nor laziness . . .". That is not the tone of the mastodons—Mann, Gide, Rolland—who once bestrode the Western world; but it is a fact of history that *Rabbit, Run* (1960), *Couples* (1968) and *Rabbit Redux* (1971) fulfill with a peculiar completeness Mr Updike's own demand that "anyone dignified with the name of 'writer' should strive to discover or invent the verbal texture that most closely corresponds to the tone of life as it arrives on his nerves". (There is an echo in that last phrase of what Francis Bacon has had to say about painting, though it is difficult to imagine two people with less in common.)

*Picked-Up Pieces* is primarily about changes of scene: journeys taken, unfamiliar writers explored, foreignness sought out as a stimulant and a possible corrective. Mr Updike's is an expansive nature: "Better to praise and share than blame and ban" is one of the unfashionable precepts which guide his practice as a reviewer, and although he writes as a private individual who lives some way out of New York and does not see himself as a literary politician there is a short outburst in *Picked-Up Pieces* which leaves its mark.

It is about what he calls

> the something intolerable about a literary establishment—any literary establishment. If a harsh Providence were to obliterate, say, Alfred Kazin, Richard Gilman, Stanley Kauffmann, and Irving Howe, tomorrow new critics would arise with the same worthy intelligence, the same complacently agonised humanism, the same inability to read a book except as a disappointing version of one they might have written, the same deadly "auntiness".

Those being his feelings, it should surprise no one to read that

> when I write, I aim in my mind not towards New York but towards a vague spot a little to the east of Kansas. I think of the books on library shelves, without their jackets, years old, and a countryish teen-aged boy finding them, and having them speak to him. The reviews, the stacks in Brentano's, are just hurdles to get over, to place the books on that shelf.

And it is one of Mr Updike's merits as a reviewer that when he opens an unknown book he does it in just the spirit of that "countryish teen-aged boy", though with a verbal resource and a breadth of previous experience that no such boy is likely to have at his command, whether "east of Kansas" or anywhere else. The vital thing, as he told his audience in Adelaide, is "to remain interested".

Mr Updike's openness to strange foreign notions is part, in other words, of a general ambition to stay alive as a novelist. Where others get caught up in paltry intramural polemics he will try anything: the Dutch avante-garde (hands up, those English readers who are familiar with *Patriotism, Inc* by Paul van Ostaijen?), the ups and downs of obscure tribes in Brazil ("*Xingu: The Indians, Their Myths* is certainly one of the best books of 1974 whose title begins with 'X'"), the *nouveau roman* ("Robbe-Grillet's theories constitute the most ambitious aesthetic programme since Surrealism") and the prospects for the novel in Africa:

> The art of fiction, our beleaguered heroine, glances desperately about for rescue. Perhaps Africa will save her. . . . Have not rural societies, such as Russia, Ireland and the American South, historically poured fresh vernacular energy and heroic simplicity into Europe's tired mainstream of literature? So might we not expect, as the post-colonial African generations take their place among the world bourgeoisie, a passionate intelligentsia to arise and enunciate native truths, to embody in renewed fictional forms a living reality that has hitherto been seen only through white eyes?

These last sentences were written in 1971, and they may today seem premature in their assumptions about African nations and the world bourgeoisie. But there is a generosity of spirit about all these preoccupations which is not found among novelists who aspire merely to more and more lucrative replications of material that they first wrought as young men. Time and place are allowed their full say in Mr Updike's evolution. He is for instance as sure a guide to London as he knew it in 1968-69 as was Henry James to the London of almost a hundred years earlier. (James would have been surprised to read of England as "a soggy little island huffing and puffing to keep up with western Europe, John Bull counting his change as he runs for the bus.") There is something of James's unlimited and unhurrying curiosity about the way in which Mr Updike takes Henry Green apart, takes Ivy Compton-Burnett apart, takes Knut Hamsun apart, and takes his great favourite Nabokov apart.

"Vladimir Nabokov is, all in all", he tells us, "the best-equipped writer in the English-speaking world." Mr Updike the textual critic is at his best in monitoring Nabokov's second thoughts—how "sensitive youth" turns into "young chronophobiac" and "Dostoevskyan emotion" turns into "Dostoevskyan drisk". (He also reveals himself as an anthologist, a guardian of single sentences who could produce something we could all do with: a successor to Maurice Baring's *Have You Anything to Declare?*) Perhaps the finest piece of criticism in this book is the long study of Nabokov's *Ada*, with its particularly cogent passage on Nabokov and Chateaubriand. But then there is not a dull page in this book. Even the index is funny, with an entry for "rabbit manure" slipped in between *Rabbit, Run*, *Rabbit Rich* and *Rabbit Redux*. These pieces, once picked up, will not be put down.

# ersonal effects

**ITH MILES:**
**ter Grass**
pp. Vision Press. £4.40.

H. Lawrence for once spoke with voice of the people when he missed academic criticism as ere impertinence and mostly jargon". One would judge th Miles to belong to the rentian school of thought. The stion is whether the advantages hed—liveliness, an obvious comment on the part of the critic, freedom to put forward a daring personal interpretation—are weighed in this case by the disadvantages of abjuring academic hod. These include, in descending order of importance, lack of cal discrimination (confusion of ter Grass with his narrators or es; a naive form/content otomy), a minimal amount of research, a tendency to ralize and simplify (*The Ple s Rehearse the Uprising* is "a lenging drama about the tragic in the German character"), a of farfetched comparisons that s Mr Miles's index look like a reading list for a crash course in Great Books, and a brashness of style. (Grass is "an impossibly accomplished novelist", *The Tin Drum* is "a giant Gothic clock-tower . . . enclosing an impossibly complicated but delicate mechanism".)

By dwelling somewhat disproportionately on the social criticism in the early work, Mr Miles fails to bring out the shift of emphasis in Grass's development from existential concerns in *The Tin Drum*, to those of Germany itself in *Dog Years*, and to that of the political crisis of the West in later works. Mr Miles tends to read a political commitment into the essentially neutral early works. The chapters on *Local Anaesthetic* and *From the Diary of a Snail* are more sharply focused, however. Often successful, too, are the comparisons with other works of post-war German literature.

For the record, wherever German names or titles occur, misprints abound: and contrary to the author's assertion, Stefan Zweig did *not* survive in exile, but committed suicide in Brazil in 1942.

Alan Bance

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# Depths of boredom

### By Eric Korn

**N. F. SIMPSON :**
**Harry Bleachbaker**
**110pp. Harrap. £2.95.**

Much that does not need to be said about this sparkling *jeu d'ennui* is said, and said to excess, by the author or someone else, in an extensive, defiant, and wilfully misleading blurb. "It is", we are tauntingly assured, a book which, "once having been put down, clamours as perhaps no other book ever written has clamoured, to be left lying where it is." References to the "quite dazzlingly bravura quality of Mr Simpson's *very individual brand of ineptitude" leave the critic as disarmed as the Venus de Milo. The novel—which bears some relationship to N. F. Simpson's play Was He Anyone?*—is further described in an "*author's note*" as "an uneven *book*, parts of it having been deliberately made more boring than was in *itself* strictly necessary in order to highlight those other parts which are less so. It is possible that this may work the opposite way round for some readers, for whom the less boring parts may throw into relief the more boring parts, and so defeat to some extent, indeed totally, the object of the exercise."

It is permitted to disagree. Mr Simpson, thank God, knows when to stop and displays the pharmacology of boredom without injecting a lethal dose. The maniacal explicitness of his style is the best part of the joke, but is intermitted just before catalepsy supervenes. Certain passages could be read by the boneheaded as an allegory of the status of the novelist, but as the author remarks in another context, "one would need to probe a good deal deeper if scepticism were to be held at bay in any effective sense".

The subject or object of the anecdote is one Albert Whitbrace, who has fallen overboard in the Mediterranean, a vice to which he is prone:

> "Mrs Whitbrace, I see, for instance, that as long ago as 1959 he got carried out beyond his depth at Clacton." . . .
>
> "And on a subsequent occasion he was in similar difficulties off the Firth of Forth. Not to mention the Bristol Channel four years later." . . .
>
> "It all started when he fell off a breakwater as a baby. He was perfectly all right until then."

Once it is established by the appropriate committees that he is to be regarded as a bona fide rescuee, the resources of Church, State, TUC and every other kind of institutional dementia steam with majestic slowness into inaction. Nobody is about to rescue Albert Whitbrace, which would be an impertinent interference with his carefully established *status as well as a dangerous precedent. But they offer various types of aid: a cunningly contrived lavatory, a submersible piano and even, though this is rejected as unsporting,* an artificial generator of shrieks *for* help. The offer of a piano meets with opposition: "It seems to have been felt that if anyone was in the running for a piano, it was Yehudi Menuhin, who all his life had had to make do with a violin." The eventual delivery of the instrument brings the emulous Leningrad Symphony Orchestra to the scene. Assistance is also offered by Mrs Treplatchly and her Universal Prayer and Sympathy Services Ltd, which seeks to lift the burden of compassion from the backs of the busy; her techniques are discussed fully, if inconclusively.

As time passes it becomes clear, as it were, and in so far as anything can become clear through the murky syntax that Albert Whitbrace is far nearer in than we thought, and not drowning but waving. Rescue, indeed, is a positive threat:

> It would be idle to deny that there is undoubtedly a certain kind of rather woolly-minded do-gooder, frequently with an IQ not far above zero, for whom in an emergency a lifebelt seems to hold some sort of fatal fascination.

It cannot be said that the denouement casts much light on Whitbrace's personality:

> The less of his life he had before him and the more of it he had behind him, the greater was his propensity for being as he had always been. How he would have turned out had he lived to be ninety and die in his bed, who can say?

Just as only a master telepath can consistently guess every card wrong, only an expert stylist can live and relax on the pinnacle of bathos. There are several appendixes which it would be idle to discuss, and illustrations. The caption to a characteristically illuminating plate reads "An expanse of sea. It was into water like this that Albert Whitbrace fell overboard." And what about Harry Bleachbaker? He *ends as he began, holding the string of a kite in Alaska. Shed no tears for him.*

# The telly not the tale

### By Alan Coren

**A. C. H. SMITH :**
**Treatment**
**155pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.50.**

The word is suspicious of the picture; at the same time, it can never be entirely certain that it is itself above suspicion. This mistrust has provided twentieth-century writing with some enduring masterpieces, much ephemeral rubbish, and, unfortunately, not a little enduring rubbish.

The Italians, seeking a way of reviewing Pirandello, called the tradition "La Maschera e il volto" (The Mask and the Face), which has enabled critics down the ensuing years to find a convenien all those works which the questions as "What is illu reality?" Usually, thes involve actors or writers izers or madmen, and the for their paperback metap a stage-set or an asylum ceremonial arena, such as to point the moral and tale.

*Treatment* (a worthwhile title) chooses television. Ho television, but documente vision, since documentary to convey truth via camera larly supposed to be inc lying. It is demonstrated ever, that documentary is susceptible than drama to the face conflict, since the ca may be used to fabricate illusory collage from the materials of reality.

If it is reality. The doc (the treatment) concerns tw actors starting both their and their marriage: And Lise. The opening third is the transcript of their with those passages italicis will be retained in the fi That film will be BBC arts p the nit and grit excised; the sions, connected, show Andrew Lise in their true(?) colours, these colours, incompatible, on the eye. Backgrounds, temp ments, attitudes, ambitions, clash; even their self-deception differ ominously.

Their interviewer, Martin, is sponsible for both the falsific of their televised story and destruction of their actual lives documentary over, he be Lise's lover, the marriage ru Andrew goes into manic wrecks his chances as an ac inserting a harsh realistic into one of Romeo's speech *Romeo and Juliet*, falls weirdos, challenges the ill Christianity, joins up with villains and puts on a rubbe mask to assault his wife, fin the shotgun they are carr loaded not with blanks bu live rounds (ah, reality li himself in a half-accidental lypse.

That the book is a black saves it from many of th inherent in its process, but A. C. H. Smith wields an a and is a shrewd observer freak; but he is not fl shortcoming is that he is to suggest statements actually making them. He sadly, alone in sculling the depths, but he ought to strength to do more tha cynically at the wearisome tion of humanity. What he done in this very engaging has been to draw a deft and witty picture, and brush in with a fat Number 10 remains a picture, for all his

# Good Queen Catherine

### By Susan Kennedy

**ALISON MACLEOD :**
**The Portingale**
**381pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £4.95.**

England's foreign queens have nearly always had a bad press, and Catherine of Braganza, as the wife of Charles II, a rather worse one than most. Remembered now for little beside having brought Tangier and Bombay with her as part of her dowry, at the time her failure to produce an heir coupled with her open practice of Roman Catholicism made her the target of all the venom the agents of the Popish Plot could manufacture. Yet—according to this full and vivid reconstruction of her life—she seems to have been an exceptionally good person. Loyal to her friends and just to her enemies, the only blemish on her character was a wholly excusable jealousy of Charles's mistresses.

This is historical fiction at its most competent. A long and complicated narrative, crowded with incident, is fluently handled: to Miss Macleod's great credit, the arid intrigues of the Popish Plot are here made comprehensible, and even entertaining. Her characters behave, talk and think like human beings (though there are lapses—it is difficult to believe in Charles saying to his queen: "Oh, do give over, Catherine!"), and well-known figures such as Samuel Pepys, Andrew Marvell or Aphra Behn move easily through her pages. Always at the centre is the relationship between Catherine and Charles. A complex and intelligent man with a disastrous facility for self-deception, his shamefaced explanation to Catherine of the secret clauses of the Treaty of Dover is a marvellously witty piece of writing, and the long process of Catherine's coming to terms with him gives the novel tension and pace.

But its most interesting sections lie outside the long central portion dealing with Catherine's years in England, for after all these events are well enough known, skilfully tailored and readable though Miss Macleod's account of them is. Where she scores is in her description of the Portugal of Catherine's youth, petrified by convention and racked by the Inquisition, yet longed for throughout the years of her marriage. The irony is in her return after Charles's death to find nothing changed, except her own attitude. Even at the time of England's greatest intolerance she had been subtly altered by the openness of English political life.

# Grave doubts

### By Marigold Johnson

**DAVID BATCHELOR :**
**Brogan and Sons**
**181pp. Secker and Warburg. £3.50.**

There is nothing in the least youthful or apposite to our troubled times about David Batchelor's first novel: indeed, its Kensington setting and cottonwool style, with an occasional prickly burr that might qualify as irony, give the impression that this is a book for, about, and by a bright Aunt Edna. The best touches of bumbling pathos—it is a novel about the black comicalities of funeral arrangements—do, however, suggest that Mr Batchelor has the imagination to get under the skin of some unlikely characters, and his chatty little flutterings around the consciousness of the newly widowed Lady Brogan are surprisingly effective.

Sir Thomas, a senior civil servant, had always coped so smoothly with the problems of life—including the unexplained suicide of his son at Cambridge—that poor Lady B. is left numb by his sudden death. Even the prim young man from Harrods, anxiously wondering whether the coffin might be lined in the colours of Sir Thomas's cricket club, seems consolingly efficient after the early glass of whisky she allows herself. Then there is Father Babbit, who ingly glosses over the fact that had disconcertingly renoun faith—only he too, without succumbs to a weak heart. Lady gan is ill at ease with her son Jeremy, a gauche young bore who dutifully from unspecified studies in

It takes the shock of a codicil instructing that he be buried at sea without by a seedy old queer bachelor youth, to open Brogan's eyes to the real No need for a scandal of the young man from agrees to escort the body last weird adventure on the sandbanks, while the widow a lot of sticky hands at a attended requiem mass. nately, some odd revelations her son's suicide and his episodic forays into a differ only dimly penetrate her brain.

It is a thin enough it is, and the inelegant of Mr Batchelor's style succeeds in killing its sparks of wit. An elderly for the funeral, "had beh an absurdly stricken fashi leaking at both ends." It too neurotic-making." gather, likes Art, but Cézanne and his immense tion for him, and in spite Gogh and his slightly less admiration for him, Aix turned out the way he had Who is Aix?

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This is the first complete revision since Sir George Grove's original edition of 1878–89. Virtually all the 25,000 articles have been specially commissioned from some 2,000 contributors. There are some 12,000 articles on composers and far fuller treatment than in any encyclopedia hitherto of early and folk music. Popular and light music and jazz are seriously discussed for the first time. There are major articles on important musical forms and concepts. The treatment of lists of works, bibliographies and sources is substantial.

The work will probably consist of fourteen volumes, each of a thousand pages. Three-quarters of the articles are now in print and the rest in the last stages of editing. Publication is scheduled for 1978; the price will be close to £500 in Britain.

Meanwhile the old fifth edition of Grove's Dictionary is being kept in print in a cheap paperback version: 10 volumes, boxed, £35.

M MACMILLAN

# Such devoted sisters

### By Susannah Clapp

**URSULA HOLDEN :**
**String Horses**
**162pp. London Magazine Editions. £3.75.**

Ursula Holden's first novel was about the gruesomeness of a jealous sister. *String Horses* shows how nice and how necessary a sister can be. A combination of nasty events and vigorous detail is characteristic of some of the novels of Muriel Spark and most of Beryl Bainbridge's. It is a mixture which is used here with great effect. Hope and Joanna are Putney teenagers who lead double lives. At home, if too golden-haired to seem entirely the sluts their mother proclaims them, their shared existence is elaborately messy: they scribble together in steamy baths, abandon burnt toffee in saucepans, gripe about their never-present mother, a horn-rimmed doctor at the Family Planning Association, and confirm their joint hatred of news and dogs. At their hopelessly arty school, they separate. Hope sets school trends in hairstyles and systematically snubs the loving Joanna. Joanna eavesdrops on Hope, worries about her hands, "in case they steamed", and, blowing flat but feelingful notes on her recorder, nurses a lonely passion for the lumpily limbering headmistress.

Boiler-room meetings with the school handyman lead to Hope's expulsion and to her flight to a holiday camp, where her would-be lover plans her ravishment and dreams of seeing "their names on pillow-slips or personalized stationery". Joanna follows: she's scorned, welcomed and sees Hope through rape and real love at the roller-skating rink. And when pregnant Hope goes to Dublin to become a Roman Catholic and a biscuit-baking wife who plans to teach her children "modesty", Joanna is summoned from despairing solitude to provide help and comfort. She arrives in time for a birth and a death.

There are many dire events and surprises. None of them are incidental to the main action and none of them are summarily dismissed, but all are tempered and made credible by the busy network of other observations which surround them: Hope gets married in a church whose cemetery has a special line in animal graves; flying to join her in Dublin Joanna is uneasily aware of the air hostess's "papist teeth". Among such quick-eyed notings there is neither room nor need for authorial gasps or hectorings.

At times the sisters seem to have stumbled into the wrong kind of setting; a sort of witchy wood in which they are isolated, partly by their own wish to be apart and together, but also by the strangeness of nearly everyone around them: characters whose names—Miss Delicate, Parson Shake—smack of Restoration drama, or who cultivate a peculiar fondness for aphoristic or oracular habits of speech and thought. "Child, child, don't ever fly" is the constant murmur of a wizened French teacher. At the holiday camp their first friends are a family of uniform fatness and a pair of bright-eyed dwarfs who make dolls out of matchsticks and pride themselves on their decorous table manners.

Good humour and clear-sightedness enable Ursula Holden to avoid that enshrining of oddity which leads to whimsicality. The chivalrous dwarfs, for example, are first simply admired for their tiny meticulousness, but their kind-heartedness earns them affection; and there are tactful reminders that their trim self-sufficiency and ability to take an unblinking interest in even the flattest facts of other people's lives—"Putney was a lovely spot in summer, they believed"—are in part the result of forced seclusion. Fear of mockery makes them keep to themselves in Marylebone; and almost unbounded delight in easily sneered-at pink chalets and merry-go-round horses is understandable given how little access they have to other news and views. It is not mocked here. Neat undercutting is a further focusser. Hope's handyman, whose "appendage", it turns out, yearns for horses as well as young girls, gets all his jobs by declaring: "I am a Baptist and not afraid of work." As he stumbles round the ballroom to "The Blue Danube", imagining that this is a dance of "ritual fire", he is simultaneously drafting ransom notes to send to Hope's mother.

Most charms are seen to have their drawbacks, and most drawbacks their charms. Plunging from Putney's semi-promiscuity to Dublin's marital bliss, Hope trades sloppiness for competence, bitching wit for holy fervency, and her mother's cold view that all children are a nuisance for the hard idea that a happy marriage has to be proved by a full table—though a sad and childless neighbour does note that she had "seen many a mother jaded-looking". Joanna loses her dependence—and ceases to be needed.

Shrillness sounds when attention is drawn to what is going on: when we are told, for example, that the sisters' bickering is a "cover for a spiritual embrace" or that by continuing her "work of preventing life" and leaving her children alone, their mother has "evaded emotional responsibility". Such spelling out is unnecessary in a novel which demonstrates its despairs and pleasures with ease and wit.

# National health

### By E. S. Turner

**CHRISTIAAN BARNARD and SIEGFRIED STANDER :**
**The Unwanted**
**390pp. Hutchinson. £3.95.**

Visitors to the slaughterhouses in Chicago used to see a notice: "Those who do not wish to watch the killing, stop here." In practice hardly anyone stopped there. This Great Surgical Novel, which opens in a post-mortem room, is built on the assumption that we can all stand plenty of blood and guts. Those who do not wish to read of a three-year-old girl undergoing a colostomy, or of a mongol boy having his heart rebuilt, may be happier with *Jaws*.

Christiaan Barnard is, of course, the famous South African heart surgeon. A foreword says that, inevitably, certain incidents are founded on fact. Dr Barnard's colourful autobiography, *One Life*, written with Curtis Bill Pepper, gave the impression that a novelist was trying to break out ("the atrium, a monstrous fish tied to the shore-line of a yellow sea"). It described an experiment in which a dog was fitted with two heads, both of which were able to lap milk. In *The Unwanted* the two-headed dog returns. It is the creation, this time, of Dr van der Reit, who is robbed of the credit for its assembly by a jealous senior.

Dr van der Reit is a combative Afrikaans medico who decides to specialize in heart surgery. His career runs parallel to that of Philip Davids, a Cape Coloured geneticist. Both grow up on the same farm; both at one point fall for the same woman; both achieve fame. Apartheid lays its unfair stresses on their friendship. Under the rules, coloured students must leave the lecture-room if a white patient is the subject of the demonstration; a coloured pathologist may pronounce on a bioscopy sample from a white woman, but may not palpate the breast from which it came; coloured and white babies may not be mixed in the same intensive care unit. An experiment which brings spectacular trouble for Professor Davids involves mixing the wrong racial ingredients in a test tube.

*The Unwanted* is written with hard-nosed professional skill (Siegfried Stander is a prize-winning novelist) and has no affectations other than a passion for flashbacks. Its half-way plot surprise is cleverly sprung. From time to time storytelling is briefly interrupted while the characters discuss the ethics of what they are doing, but they are soon back under the bright lights attending to the burned, the raped, the malformed. The pages are strewn with talk of pelvic exenteration and edematous epithelial cells and so on; there are no footnotes, so the reader must make the best of it. (Could one write an exciting courtroom novel packed with legal unintelligibilities?) What may surprise the reader is the edgy bickering which seems to accompany the best operations. Asked for the heart temperature, a weary anaesthetist says it is normal; on being pressed to be more specific he says: "Thirty-seven centigrade. Would you like it in Fahrenheit too?"

The publishers say that *The Unwanted* sold 40,000 copies in four weeks in France. Which could mean that the French entertain a strong, proper and grateful admiration for the pioneers of heroic surgery. Or that they have not lost their appetite for Grand Guignol. Or both.

# Josée & Julius & Louis

### By Victoria Glendinning

**FRANCOISE SAGAN :**
**Lost Profile**
**Translated by Joanna Kilmartin**
**134pp. André Deutsch. £2.75.**

"Erotic and sophisticated as ever", proclaims the publisher of Françoise Sagan's *Lost Profile*. It describes six months in the life of Josée, whose marriage is breaking up. She is taken over by Julius A. Cram, an elderly millionaire, who carries her away in a Daimler to his country manor. Julius makes no passes, is the perfect sugar-daddy: he seems "a very dear friend . . . in the truest sense of the word, a protector". He provides a suite at the Pierre in New York, a holiday in Nassau, and an entrée into Parisian café society.

Françoise Sagan has in her time said some wry things about love; in *Lost Profile*, the insights are thin on the ground—the worst thing about a break-up, for instance, is "not just leaving one another, but leaving one another for different reasons". There are some nice touches to the characterization of Julius: he woos Josée in tearooms, and once he had a *tendre* for an English colonel's daughter who lived near Reading. But some of the writing is so overdone as to be ludicrous. Julius laughs "a barbaric, primitive, repellent laugh that could truthfully be described as ghastly"—or equally truthfully, one presumes, as barbaric, or primitive, or repellent. Nor is that the end of it: "There was something struggling inside him, something unrelenting and desperate that was perhaps responsible for that barking laugh."

Protected and petted and with a shiny new job on an art magazine, Josée falls in love—with a vet, who gives her a puppy. Julius seems complaisant even about this and the affair blooms: "the myriad bugles of desire rang out, and the myriad tom-toms of the blood throbbed in our veins, and the myriad violins of sensual pleasure struck up their waltz for us." Gradually Josée moves away from Julius's circle. She and Louis the vet plan to *marry*. "Yes, our love had *two* fine steeds to run its course, two thoroughbreds, mettlesome and true, who liked the wind and the dark." (The Tosh-horse, it seems, has crossed the Channel.) When it dawns on her that Julius has engineered her job, financed the art magazine's facelift, and indirectly paid her salary, Josée sees that he wants to own her; her disillusion is complete. She marries her vet, and shortly Julius dies of an overdose of tranquillizers and pep-pills. There is not much pity in Josée for him and his friends: "Unwittingly I had been bribed for the amusement of these squalid people." Well, that is one way of looking at it.

Françoise Sagan began writing novels over twenty years ago, as a precocious adolescent; and to her contemporaries her early work was indeed "sophisticated and erotic". But now she is still writing for adolescents of the 1950s, hung-up on father figures, mad about puppies.

# Growing up white

### By Anne Duchêne

**JILLIAN BECKER :**
**The Virgins**
**160pp. Gollancz. £3.50.**

"There is no such thing as genuinely non-political literature", Orwell said, exempting only lyric poetry from the *statement* ("to generalize is to be an idiot", Blake said, somewhat sweepingly); and it has long been accepted in the English canon that simply to be in South Africa is to be in an intensely political condition. This is a large part of the burden of Jillian Becker's novel, though her teenage heroine does have, in her fashion, a very tender political conscience.

> Annie, growing up in the rich Johannesburg suburb of Lower Houghton, has loved several of the servants and likes them all better than her mother, who is rather like the wicked queen in Disney's *Snow White*, and the only grossly drawn picture in the book. Annie is particularly distressed by the washer-girl who, made redundant by a machine, still walks miles to stand outside the house on washing day. Her father sympathizes, and reads the *New Statesman* himself, but only turns up now and then for meals, between appointments. Annie and her friend Barb agree that there is nothing in the world worse, more utterly *despicable* than to be the privately-educated daughter of rich white parents, living in a big house full of expensive things, with a big garden and swimming pool and tennis court, and nothing to do but eat well, sleep well, look as pretty as you could, and buy clothes and dress up, and go to parties, and give parties, and order servants about, and be safe and silly and uninteresting to all the world, in the second half of the twentieth century, in sunny, comfy, dull, mean South Africa.

The next sentence opens: "They returned to Annie's room so Annie could change into her new quince-coloured dress, and new fashionably-broad, waist-nipping belt, and lizard shoes. . . ."

It should be apparent from these quotations that the finer lines of irony become blurred by Miss Becker's loyal identification with her heroine, also that she writes sometimes, under the same influence, some rather distressingly plain English. In justice it must be said that reviewers of her earlier novels have found in her writing echoes of E. M. Forster and Patrick White. These are certainly not present in this book, and one can only suppose that too much of Annie's callowness has seeped contagiously through into her creator's pen.

The virtue of the book lies rather in Annie's grappling with the demands of sex, which do occasion some passages of very good writing. There is an evening party at which Annie undergoes all the agonies charted by Rosamond Lehmann in *Invitation to the Waltz*. There is one masterly scene, of great literalness and tenderness and seriousness, in which Annie and a coloured boy attempt copulation. And there is a splendid series of letters exchanged between Annie and a seedy photographer with whom she once held hands; these have all the wild, nervous, evasive flourishes of the will to passion even where no grounds for it exist, and the authentic foolishness to which adolescence is doomed.

It's interesting, incidentally, that Miss Becker places Annie and Barb in "the second half of the twentieth century"; it must be the very early 1950s indeed, as Annie pins up photographs of Cornel Wilde, is clasped to the chest of young men dancing, and worries immensely about sweat showing through under her arms, a problem one would imagine conquered in Johannesburg today. (South African friends confirm that this is so, especially in Lower Houghton; though not always, even now, they say, at lower and more humid levels, such as Durban.) Miss Becker herself left South Africa in 1960. What she fails to make plain here, and this is the imaginative shortfall which makes the book merely an amiable exercise, is whether Annie was also likely to leave, or would still be alive and well and in Lower Houghton, with a washing machine.

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# Living theatre

## By Liam Hudson

**STANFORD M. LYMAN and MARVIN B. SCOTT:**
The Drama of Social Reality
180pp. Oxford University Press. £4.75.

We are growing used to the metaphor of the theatrical *performance* as part of the stock-in-trade of the professional sociologist; and, slowly, we are beginning to assimilate its implications for the philosophy of social science. Throughout the 1960s and early 1970s, its most conspicuous exponent has been Erving Goffman. We spend our lives, he has claimed, managing the impressions that we make on others. *We are all actors all the time, and the lives we lead are in essence a matter of "face work".*

*Goffman's influence is by now considerable.* It was he more than anyone else who refocused our gaze, blurred for decades by the Teutonic abstractions of structure and function, re-educating us in matters of nuance, reminding us to look closely at what people actually say to one another, and nourishing as he did so both a whole school of sociology—the "symbolic interactionists"—and radical psychiatrists like R. D. Laing.

But Goffman's remarkable first book, *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, was published as long ago as 1959; and looking back that far, one cannot help suspecting that its acclaim has depended as much on its shock value as on its intrinsic merits: on its energy and sweep as a piece of academic theatre. And by now, his views amounting to an orthodoxy, they deserve a little probing. His account of us, after all, is every bit as reductively highhanded as that of a behaviourist like Skinner: a spirited attack on our prejudices, rather than a coherent position in its own right. His "dramaturgic perspective" seeks to persuade us that what we parade for one another are masks; and that behind those masks there lies nothing more elaborated than an amorphous ache—our craving, apparently insatiable, to be accepted. His implication, then, is that our performances are theatrical in the purely colloquial sense: that they are a compulsive form of play-acting, a pretence. Whenever we feel that, at long last, we have managed to utter ourselves sincerely, as ordinary human beings, Goffman is there at our elbow, nudging, pointing out to us that the "ordinary human being" is a character part in a drama of a highly predictable kind.

Admiration, affection, desire, amusement, inspiration, dislike, rage, fear: to those of us who are sociologically naïve, such emotions may seem like motives—vital components of our intentional fabric. But really, Goffman tells us, they are no more than fleeting shadows thrown across our minds by the contortions we are making on stage. Emotions, motives; these are ephemeral. The real action, the bright light that throws the shadows—all this lies "up front", where there is always an audience to convince and for whom we must go on and on.

Now nudging of this sort can be illuminating, but it is irritating too; and if we are not careful, we find ourselves victims in the oldest academic game of all: "nothing buttery". Goffman's story is convincing as an account of two politicians talking to one another. Or two strangers trying to pick one another up at a party. But as an account of *everything* we do it is over-inclusive. Elements of manipulation, of distancing, and even of downright misrepresentation may enter into our most trusting and intimate exchanges, but there is more to them than Goffman knows how to imply. To this extent, his account has a 1950s flavour, capturing the mood of Middle America in the years when Senator Joseph McCarthy was still vibrantly alive. But not all utterances are manipulative.

It is simply unbelievable, for example, that Goffman should see his own books as just another contribution to the academic charade. Doubtless, they are bids for recognition, but much of what he says is also true and shrewd. And truth and shrewdness are qualities that the "dramaturgic perspective" must accommodate if it is not to collapse under the weight of its own over-inclusion.

A recent book, *The Drama of Social Reality*, by Stanford Lyman and Marvin Scott, two more American sociologists, explores an even wider use to which the language of the theatre might be put. Invoking the authority of Kenneth Burke, they propose a point of view that is not just "dramaturgic" like Goffman's, but "dramatistic". They propose that life—all of it—is not just *like* theatre, it *is* theatre. The theatre should be conceived, not as a metaphor for our daily round, but as epitomizing it, the assumption being that performances of an everyday variety will prove to differ from those of the professional actor only in that they are less self-conscious, less stylized, and less easy to disown.

On the face of it, Lyman's and Scott's move is a disaster. Rather than stepping back from Goffman's over-inclusiveness, they compound it; and it is a testament to their own intellectual sprightliness that they lend this speculative foray an air of considerable plausibility. This they achieve, correctly, by taking the theatre *itself* seriously, treating it as among the most sophisticatedly symbolic vehicles of utterance that we have open to us. Not a hall of mirrors; not a charade.

Having provided the briefest of introductions to the "dramatistic" point of view—less than 700 words of text, supported by more than 1,000 words of notes—they launch into a sustained reinterpretation of four Shakespearean texts.

If you have been brought up to approach Shakespeare's plays in a spirit of caution, the pronouncements of Professor Lyman and Professor Scott about *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida* and *Antony and Cleopatra* are more or less bound to cause offence. They begin Chapter 2 bluntly with the sentence: "If *Macbeth* is a revelation of absurdity and alienation from social roles, *Hamlet* is an illumination of political disorder and societal chaos attendant upon the introduction of modern politics."

Chapter 3 begins: "That hierarchy is basic to social order and purposeful social action is Shakespeare's basic argument in *Troilus and Cressida*." And Chapter 4: "*Antony and Cleopatra* is Shakespeare's global drama. The protagonists are not only persons but they personify civilizations. The drama is one of civilizational encounter and conflict." The drift of the argument these declarations herald is that Shakespeare was the first and greatest of the "dramatistic" sociologists.

Poor Shakespeare, you feel, is serving once again as a screen on to which a new enthusiasm is being projected. Perhaps Lyman and Scott's effort to wrench literary criticism around to a "dramatistic perspective" is more exciting than I found it. I am not competent to judge. But my interest did pick up when they moved on, in Chapter 5, to Freud, George Mead and Goffman himself. Where they were arguing, earlier, that Shakespeare was as much a *sociologist* as a dramatist, they now argue that Freud, Mead and Goffman are all as much dramatists as they are theorists of the mind. Their theories of the mind are at root dramatic theories.

Again they ride roughshod, cheerfully confounding what Freud, Mead or Goffman might have thought they meant with what Lyman and Scott claim they really meant. But the sense of conceptual coherence imposed on these three very different speculators is a feat of invention. Freud's theory they treat as the "theatre of the unconscious"—as a monodrama, in the manner of Samuel Beckett, in which the component parts of each person's mind become separate personalities. In caricature—mine not theirs—priggish Superego vies with animal Id for influence over Ego, who is rather dull. Freud seems in fact to have spoken about the mind in a variety of ways, sometimes as though he were dealing with a piece of plumbing, sometimes a battlefield, sometimes a body politic. Lyman and Scott's reinterpretation is persuasive—at the very least, because it offers us an alternative to pseudo-physiological discussion in which ego, superego and id are treated as though they were physical organs like the stomach or the spleen.

Unlike Freud, George Mead is a thinker whom sociologists and anthropologists find especially attractive. Lyman and Scott portray him as dealing in the theatre of the conscious rather than the unconscious mind. They claim that he "conceives of 'mind' as a *pre-text* of social action", the dramas we entertain inside our heads being "rehearsals, revisions, and remembrances" of actual performances.

"Just as a play's scenario is a guide to action but not a surrogate for it—requiring, as it always does, that the actors 'interpret' the written action—so also is the 'drama' enacted in Mead's theatre of mind the *pre-text* of the actual drama performed in the external reality of everyday life." And of course, like a playwright, the actor in everyday life can monitor the performances that he gives of his own dramas, and revise his mental scenarios—his rehearsals, revisions and remembrances—accordingly.

Goffman's thought they see as representing a radical extension of these earlier efforts to make sense of the mind. Where Freud and Mead both envisaged the mind as "places where potentially real performances are conceived, staged, rehearsed, and perfected before, during, and after a live performance", Goffman moves the theatre of performances "out of the 'head' and into public places". The authors perceive in Goffman the assumption that "a brooding and suspicious sense of inauthenticity is the basic condition of performative human existence". Trust he envisages as a sentiment induced in us by the competence with which we keep our masks in place. We none the less watch each other's performances, waiting for the apparent spontaneity of our "face work" to go awry, and treating any such lapse as evidence that the person opposite us is in bad faith.

*A scene from Eugene O'Neill's* Strange Interlude, *from the production by Gli Associati at the Teatro Verdi in Padua in 1972, designed by Vittorio Rossi: reproduced in* Stage Design Throughout the World 1970-1975 *compiled by René Hainaux (159pp. Harrap. £10), the fourth in a series on international stage design published in conjunction with Editions Meddens in Belgium with the support of the International Theatre Institute. This volume consists of a short introduction and 411 excellent photographs of 179 productions—not necessarily the 'best' says M Hainaux, but the "most discussed"—from twentyseven countries, ranging from Sophocles'* Philoctetes *in Zagreb to Genet's* Le Balcon *in São Paulo and* Jesus Christ Superstar *in Tokyo.*

It is just these lapses from naturalism, Lyman and Scott argue, that enable us to see how totally theatrical normal human behaviour is. But such a degree of distrust is too destructive to live with, day by day, so we are forced in practice to conspire: "The social contract—society itself—rests ultimately on the tacit agreement of individuals to suspend disbelief in the inauthenticity of one another's basic characterizations."

I cannot help suspecting that Lyman and Scott have trussed themselves up here in more negatives than they know how to cope with. (On page 109, they cannot mean the suspension of disbelief in *inauthenticity*. They must mean the suspension either of belief in *inauthenticity*, or of *disbelief* in authenticity. They cannot have both, and shame on the Oxford University Press for letting such an embarrassing muddle stand.) Perhaps it is shallow to quibble, but this error may well be symptomatic of slippery categories being used in too quick and facile a way. It is a pity that so interesting a redefinition should be in danger of losing itself in the abstract nouns. For the suspension of disbelief that Lyman and Scott speak of may well cor to the sense of falseness—of tion—that radical critics of society rail against; and in this, the sociologists of the "dramatistic perspective" have been

Lyman and Scott go on to about politics, about bandits, about the idea of an adve especially an erotic adventure what they say remains sometimes perspicacious, but mately elusive. Granted that language of theatrical performance has mileage in it—enough perhaps, to become our next intellectual fad—what should we for next? More airy talk actors and adventures is not to tell us what we now know: what acting (or ing) is actually like. More that, the "dramatistic perspective" now needs pressure applied to weaker points: it is time that man's cynicism was applied to body of his own thought. If we all actors and the world's a s we need to know why some are magnetically drawn to acting, while others are allergic it. And if all our utterances theatrical, what do we say our belief—our knowledge some of our utterances are honest, more gratifyingly than others?

If this particular piece of demic theatre is to be kept in other words, its protagonists soon have to support it with dence drawn from the natural tory of performatory utter They will also have to sh their treatment of this bears on the delicate areas own thinking in ways that just persuasive, but accura

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# Your people, my people

## By Jack White

**MICHAEL HURLEY (Editor):**
Beyond Tolerance
The Challenge of Mixed Marriage
193pp. Geoffrey Chapman. £3.50.

The classic case of mixed marriage in Ireland is recalled in the most famous of all Orange ballads. Bob Williamson, a weaver by trade, strayed so far from his Protestant allegiance as to "marry a Papish called Bridget McGinn". Bob's community reacted at once in defence of its cultural and religious purity:

The boys of the town made some comment upon it
And Bob had to fly to the province of Connaught.
He took with him his wife, and his childer to boot,
And along with them all went the old Orange Flute.

The flute, as it turns out, was the only reliable member of the party; while Bob "turned Papish himself, and forsook the old cause", the flute refused to budge a semitone—"*Kick the Pope, The Boyne Water* was all it would sound,/But one Papish squeak in it could not be found".

This stirring tale of loyalty is of course a comic ballad, rich in self-mockery, but it embodies a fairly solid truth. The boundaries between Protestant and Roman Catholic in Ireland were (with modulations one might say *are*) social boundaries, maintained by social pressure within communities. They express themselves as political divisions when the communities are marshalled to political action; they are designated by religious labels when the community rallies round its religious banners. But the rubble that underlies these ancient ramparts is a cultural rubble, scraped together from the kitchen-midden of generations of communities with differences of customs, observances, loyalties, pieties. The tentative progress of the clergy in their ecumenical consultations might be seen as a process of venturing, step by step, up ladders planted at opposite sides of their respective dykes, in the hope of gazing across the top into one another's territory.

Bob and Bridget came from Dungannon in County Tyrone; and Dungannon is in that part of Ireland which lies within the boundary of the Ulster Plantation. They lived therefore in a community marked by a special tendency to see religious distinctions in terms of black and white, right and wrong. Richard Hanson, who during his brief tenure as Bishop of Clogher had his seat in this very county, saw all denominations in Ulster as "captive churches":

> All Christian bodies there, Catholic and Protestant alike, have long ago sold their independence and their integrity to political ideologies, in return for the massive support of their people. . . . The churches are suffering for their complacent readiness in the past to accept religious support in return for capitulation to political ideologies. . . . They have long ago bargained away freedom of thought and independence of action. . . .

Faced with a situation both intolerable and immutable, one must learn to tolerate or one must try to change. Michael Hurley's book looks "beyond tolerance" to a change of practice in one area of deep and agonizing tension. If, to the layman, it seems at first sight to be an experts' report on the theological stepladder, it is worth reading more deeply to discern the basic concern for the human person which underlies the formalized ecumenical dialogue.

The book is a record of the International Consultation on Mixed Marriage which was held in Dublin in September 1974, under the auspices of the Irish School of Ecumenics. The papers delivered to the meeting (with some notes and one addition) have been brought together by Fr Hurley, the energetic Jesuit who is director of the school. It was not a mere coincidence that such a consultation took place in Dublin. It is not, I hope, too chauvinistic of an Irish reader to interpret the contributions chiefly in the context of their bearing on Irish experience.

Interchurch marriage is a subject of thought and concern to churchmen everywhere, but it is only in Ireland that it seems to be interwoven with a current political situation. Exposition of the policies pursued by bishops in Switzerland, Germany, even in conservative Australia, is valuable in that it illuminates the isolated position of the Irish hierarchy. But each of these policies was formulated within a society very different from Ireland in history and in social structure. Even in the baldest of facts—the relative numerical strength of the churches—Ireland appears to stand alone. When we speak of Ireland, we are speaking of an island carved into two political units, one unit roughly two-thirds Protestant and the other unit more than 95 per cent Catholic: both units created, under a British Parliament, precisely for the purpose of expressing in political terms a religious division that was seen as the underlying reality of Irish society. Whether that perception was true or false, the political expression of it has formalized the distinction to the extent that the clergymen who now peer over the ramparts have no machinery to demolish them.

The mixed marriage is a sore point especially with Southern Irish Protestants, since it now appears to be a major factor in their continuing decline, at a time when the overall population of the Republic is nudging upwards. (The only solid research on the figures, so far as I know, dates back to a paper by Brendan Walsh, published in 1970 and based on the census of 1961. It would be interesting to see his research updated.) The contributors to the Dublin Consultation were of course aware of this sensitivity.

It is an interesting index to modern Christian thinking that their analysis tends towards a positive solution: a solution, that is, which will recognize the mixed marriage as potentially an enriching experience for both partners. "We must affirm most emphatically", writes Adrian Hastings, "that ours is and should be an intermarrying society." Fr Hurley sums up in his introduction:

> For an increasing number of mixed marriage couples today, their situation, as in faith they experience and try to live it, bears little, if any, relationship to what the churches are talking about. In the lives of these couples a new reality is being born: the new reality which the term "interchurch marriage" is attempting to express. These couples experience themselves as belonging to both the churches which are represented in their persons, and they wish their children like themselves to belong to both these churches.

Indeed, the term "interchurch marriage" is itself open to objection, if it implies in any way that the marriage is more a matter of concern to the churches than to the couple themselves. It is they who take on the responsibility to love and to cherish; it is they who must develop the kind of fidelity which will enable them to give support to one another and a stable background to their children. If the churches cannot evolve a practice which will nurture and draw on the faith of both, in the true spirit of a marriage partnership, then the young people of today are less likely to obey than to turn their back on the churches altogether.

Fr Hurley has included, as a tailpiece, the inspiring address of Garret Fitzgerald, Foreign Minister of the Republic, himself the son of a Presbyterian mother and a Catholic father, and a fine witness to the virtues of this kind of cultural cross-breeding. It is a pity that—no doubt for good editorial reasons—he could not incorporate more of the testimony of the married couples to whom he refers in his introduction; as well as the trenchant address of a Jesuit speaker, Declan Deane:

> If it is true that urgent and critical circumstances require urgent and critical remedies, then it is not good enough for our church leaders to act as though they believed time to be the greatest healer. Were the Swiss bishops' directive on mixed marriages to be issued tomorrow morning in the name of the Irish hierarchy, one can say without exaggeration that a giant stride would have been taken on the path to peace in Ireland.

# Orange origins

## By J. C. Beckett

**PETER GIBBON:**
The Origins of Ulster Unionism
The Formation of Popular Protestant Politics and Ideology in Nineteenth-Century Ireland
163pp. Manchester University Press. £6.

In every academic discipline one comes across, from time to time, a book that one must welcome as making a fresh and stimulating approach to its subject, but that one must nevertheless criticize for its inadequate handling of the evidence. Peter Gibbon's *The Origins of Ulster Unionism* falls into this category. He gives new life to an old theme, suggesting relationships and comparisons that have hitherto been neglected and reaching conclusions that must be considered seriously, even if they cannot immediately be accepted as they stand.

His purpose is to elucidate the economic and social foundations of Ulster Unionism, which, in his view, historians have hitherto ignored or misrepresented. Having traced briefly the economic development of the province from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth, he examines in much more detail the economic and social structure of the various groups that eventually coalesced to form the Unionist Party. He sees the party as the instrument by which the Belfast bourgeoisie finally achieved leadership of the Protestant population, not only of the urban proletariat but of the rural population as well—landlords, tenant-farmers and labourers, professional classes and shopkeepers, throughout the whole province.

He traces the origins of the process by which this leadership was achieved to a period before the emergence of Home Rule as a major issue; and he implies, at the least, that it would have led to the same result even if Home Rule had never become, in the eyes of the Protestant population, an immediate threat to its way of life. "The rise of Nationalism", he writes, in his penultimate paragraph, "was the occasion, not the cause, of the manifestation of this process."

Whether or not one accepts this conclusion, the argument by which Dr Gibbon reaches it contains much of value. He discusses the effects of industrialization on the economic prospects and mutual relations of various sections of the population. He assesses the changing role of the Orange Order. He examines, in considerable detail, the social significance of the riots that so frequently occurred in Belfast. He analyses the methods by which political parties sought to establish or maintain their control over constituencies. At every stage he has something interesting to say. It is, in fact, impossible to read his book without being obliged to think again about the accepted interpretations of the Unionist movement in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Yet, in the end, one is left with a feeling of dissatisfaction. Dr Gibbon is stimulating rather than convincing. One has an uneasy impression that he approached his subject with a prior conviction of the kind of pattern that ought to emerge and that he has been tempted to give undue weight to evidence that supported this conviction. But, even if this impression is false, the fact remains that he has based his study upon a somewhat narrow range of sources and that his use of secondary authorities is sometimes uncritical. It must be said also that his knowledge of Irish history, even in directly relevant areas, is not always adequate. Though he traces the distinctive economic development of Ulster to the character of the seventeenth-century plantation, what he has to say about the plantation is confused, misleading and unsupported by reference to any authority: not a single work on the subject is cited in the bibliography. Again, he lays great stress on the Ulster "Revival" of 1859 and sees it as leading to the victory of "conservative" over "liberal" forces in the Presbyterian Church. Had he been more familiar with the history of Irish Presbyterianism he would have realized that that victory had already been won, a generation earlier. And possibly his interpretation of the background and character of the "Revival" itself would have been modified if he had known that a similar "Revival", producing comparable effects of hysteria in the participants, had taken its rise in the same area as that of 1859 in the very different circumstances of 1625.

Even within his own special field Dr Gibbon's work is sometimes marred by narrowness of range. In his treatment of the 1885 election, for example, he concentrates attention mainly on co Fermanagh. But if he had extended his investigations to eastern Ulster he would have found that what happened in Fermanagh was by no means typical. The conclusions that he draws, or appears to draw, from what was in effect a special case are likely to give the reader a misleading impression of the general situation.

Weaknesses of this sort suggest that Dr Gibbon has attempted to do too much, in too short a space and on too narrow a basis of evidence. Nevertheless, this is a book that students of Irish history cannot afford to ignore. If it does not, by itself, add a new dimension to our understanding of Ulster Unionism, it does, at least, show that there is a new dimension waiting to be more fully explored.

*Economic Sovereignty and Regional Policy: A symposium on regional problems in Britain and Ireland* (281pp. Gill and Macmillan. £8.50) is a collection of papers concerned with—as the editor, John Vaizey, puts it—"the political economy of regionalism". The papers were presented at Durham in September 1973 at a conference organized by the British-Irish Association. An important part of the book (almost half the text) discusses the problems and benefits of independence with special reference to the Republic of Ireland.

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**ANDRE DEUTSCH**

# From North Derry to South Down

### By Andor Gomme

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**DONALD GIRVAN:**
North Derry
64pp and 91 illustrations. Paperback, £1.40.

**PETER RANKIN:**
The Mourne Area of South Down
86pp and 100 illustrations. Paperback, £1.40.

Belfast: Ulster Architectural Heritage Society.

In a rare moment of self-exposure the altogether admirable Ulster Architectural Heritage Society admits in a recent leaflet that its great work of exploring and recording the province's buildings is carried on under some difficulties: "the troubles which have beset Ulster have made this an exceptionally arduous, and sometimes a melancholy, task". Yet in the past eighteen months or so, its dedicated members seem to have been more active than ever, and the society has produced over half a dozen new books, each one a rival of the rest in thoroughness of research and in enthusiasm. The tireless C. E. B. Brett, who alone compiled four of the new batch, speaks of his research on Mid Down as "necessarily sketchy and superficial" (though he finds an opportunity nevertheless to amend his own previous discoveries about Hillsborough Court House); but this is the modesty of Mr Brett's enthusiasm. When the society began in 1967 it was working entirely alone; now *The Buildings of Ireland* are in the field (though no volume has yet been published), and at last the slow business of official listing is under way. But the UAHS lists will not be superseded; for neither of the other ventures can be expected to offer anything like the same detail or the vigorously individual judgment and comment. The society should be an example to the rest of Britain: it is highly appropriate that it should have received one of the twenty special Heritage Year awards.

The recent books, which take the completed surveys up to twenty-one, follow the established pattern: in appearance they are, apart from their illustrations, a little forbiddingly like the Department of the Environment's lists, but this enables them to be produced very cheaply, and in all other respects they are both absorbing and diverting in a way which is all their own. ("Inspector of Hotels Office, Victoria Pier: Surprise! A nice little octagonal stone building; what a funny way to use it.") Criticism, as Mr Brett says, "where thought appropriate, is expressed in uncompromising terms"—which may be visual, as in the demonstration at Dromara (*Mid Down*) of "*how to make a late Georgian stone Market House look like a suburban bungalow*". *But not only does such* criticism seem in every case amply justified in itself: it derives its real force from the deep understanding which Mr Brett and his colleagues have of the architecture of their country and the enjoyment they take from it.

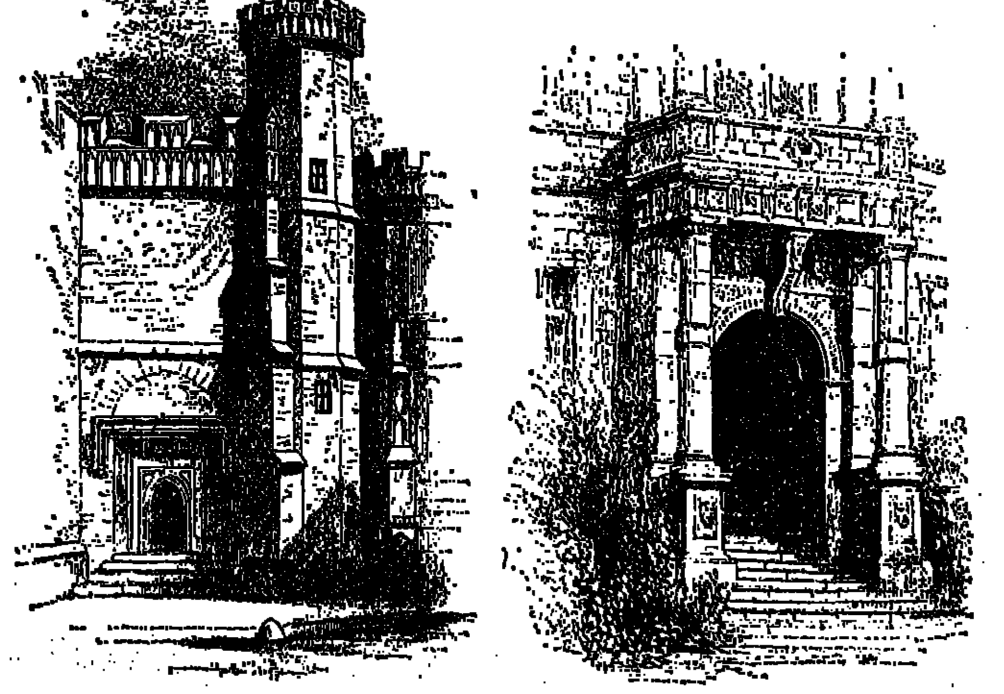
Among the new Irish lists there are plenty of surprises—not least in places that many people will suppose that they know well already. There are in the first instance the outstandingly fine towns (in the eighteenth century no country built better small towns than Ireland)—Limavady, Castlewellan, above all Hillsborough, whose merits "can hold their own . . . even in a European context". A few houses are of national importance—Killyleagh Castle; Drenagh; and Seaforde House which, whoever designed it, is strongly indebted to Samuel Wyatt; to which may be added the demesne of the now vanished Tollymore Park—and Montalto, for the sake of Richard West's plasterwork, is a little more. There is a different kind of delight in numerous vernacular buildings sometimes of real splendour, as the enormous and enormously impressive flour-mill at Ballydugan, now in picturesque but not, one hopes, irretrievable decay, or as the remarkable golf clubhouse at Ardglass which incorporates a row of fifteenth-century fortified warehouses. At Clough in East Down, an important chestnut tree is given the society's "A" grading, which, by contrast, poor Dromore, one of Ireland's many miniature cathedral "cities", can achieve only once and that in a railway viaduct "now abandoned and part ivy-clad".

Some of the grading seems, even in the limited context of Ulster, excessively generous (is it not something of a joke even to produce an architectural list for Rathlin, marvellous as it is scenically?), and some is not visibly consistent. Peter Rankin in particular has what to some people will seem an indefensibly high opinion of some very indifferent Victorian churches. Too many "A"s may call in question the principle of judgment, and the "B"s will seem unimportant in comparison—which is (and rightly) far from the society's intention.

The photographs are for the most part adequate though no more, except for the superb pictures taken by R. J. Welch towards the end of the nineteenth century (see especially *The Mourne Area of South Down*). A number of useful prints and drawings are included, of which perhaps the most interesting group show David McBlain's unexecuted designs for the Fishmongers' plantation town at Ballykelly. As before, the maps and plans are unsatisfactory—in all these volumes only Hillsborough has a decently legible one—and the unprepared visitor may have a hard job finding his way about.

Two of the new surveys stand out from the remainder. That for the Queen's University area of Belfast is a greatly enlarged revision of the society's first ever list: it costs four times as much as the original but is much more than four times as long. *A comparison of the two shows how much the society has* gained in confidence in making its claims. Thus Queen's itself, which in 1968 was "a carefully detailed symmetrical Tudor Gothic group in brick with stone trim" and had another line for its interior and no more, now gets a whole long page as is fitting for "the highpoint of Early Victorian designing [?] achievement in the north of Ireland, and arguably Ulster's finest architectural setpiece". Other changes are less happy: in the seven-year interval between the two editions, four grade "A" buildings have been destroyed, only one of them by a bomb.

*St Peter Port* is a new kind of venture altogether, undertaken by Mr Brett in collaboration with the National Trust of Guernsey. Mr Brett writes as one who was until a year ago a stranger to the island, and this astonishingly fascinating town comes vividly alive under the gaze or just the glance of his alert and enthusiastic eye. He is as observant of telling idiosyncratic detail as of the broader (or, often, in St Peter Port, the narrower) aspects of townscape. Mr Brett has allowed himself, on the rather rare occasions when it was necessary, to be trenchantly and outspokenly critical (he has a special "Z" grading for eyesores), as of the recent "desecration" of Pugin's St Joseph and St Mary—"the only building Guernsey possesses by an architect of international standing . . . [It is quite true: there is a Bodley church too, if not one of the first importance]; no other building of Pugin, so far as I know, has been treated with equal brutality and insensitivity"—but England could offer some strong rivals. Apparently the remarkable architectural character of St Peter Port has never been surveyed before: the corporate effort which Mr Brett described and which has issued in a report bearing all the marks of his own infectious enthusiasm, brightly and comprehensively illustrated, seems happily in time to identify its real quality and to forestall—let us hope—any need to extend the number of buildings in category "Z".



*Two fifteenth-century doorways: left, native Gothic at Place House, Cornwall; right, Wollaston Hall, Northamptonshire, built in the new Italianate style by Robert Smythson. Illustrations from John Gloag's The Architectural Interpretation of History (348pp. A. and C. Black. £8.50).*

# A heritage and its houses

### By W. J. Kidd

**HUGH DIXON:**
An Introduction to Ulster Architecture
93pp. Belfast: Ulster Architectural Heritage Society. £2.

**PATRICK SHAFFREY:**
The Irish Town
An Approach to Survival
192pp. The Architectural Press. £6.50.

European Architectural Heritage Year spawned a vast amount of material in the form of books and leaflets and films and talks and exhibitions, most of which will die forgotten; but among the publications of permanent worth must be numbered these two books from Ireland.

*An Introduction to Ulster Architecture* by Hugh Dixon was a con[illegible] formed one of the main sections of the Northern Ireland Heritage Year exhibition at the Ulster Museum in Belfast where each page was enlarged and presented as a display panel. This presumably explains the format of the book, which has on each page a photograph accompanied by a brief descriptive paragraph, all topped by over-large titling and numbering. These titles range chronologically from "Prehistoric" to "Topographical Sculptural" through all the expected period labels and include a few others such as "Plantation Bawn" and "Celtic Revival" which should arrest any casual flicking through by non-Irish readers.

Mr Dixon's choice of subjects is necessarily a personal one. The Romanesque example of a carved lintel at Maghera Old Church, co Londonderry, may be of great significance to an art-historian, but shave off the carving and there remains, architecturally speaking, just a lintel. How much more structurally, visually and historically exciting would have been the inclined walls and transitional lintel-plus-arch head treatment of Banagher Old Church, co Down. At the other end of the time-scale it is doubtful whether any young architect still under the influence of the Ronchamp chapel would consider the precise geometric drum of the Stranmillis College Music Department as "Concrete Sculptural". Nevertheless, the coverage is wide and the pictures are briefly and crisply annotated.

For whom is the book intended? It is not a standard reference; it is not a glossy picture-book, though for a non-glossy one it is remarkable value at its price; it is more than just a catalogue for the Heritage Year exhibition. It is for the intelligent layman, and it is for the young. It should be compulsory in all Ulster schools and should [illegible] in anybody even mildly concerned about the history of the province and the preservation of a decent visual environment. After all, it is called an introduction and claims to be nothing more. It is hoped that the Ulster Architectural Heritage Society will produce further publications dealing with buildings in greater depth in order to bridge the gap between this primer on the one hand and the society's excellent series of detailed Pevsner-type building lists on the other. These lists already deal with much of the province and are the work of a dedicated band of volunteers, Mr Dixon among them.

Lest we ever forget, Patrick Shaffrey's *The Irish Town* has the EAHY badge emblazoned in gold on its cover. The author starts by dealing with the characters and shapes and plan forms of towns, then goes on to discuss them as places for people, looks at details of their component parts and of individual buildings and comes to the inevitable present-day problems of traffic and the familiar nastiness of advertising and signs and litter and mess. From the general to the particular he proceeds in a logical progression like a good teacher and gives the impression that he knows and loves all the places which come under his scrutiny. The final chapters are devoted to conservation. All this seems straightforward, and so it is but, as the author says, "public appreciation about architecture, and the visual arts generally, is not a strong feature of Irish life". Knowing this, and as by his own admission he is putting forward purely personal opinions, it is a pity that stronger language was not used from time to time to [illegible] the propaganda. It is not enough to say that a particular road sign is "rather crudely positioned" when it is simply appalling. It is not enough to say that a high-rise office block in the centre of Belfast is "rather inappropriately located" when in the old part of the city it is monstrous and by its shape and size and scale visually negates all that surrounds it. It is not enough to say that the public lavatories in the middle of Clones, co Monaghan "add little to its quality" when they completely destroy the character of the town centre. Mr Shaffrey is too gentlemanly.

The layout could be better. Some shot-type photographs, many [illegible] straight, many badly joined, and even one (on the title page of Chapter 6) printed the wrong way round, are haphazardly arranged in conjunction with drawings of distinctly variable quality. What would be acceptable in a student's thesis would hardly do here in a book which, by the very nature of what it is setting out to do, should be a shining example of tidiness and order and delight. But it remains a good book and a much needed one.

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# The dancing years

### By Victoria Glendinning

**VIOLET POWELL:**
Within the Family Circle
243pp. Heinemann. £4.50.

The Pakenhams—and those that become Pakenhams by marriage—are, generation after generation, compulsive chroniclers of their own lives and other people's. The latest chronicle is by Lady Violet Powell, wife of Anthony Powell, himself an arch-chronicler—though not quite so arch as she. Lady Violet is the fifth child of Thomas, fifth Earl of Longford, and of Mary, daughter of the seventh Earl of Jersey. Her father was killed at Gallipoli in 1915 and her brother Edward became the sixth Earl of Longford. (He, being childless, was succeeded by brother Frank, the present Lord Longford.)

Lady Violet has already written about her childhood and coming-out in *Five Out of Six* (1960), ground that had already been covered by her sister Lady Mary Pakenham from her own point of view in *Brought Up and Brought Out*, back in 1938. This new book, *Within the Family Circle*, covers just four years—the first four years of the 1930s—which preceded Lady Violet's marriage. Edward Longford, when the book opens, is already married to Christine Trew, later novelist and playwright; and their sister Pansy has married the painter Henry Lamb. Their mother, the Dowager Lady Longford, a chronic invalid with a passion for privacy, was exercised as to what to do with eighteen-year-old Violet, who was in the position of "a character in a play, stranded on an empty stage, while the dramatist, in this case my mother, was obliged to invent some business with which I might be occupied". Lady Longford was strict, and Violet's wilder activities had to be concealed from her; had she realized the "violence and nudity" involved in some of the parties Violet attended, she would have been profoundly shocked. She kept indelicate literature in a special cabinet, which only made the hunt easier for the young, who called it "the Obscene Bookcase". (Perhaps Frank Pakenham's later preoccupation with such matters began here?)

The immediate problem of what to do with Violet was solved in consultation with the mother of her cousin Joan Villiers: "A scheme for exporting us among our Irish kindred was put into operation." First they went to Pakenham Hall in co Westmeath, where Edward and Christine now reigned. At Pakenham Joan galvanized life by introducing the game of Slosh. In this game passions, one gathers, ran high. Later, at Lord St Levan's house in Cornwall, "Slosh under Mount rules" went on till after midnight. During a game of Truth at Pakenham, an undergraduate with a bad stammer asked a member of the family whether he felt a "six-sexual" diminuendo towards his wife since the days of their engagement. This expression so delighted the one questioned that he used it ever after when announcing the score at Slosh. It may come as a disappointment to the uninitiated to learn that Slosh is, after all, only a form of billiards.

From Pakenham the girls went to Dunsany Castle, where the armchairs were covered in the same cabbage-rose chintz as those in Rosa Lewis's sitting-room at the Cavendish Hotel, and where Lord Dunsany, who tolerated in his house no such modern barbarism as electric light, had an enthusiasm for his nieces which "sometimes led him into behaviour that might have sent a psychiatrist scurrying for his note-book". This was Lord Dunsany the man of letters: his literary feuds with W. B. Yeats, recalled here, have passed into legend. At Dunsany Violet hunted, as she did at the Villiers-Stuarts' house Dromana in co Waterford, her next port of call. Either she was a diarist, or she has total recall, for nearly every ride, every meet, every train-journey of this Irish tour is exhaustively recorded. Not all of it is interesting. One gets the impression of a map of the British Isles that is totally blank apart from the country houses of relatives. This picture is borne out by the story of one of the Pakenham boys who found himself at Caernarvon instead of Carmarthen, for a visit to Dynevor Castle: "In the manner of a children's game with dice, when an unlucky throw may send a player back to the start, he returned to London and began again from the beginning."

Lady Violet had a London life too. In 1931 she was in the cabaret at the Victoria League Ball in the brand-new hotel on Park Lane, that "upstart replacement" for the old Dorchester House, preceded by champagne cocktails at the Ritz. Then there was the party in the house of a flower-loving aunt, who pinned a notice to her windowboxes saying "Please respect the pansies". There was the train-trip to see the Grand National: the party, with gramophone playing, occupied a whole carriage; Violet read Proust and managed to catch between her teeth a sugar-lump thrown by a provoked Hamish Erskine. There were parties at the Eton Manor Club in Hackney Wick (the "nudity and violence" took place here) and there were the night-clubs—the Slippin', the Bag o'Nails, Smokey Joe's and the Forty-Three. Here one night a fight took place: Mary Pakenham and Elizabeth Harman (by now engaged to Frank) parodied for the occasion Tennyson's "Revenge", about the One and the Forty-three, which begins "At Flores in the Azores . . .". Their version, "The Two in the Forty-Three", began "With Whorés on the Flourès . . .".

It is the time of the Depression, though one would hardly notice it. Lady Violet was not entirely frivolous. She enrolled at the London School of Economics, although now "the waters of the past have long since drowned my reasons for wishing to study at LSE". She was advised quite soon by her tutor that she was wasting the school's time and her own. However, as she "had already become increasingly depressed by the sordid conditions of the women's cloakroom", she was not unduly upset.

She first spoke to her future husband by telephone, posing as a parlourmaid, issuing an invitation to a party. "This laid the first flagstone on the path to matrimony, but at the party no more words were exchanged than were needed for the offering and accepting of a glass of gin and tonic." Later, in the garden at Pakenham, she offered him a Worcester Pearmain, "in a manner somewhat reminiscent of the second chapter of Genesis". And at the tea-table, they became engaged.

So what does it all add up to? There are some good things in this book, some of them "in a manner somewhat reminiscent" not at all of the Garden of Eden but of other authors: scraps of hunting days in the Somerville and Ross mode, with well-judged glimpses of minor horsey characters such as the girl who "was considered to be making too much of a recent visit to Leicestershire". There are atmospheric Anglo-Irish vignettes in the manner of Elizabeth Bowen on one of her creakier days. There is the glimpse of Michael Arlen, he of *The Green Hat*, in the bar of the Carlton Hotel in Cannes, sitting "solitary in front of a single drink", while at a nearby table, in even deeper melancholy, Maurice Chevalier sat in silence with his secretary. There is the absence of photographs: instead, the author describes photographs—the untimely *Bystander* flash-bulb at a Hunt Ball, or the family group of Pakenhams looking "like total strangers, obliged by unfortunate circumstances to huddle together". Old photographs are nostalgic enough; old photographs unseen, imagined, are doubly so.

But *Within the Family Circle* remains a superficial book. No subject-matter is more trivial than any other, and families, journeys and parties are prime material. (The fact that some of Lady Violet's attitudes may be the stuff that dreams of revolution are made on is neither here nor there.) She is best on her family, as most people are. Presumably her four dancing, hunting years were personal life at its most intense; she chooses not to take the reader into her confidence. Chronicles of simply "having fun", however, degenerate in print very easily into an impersonal silliness. Her accounts of the gayest parties may provoke a detached zoological fascination verging on boredom—the feeling one has when leafing through very old numbers of the *Tatler*.

Anthony Powell, in, say, *The Acceptance World*, the novel in which he wrote about love and London at this precise period, got well below the shiny surface. Fiction gives licence: but he and Lady Violet were equally caught up in the dance to the music of time. Perhaps the point is that she in this phase was just one of the dancers—a prima ballerina, even—while he spent part of his time watching the show from a seat in the stalls. The Pakenhams have always been great performers.

# All-rounder

### By Francis Dillon

**ALAN GIBSON:**
A Mingled Yarn
222pp. Collins. £3.95.

Alan Gibson in the foreword to *A Mingled Yarn* says he has written a "scattered sort of book about a scattered life". In fact it is a well-written, coherent account of a life which gave odd opportunities to his talents. The oddness lies only in the unlikely combination of Baptist lay preacher and popular disc jockey, but the two jobs were not exercised concurrently.

His father was a Baptist minister, and his mother a stern Methodist but they were amiable, unrepressive parents and some of the most pleasant writing in the book describes Ilkley and his childhood there and the moors above the waters of Wharfedale. We feel cheated when he leaves Ilkley in 1930 at the age of seven for the dirty streets of Leyton.

In 1924 he won an exhibition to Oxford. He enjoyed it, but his account of his four years there is sketchy, much concerned with politicking among the Liberals. He left with a first in history and went on to lecture at University College, Exeter (as it then was). Almost at once he was trapped by the BBC, and as a producer he could indulge his enthusiasm for people and as a commentator his love of sport. Although he wrote and broadcast well he came to BBC West Region at a time when his talents were unlikely to be used to the full, because the end of the old regional system was being planned: part of that movement which destroyed carefully built up values in regional radio and substituted a series of petty local stations on the American model.

In 1953 Mr Gibson "went freelance". As a believing Christian he was now thrown to the lions of the BBC religious department, and in spite of his success in *Sunday Half-Hour*, he has some barely Christian comments to make on the way that department was and is run. He had already had a spell at riding the discs and had tried to wriggle out of any further chores of that kind, but he was too good a broadcaster to be allowed to get away and for ten or more years he and Derek Jones ran the extremely popular record programme *Good Morning*.

He was and is a busy sports reporter, both on the air and for *The Times* and other newspapers. "If I did nothing but report games", he says, "I would take them too seriously"; so he fills in (though he cannot have much time left to fill) with *Round Britain Quiz* and Liberal politics. On all these and many other subjects he writes amusingly with a good eye for anecdotes. In 1963 he was, for a time, a voluntary patient in Moorhaven Psychiatric Hospital, and extracts from the diary of his stay there show the same observant eye at work. This is preceded by a fine essay on Cornwall and Cornish Methodism which breaks the narrative, and the book ends on another essay "Beaulah", or "I am glad I was brought up as a Dissenter".

# Beating the odds

### By Nesta Roberts

**ROBERT and SUZANNE MASSIE:**
Journey
417pp. Gollancz. £6.

The story of a sufferer from a chronic and gravely disabling disease, whether it is biography or autobiography, is, inevitably, one of battles for survival in several fields. First comes that of the sufferer to conquer despair and endure to the end, whether the end is death or recovery, with an undamaged personality. When the victim is a child there is a parallel struggle by the parents to preserve a normal family life against near-intolerable strains. Whether the sufferer is child or adult there is, too often, in an age when the science of medicine, which should enrich and fortify the art of medicine, tends rather to displace it, the battle of patient and family against medical and nursing hierarchies which, in their disregard for the individual, threaten to depersonalize him or her.

For Robert and Suzanne Massie, whose first child, Bobby, was diagnosed as a haemophiliac when he was six months old, there was still another problem. As citizens of the world's richest nation, where youth and health are elevated almost to the status of a religion, their lives for their son's first eighteen years were dominated by the need to raise money for his treatment, above all for the massive and frequent blood transfusions entailed. In the United States there is no state-supported health insurance for the generality of the population—one speaks not of a health service—and private insurance companies will accept individuals suffering from chronic ailments only as part of group policies issued to organizations with a large quota of low-risk members.

The self-employed, therefore, are without protection. Blood may be a commodity marketed for the profit of commercial blood banks and pharmaceutical houses. Though some is given freely (not lavishly—only 3 per cent of the eligible donor population actually gives blood) the system is so inefficient that 28 per cent of the amount collected is wasted by being allowed to become outdated, compared with 3 per cent wastage in Sweden and 2 per cent in Britain. Conditions of supplying blood vary from one state or city to the next, so that whether an individual user receives it free or has to pay, either in cash or by inducing a relative or friend to become a blood donor, is determined by geography rather than need.

If this aspect of a book which records a human triumph—Bobby Massie entered Princeton as a confident, generous and notably mature eighteen-year-old—and scotches the popular myths concerning haemophilia is the one which remains the most memorable, it is because of the responsible but remorseless fashion in which Robert Massie, like his wife a writer and journalist, mounts his case against those responsible for such a state of affairs. It includes a picture of the president in 1973, when, echoing the anthem of the American Medical Association, he said: "We want the doctor to work for the patient, not for the government." Mr Nixon was speaking on the threshold of the Walter Reed Army Hospital, where doctors employed and paid by the government had just given him, free, his annual medical check-up.

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# Through a gloss darkly

## By D. A. N. Jones

**HAM MUKASA :**
**Sir Apolo Kagwa Discovers Britain**
**Edited by Taban lo Liyong**
**160pp. Heinemann Educational. Paperback, £1.25.**

This curious little book describes a visit to London and other parts of the United Kingdom made by a couple of potentates from Uganda for the coronation of Edward VII in 1902. There is such an air of unreliability about the product that one hesitates to pass on any of the information it offers. The editor, Taban lo Liyong, writes in his foreword:

> Europeans in Africa masquerade as Gods, they act in a stylised manner and want to look larger than life. You can only see them for the ordinary humans they are when you see them in their natural habitat. . . . In Edinburgh, the Mayor asked Sir Apolo what he did with drunken councillors. To Sir Apolo, the idea of a drunken councillor was preposterous. He said: "We simply don't have drunkards in our council. . . ."

One looks for the relevant section. Chapter 9 is entitled "Glasgow City Councillors are Drunkards". This may be true, for all I know, or may have been true in 1902. But Edinburgh is not Glasgow. We read on and find that this chapter heading is based on a misreading of the text. The author, Ham Mukasa, is reporting a conversation between his companion, Sir Apolo Kagwa and "five of the judges of Glasgow". These five men asked Sir Apolo many questions, such as: "Are there many drunkards in your land?" Later, reports Mukasa, these judges asked: "Do you have drunkards in your Parliament?" Sir Apolo replied: "A drunken man cannot come into our Parliament." Mukasa goes on: "They were very pleased at hearing that drunkards were not allowed in our Parliament, and that the Parliament itself did not like there being drunken men in our country; and told us how they themselves imprisoned drunkards for two or three days. . . ." They also asked Sir Apolo about the punishment for drunkenness in Uganda, and Sir Apolo told them that chiefs were fined seventy-five rupees and peasants six rupees.

On this text, Taban lo Yiong has based his chapter-heading about Glasgow City Councillors and his statement in the foreword about the mayor of Edinburgh. At the end of the chapter, he appends a fatuous footnote: "They [Glasgow judges] asked him [Sir Apolo], 'Do you have drunkards in your Parliament?' and he said, 'A drunken man cannot come into our Parliament.' No comment!" But he has already made comments which indicate that he cannot remember what he has just read. With such an editor one feels a total distrust for the whole product.

According to the blurb, Taban lo Liyong is the author of numerous books in Heinemann's African Writers series, and is now chairman of the literature department in the University of Papua, New Guinea. His notes and foreword to *Sir Apolo Kagwa Discovers Britain* create the impression that he wishes to give schoolmasterly advice to young people in Uganda, and encourage them to admire noble Africans who achieved power during Victoria's reign, like Sir Apolo Kagwa and Ham Mukasa. This may well be a worthy aim, but the editor's work willl set the children of Uganda no example of accuracy, and his political opinions are the sort that provoke democrats to rebellion:

> The common man is a vegetable. In all the world there have been, are and will be *Omukopi*, who have to be ordered about even for their own good. Unless you are a fool, you can't glamourise the life of the common man, of that parasite, nonentity. . . . He needs leadership. And his intellectual betters, his technologised betters, have to supply these to him.

It looks as if Heinemann made a serious mistake in giving Taban lo Liyong this book to edit.

According to the publication details, it is a 1975 abbreviation of *Uganda's Katikiro in England*, written by Ham Mukasa and published by Hutchinson in 1904. There are indications that this was a most interesting book. So far as we can gather from the present editor, Sir Apolo Kagwa was the Katikiro, something like a prime minister, in Uganda, and acted as regent to an infant king, or Kabaka. "After the civil war of 1887 he ate, or took over, the chieftainship of Mukwenda. . . . When Lord Lugard and the Christians defeated the Muslims in 1889, Apolo Kagwa became the Katikiro, and held this post till he was forced to retire in 1926 after 37 years in office." Sir Apolo's king, or Kabaka, offered "opposition to Christian and Muslim encroachments, as well as the British imperial designs"; he was "chased out . . . caught and deported to the Seychelles"; this king's infant son "was declared Kabaka by the British in place of his father and a regency of three leading chiefs was created with Apolo Kagwa at its head as Katikiro. He was the major signatory to the Uganda Agreement of 1900."

If this is an accurate account, it is not difficult to see why Sir Apolo was an honoured guest in London in 1902, and welcomed by tough and crafty empire-builders like Sir H. M. Stanley and Sir H. H. Johnston. Taban lo Liyong remarks that he has omitted the foreword which Sir H. H. Johnston wrote for the 1904 edition. He has also, he says, omitted much else—including an account of how "the German crew aboard the merchant ship *Konisberg* openly mistreated" Sir Apolo and Ham Mukasa, since he finds this episode "anticlimactic and melodramatic". He also claims that the 1904 book was spoilt by the original editor, an English clergyman called the Reverend Ernest Millar, who (says Taban lo Liyong) distorted Ham Mukasa's book when translating it from Luganda into English.

Mr Millar is accused of having removed comments unfavourable to himself and his friends, and substituting favourable remarks. He also encouraged Kagwa and Mukasa to feel prejudiced in favour of the British as opposed to other Europeans, and in favour of Cambridge, as opposed to Oxford. Taban lo Liyong says that he has removed passages in this book which he believes to have been inserted or inspired by Mr Millar.

Nevertheless, there does seem to be a genuine voice speaking through this muddle. Ham Mukasa was, apparently, a page of a Kabaka—a fellow-page with Apolo Kagwa, six years his senior. They were both Christian converts and achieved chieftaincy, but Mukasa preferred a scholarly life to politics, and wrote several books in Luganda, including a commentary on St Matthew's Gospel. It was natural that his powerful friend, Sir Apolo, should take Ham Mukasa to England with him, for the King-Emperor's coronation, and that Mukasa should write a book about the journey. There is every indication that he made a good job of it—his African aristocratic values mingling with his biblical knowledge to produce something rather like a Homeric account of feasts and ceremony, turning the jaunt into a little *Odyssey*.

But this edition is such a mess that we cannot get through to Ham Mukasa, let alone Sir Apolo Kagwa. Mukasa quotes a sonnet written by a man called Canon Rawnsley in praise of Sir Apolo. It begins:

Though I should never see your
dark face more
Nor hear your murmuring soft
Luganda speech . . .

And it concludes:

Tell them we love a man of heart
sincere,
And Britain gives you hand-grasp
to the end.

It would be pleasant to applaud Sir Apolo and Ham Mukasa in this generous, eloquent Victorian style. But Canon Rawnsley did not have Taban lo Liyong getting in the way.

# Cape costumes

## By Diana de Marly

**DAPHNE H. STRUTT :**
**Clothing Fashions in South Africa 1652-1900**
**411pp. Cape Town and Rotterdam: A. A. Balkema. £20.50**

*Clothing Fashions in South Africa 1652-1900* says much about what is well known, and not enough about what is unfamiliar. Potted histories of fashion exist in plenty, and it is hard to see the need for another which tells the same tale, save for the fact that fashion in South Africa is usually some years behind fashion in Europe. What we have here is in fact a mixture of three books; a history of European fashion as copied in South Africa, a photographic survey of surviving costumes in South African collections, and occasional pieces on the types of dress peculiar to that country. This mélange is subdivided into three very unequal periods; the later seventeenth century is accorded forty-nine pages, the eighteenth century ninety-three, and the nineteenth no fewer than 249. Granted that the country has more surviving material for the nineteenth century than any earlier, the author might have displayed more discipline and struck a better balance than this.

Taking each element of the book in turn we start with the history of fashion, and it is highly debatable how far this term can even be applied to a colony in the first centuries of its existence. The author admits that the early settlers did not wear fashionable clothes, but proceeds to give an account of European high fashion all the same. A survey of fashion in a colonial society concerns only a very small element in it, namely the group centred around the governor's court; which hardly justifies lengthy descriptions of the changes in the international mode, when it concerned so few South Africans before the nineteenth century.

For a book of this price the photographs are highly unsatisfactory, being often poorly lit and lacking in sharpness of reproduction. The number of illustrations is generous, with many portraits and examples of surviving dress, so the author might have spared us so many of her line drawings; where original visual materials still exist, there is little justification for modern copies. Thus Daphne H. Strutt gives an important painting in a South African context, "The Wreck of the Visch", which shows several colonists in 1740, but instead of providing enlarged photographic details of the figures, she illustrates them by her drawings. This results in distortion, for her figures are shorter than those in the picture, and thus the balance of the clothes is different.

More culpable are the drawings which are copied from another modern illustrator, and are therefore not at one, but at two, removes from the original. One must plead for more authenticity than this. A point emerging from the photographs is that the display of surviving costumes in South African museums leaves a lot to be desired, for they are often mounted on models, which resemble Disneyish extremes of "prettiness" and thereby destroy the impact of the clothes they are supposed to show to advantage.

The third element concerns costume which is particularly South African. Mrs Strutt has done some good work on inventories and diaries, in general, but if she had concentrated on South African dress as it developed according to the climate and circumstances of that state, we all might have learnt something new. She rightly devotes much space to the caps of the women Voortrekkers, which evolved into a domestic art. An analysis of similar items, such as the umbrella hat, would have resulted in a valuable study. The outcome might have been a shorter book, but a more significant one.

*Illustration by H. M. Brock for G. J. Whyte-Melville's* Black but Come

# Drawn & quartered

## By William Feaver

**C. M. KELLY :**
**The Brocks : A Family of Cambridge Artists and Illustrators**
**184pp. Charles Skilton. £5.75.**

The Brock brothers lived and worked alike. 35 Madingley Road, Cambridge, became their headquarters. There, in a towering studio behind the house, they kept prolonged office hours for about fifty years, turning out illustrations to satisfy demand. At the height of the Brock era, c 1914, several drawings would be dispatched every day by the evening train to London: dust-jackets, frontispieces, *Punch* cartoons (tidy rather than witty), Annual-matter, watercolours for luxury editions in limp bindings, even advertisements and cigarette-card designs. C.E. had the finer line; H.M.'s was the more dashing; the third brother R.H.'s never amounted to much. They were not an isolated phenomenon, for the Robinsons, father and sons, had already made a greater name for themselves in the profession before the Brocks came on the scene. But the Brocks' graphic business was remarkable for its sustained vigour. They could turn their hands to anything, from *The Vicar of Wakefield* to Mrs Ewing's *Jackanapes*, from *The Humour of Germany* with fifty-four illustrations to *The Youngest Girl in the School*.

This poses problems for a biographer: their devotion to their work made the Brocks uneventful. Indeed, so concerned were they to further their skills, even the furniture they bought for their houses was chosen so that it could serve as props on Jane Austen or Jeffery Farnol jobs. The dapper eighteenth-century world they became accustomed to illustrating, where the character parts were filled by John Bulls with ruddy cheeks and the heroines were all graced with lustrous ringlets, was their spiritual resting place. Other commissions were accepted but not enjoyed as much. C. M. Kelly, however, treats the Brocks as heroes. He lists their achievements in considerable detail and inserts warm memories from those who remember them. For all this, however, he finds himself short of material. His book is thus a checklist with some touches of human interest and recurrent asides to the effect that illustration is not what it was and that today's art students are a thankless breed.

It is certainly true that there is no equivalent to the Brocks in contemporary illustration. They flourished, as did Hugh Thomson, in the period when photo-pr brought the artist relative imm from misinterpretation by the maker; and their style was great extent determined by freedom to draw for the instead of the wood engrav

After the Brock period drifted towards a close the 1930s) illustration, of books in particular, declined style developed by CEB and taken up by Norman Hepple Rowland Hilder on the one and by Thomas Henry (of *Wil liam* fame) on the other, was ully killed not by new fash by the determination of pu to cut costs and do without tions. Try as he may Mr Kel to establish the Brocks as but what they patently were cient, reliable hands. But their lack of pretension, orderly skills, their avoid fine airs and conceits, their flow of designs make them typical, hence more truly tive of their times than the Arthur Rackham or Heath Ro

# Relative val

**MADELEINE BINGHAM :**
**Peers and Plebs**
**198pp. Allen and Unwin. £5**

*Peers and Plebs* is a brie initially, rather confusing down the corridors of the of Clanmorris, and it is as well Madeleine Bingham has fully provided a family The ramifications of run those of her husband's second and the confusion dered is compounded by the construction, each of the chronicling in parallel the of each family.

However, once the author appears on the scene vanish as she records with without sentimentality hood, which included and, on her part, unco years in convent schools home and abroad; and her *The Times* in a variety of for the handsome salary of week, topping her fiancé's the *Hull Daily Mail*, by 1934, with reporter John future seventh Baron Cl now transplanted to the *Sunday Dispatch* and ear heady sum of £10 a week, the couple married, with the Catholic faith played down as possible in the face of Binghams' implacable ism. Lady Clanmorris's bri sion into Bingham history the birth of her son.

Sylvia Sc

# Of social bondage

## By David Martin

**EDWARD SHILS :**
**Center and Periphery**
**Essays in Macro-sociology**
**516pp. University of Chicago Press. £10.75.**

*Center and Periphery*, Edward Shils's second cycle of essays, is about tradition and change, consensus and dissensus, hierarchy and commonality, individuality and sociation, sacred and profane. The hub of this magisterial cycle turns around the emergence and tendencies of modern society, variously characterized by sociologists as "massified", privatized, anomic, differentiated, sectorized, rationalized, and secularized. Professor Shils's papers provide a redefinition and a cautious defence of so-called "mass society". The defence is paradoxical. Modern, fragmented and supposedly secular society retains a sacred centre; and the charisma of that centre is dispersed throughout the mass. The egalitarian ideology and the libertarian aspiration are at one and the same time a hypocritical gloss and a fundamental achievement whereby the majority have been introduced to citizenship and the tincture of civility. Imperfectly, partially, and sometimes crudely, the citizen participates in a common *vertù*. Nevertheless, interest, power, respect for creativity and especially creativity of the kind that profits the society, lead to unequality; and the egalitarian thrust requires realization at the hands of unequal authority. Equality is predicated on the push of differentially distributed sectional power and/or on the authority of government. Professor Shils's defence of mass society stresses the ambiguity inherent in all social gains and the inevitability of limits and costs. Yet he has no time for despair, cynicism or scepticism. His two favourite words are seriousness and vitality, and he exemplifies both.

Professor Shils takes society as the basic unit of analysis, and he constantly brings all the sub-sectors of inquiry—economy, polity, culture, ideology—within the frame of the social whole. He pursues ramifications, ties, bonds, mutualities, connections, links, consequences, reactions, spirals, mutations, loops and feedbacks as these operate in a shuffling, dense, interpenetrating matrix: society. Hence the two important essays on the idea and nature of society: a territorial base and a common, more or less legitimate authority; semi-shared subjective identifications and mental maps of societal properties, proprieties, rules, distinctions, ideals; a focus of differential interaction, exchange, understanding and communication.

"Society has a centre", and this core of values is connected to a wider cosmic order, whether this be located in the necessary dialectic of history, a messianic destiny or metaphysical powers. The powers stand behind the principalities and higher standards (or forces) behind the eagles of authority. No society is a mere secular-utilitarian construct, even where pragmatic judgments of performance and efficiency are most current. Secular liberal theory, like "secular" liberal society, must anchor itself in dispositions of a quite different kind if it is not to cut off its own potentialities. The social order mirrors and expresses a wider order which may also include criteria for judgment and for the relativization of absolutist claims. Indeed it is often those most committed to the higher order who most passionately reject the social order as currently established. But whether the centre of society is attractive or repellent it nevertheless demands recognition.

Of course, the radiation which emanates from the centre encounters apathy, opacity or resistance and engenders counter-themes. It is composed of overlapping circles and even of partial disjunctions which attract ambivalent loyalties differently activated according to context; and opposition is similarly composed. At times Professor Shils seems to define the resistant periphery of society by social distance downwards from the elite and by territorial distance from the centre. A careful reading of all the essays corrects this impression and Professor Shils himself notes the problems. An elite may be seized by a crisis of confidence or in-group cynicism. The old faith may evacuate the centre and move to the peripheries before a new faith can be born. The expansive power of the centre may be located in a variety of sub-centres; the periphery may be an acknowledged secondary source of social radiation; the central idea may be the concept of federalism. Though the faith of lower participants may be duller it may be more stolid, while the faith of higher participants is dynamic and febrile. Beliefs may leapfrog over generations in an accepted pattern of alternation, or they may leapfrog over status groups, linking higher and lower and excluding middles. Professor Shils points out that we need a taxonomy of types of integration and types of relation between centre(s) and peripheries. Clearly this should be a task for contemporary sociology and one in which political and religious sociology pool their concepts and data. Professor Shils's macro-sociological approach underlines the need for a firm link between the analysis of religion and of politics.

Those who interest themselves in integration are often accused of being connoisseurs of false consciousness and of ignoring conflict and power. This criticism is usually false, but it is conspicuously false with respect to Professor Shils. What is refreshing about him is that he not only stresses the necessity and variety of conflict and ambivalence but also firmly rejects as morally repugnant the aspiration towards non-contradictory states of society. The preconditions of a social harmony of this kind are profoundly inharmonious and inhumane. At the same time society does require an element of the taken-for-granted which, because it is so basic, is often invisible, especially to sociologists. Those who regard sociology as the codification of the obvious forget that it is also a trained capacity to ignore what is immediately beneath the nose.

The essays on consensus, integration and varieties of social bond are complemented by essays on tradition. A piece which perhaps links the two groups is the controversial study of the coronation written with Michael Young. At that time to write seriously about such a subject and to analyse the ritual in terms of its explicit meaning was a piece of lèse-majesté against the zeitgeist of social science. You might as well write as if Christmas were a social fact of some interest and importance. The reaction to Shils and Young's piece was a perfect illustration of intellectual romanticism about an indifferent working-class and of intellectual ignorance of the components of national sentiment. Secular-utilitarian theory and the Marxoid tic found the universe of meaning revealed by an event like the coronation too shocking to be recognized, or else retired on a covert moral judgment which stressed what it regarded as the facade of hollow trappings and a politically useful bamboozlement. Professor Shils broke the consensus of sociologists and gave himself permission to think the unthinkable.

Professor Shils notes the sources of the intellectual fear of ritual. It is easily defined as compulsive and inflexible, as associated with the wrong beliefs and the wrong people, rooted in deference and constriction, painting over the social substance and—in the case of the coronation—gilding the fleur-de-lys. Yet he also discerns a sense of lack which has manifested itself in a desire for celebration or even in a groping after ways of acting capable of rescuing us from continuous and gauche social improvisation. He believes that ritual is coextensive with the ineluctable facts of social authority and human contingency. Ritual is both source and result of man's seriousness, his need for "serious places on serious earth": churches, monuments, haunts, markers, tokens and everything that guards the awful lineaments of the socially authoritative and the shared social essence. That obscure essence is the vital and sacred stream of life, selectively treasured and violated, and this perhaps is why he includes reflections on the sanctity of life.

The problem of the sanctity of life resides in the way it is hedged about with conceptions of the natural, the normal and the appropriate which go far beyond the simple perception that people matter. Interventions which might enhance the quality of existence run up against a sense of the integral and the inviolate. The human essence is guarded like the social essence by a natural metaphysic. Somehow the reasoned and humane manipulation of the social, of human beings and of the world of nature has to come to terms with those conceptions which guard the integrity of man and society, and which encapsulate the imperfect real and the ideal. The destruction of these potent guardians or indiscriminate respect for them weakens the capacity for life enhancement inherent in our technical capacity and our understanding. The sense of the value of life is so patchy, so indiscriminate where operative, and so embedded in other and varied metaphysical materials that the intervention which excises the central value from the marginal becomes impossibly delicate. Nevertheless Professor Shils believes it can be done.

The essay on tradition focuses on the phenomenon of persistence. Traditional is a term normally contrasted with modern, but all societies are to some extent traditional—ie, they embody persistence. The structure of the traditional is based on social succession or "filiation", and is to be distinguished from its substantive content, which refers to the past and to legitimation by reference to the past. The root of tradition is twined with the root of consensus: the need to transcend the boundaries of the self in a communion with past as well as present, whether that past has been charismatically promulgated or imprinted by the treadmark of anonymous generations. The attachment to transcendent order, now, must be derived from a transcendent source, then. Just to be prior—older or more experienced—is to exude the authority of pastness.

Even innovations are legitimated by reference to rediscoveries or recreations of tradition; and revolutions have to call on reinforcements from revolutionary tradition. Even science cannot easily survive unless agreed elements are handed down and the tradition of criticism and experiment embodied in the scientific community. Scientific revolutions breed "normal" science just as large principles breed casuistries. Even the spontaneous is preserved by stereotyping. The antinomian rebel refers back to a marginal strand in the tradition and either recommends rituals embodying that strand or anti-ritual rituals. Change is recommended by appeal to a tradition which rejects the value of the static. Tradition itself may be legitimated by the tradition of rational reflection which regards the folk-ways as more wise than mere rationality. The convinced traditionalists are often genuine innovators because they try to uncover the pure and original tradition. Both complete traditionality, mere repetition, and the repetition of the rejection of tradition are sterile. The new is predicated on the taken-for-granted. Tradition does not necessarily lead to change but it is the required basis of change.

What finally of the mass society in which Professor Shils sees the patchy but real dispersal of civil *vertù*? The notion of "the mass" originated in fears of the mob and of the manipulator. Social critics have identified an egoism without individuality, a hedonism without satisfaction, a massification without solidarity and an urbanism without civility. In Professor Shils's view this analysis ignores the dispersal of charisma brought about by education, politicization, universal governmental involvement and mass communication. It is precisely this narrowing of social distance and space and its unification which sharpens the perception of differences of status, authority and opportunity and which defines hitherto unnoticed diversity. Yet he acknowledges that mass society promotes an emphasis on present impulse and expressive personal relationships which is at odds with the necessary features of all society and some of the particular features of modern society. Society cannot exist without authority and interpersonal regulation, and modern society depends on a division of labour engendering roles which are often routine and require discipline. Status *at* work and pride *in* work and even reward in relation to individual input have partly given place to a search for distinctiveness through varied styles of living and consumption. The individual and the family face a regime of corporate pressures, constricting norms and group initiative which make special effort or a nice sense of conscience and responsibility appear irrelevant. The individual confronts and then accepts the corporately defined net and the ceiling. Since the underlying tension between individuated impulse and the anonymous, routine, large-scale structure cannot fully realize itself at work, it is transferred to the sphere of consumption. Yet it retains a power to damage.

The individuated sensibility reacts to the hard necessity of authority by requiring hypocrisy, and attacks unavoidable distinctions by the denigration of merit, the corrosion of outward forms and inner privacies. The pursuit of experience eventually levels all distinctions between persons and experiences. These tendencies reach full flower in "progressive" theories of socialization and education, which then lie askew the realities of social structure or indeed the genuine preconditions of individuality.

I admit to a slight personal extension of Professor Shils's analysis towards the end of that account because I feel he notes the difficulties without the emphasis they perhaps deserve. But I feel unable to criticize him for one simple reason. He is correct.

Philosophical and methodological inquisition and inhibition may make it look as if sociology does not and cannot move. It may never have a Galileo, but Edward Shils's essays show that "It moves all the same".

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285 62188 2 March 11th
£3.50 176 pages
8 pages Illustrations

**Souvenir Press**
43 Great Russell Street, London
WC1B 3PA

# TLS Commentary

## Men, women and madness

By Frank Kermode

*Films based on good,* or even quite good, books usually make little more than unmemorable thin allusions to their originals; some version of the *fable is certainly* preserved, but the subject or discourse tends to be dissipated by the *camera* and the soundtrack. Novels are arguably the least suitable "material" for movies; if this seems paradoxical or perverse, consider whether a director would not work more imaginatively with, say, "The Beast in the Jungle" *than with The Portrait of a Lady.*

Milos Forman *seems* conscious of the *difficulty* and *seeks,* with some *success, to overcome it by* implanting in his film of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* a strongly drawn diagram—coarsely drawn, I was going to say—of Ken Kesey's theme, and so buying himself the right to provide the film with a texture *resembling very little in the* original, though in itself more than adequately interesting. The effect is curious: the audience is moved to cry out with approval and sympathy as the hero struggles to outwit his oppressors: a very *simple reaction indeed, yet produced* while the screen is filled with the subtle and delicate visual images made by Haskell Wexler's camera. Here, perhaps, is the beginning of an explanation of the mixed feelings the film produces, embarrassment and pleasure among them.

In the new *Quinzaine Littéraire* there is an interview in which Milos Forman offers a few cautiously expressed remarks about what he had been trying to do. The *narrator in the novel is a schizophrenic* Indian; Forman altered this, not simply because of the obvious difficulties but because he prefers "objective narration". *Nurse Ratched, the principal* tormentor of the inmates of the hospital, is to be represented, not as she is in the Chief's disturbed mind—manipulator of a vast array of coercive electronic and mechanical devices—but as something much *more characteristic of the times,* a person who does harm by strict loyalty to a perverse belief. Her System is not the two-layered structure of the original Chief—benevolent oppression modulating into crazy paranoid imaginings—but *quite simply, a way of controlling* individuals who rashly oppose it because they think it is going to unman them. Indeed it does exactly that when their misbehaviour is such that they can be subjected to the therapeutic correc*tives devised to tame the really* Disturbed—electric convulsion therapy and finally lobotomy, represented in both film and book as a sort of displaced castration.

Milos Forman admits that he knows little about mental illness, adding that he didn't need to. Life in the madhouse is a figure for life in society; most of the victims are undergoing their brainwashing voluntarily; only people in authority are full of passionate intensity. Forman fears faith, the force that animates Nurse Ratched. As an atheist he was, he says, surprised when a group of priests who *saw the* film in Washington congratulated him on having made so religious a movie, and explained its symbolism in detail. When the Indian wrenches out the heavy shower control unit and throws it through the window he is rolling back the *stone* before the tomb, and his escape is a figure for the Resurrection. *But another reason* for his feeling that this was a peculiar reaction to his work is that he believes the *lieu privilégié* of drama is the human face; and it is true that he attends to faces very lovingly, and at the expense of the *symbol-forming potential of all the* clutter he could have put in instead.

*The film is almost as simple as* he claims. There is the face of Ratched, ball-breaker, emblem of society and Mom; and the face of doomed, rebellious, male McMurphy, and the Indian's beautiful face; and the variously oppressed faces of the other inmates. On these faces the whole play is played out. Yet the priests were right in detecting the presence of symbolism; it arises inevitably from a certain crudeness in the thematic diagram as the film exposes it.

Ken Kesey's novel had a small cult in the early 1960s. Then, for a while, the *times* seemed to be strongly on its side. The Nurse easily merged into fashionable concepts such as Repressive Tolerance, her patients into its compliant victims, endorsing her worst tyrannies by democratic vote, even when she denies them the primordial right of American males to watch the World Series on television, and *mental* hospitals became images not of hell but of the Larger Society.

But Randle Patrick McMurphy is a more old-fashioned symbol. Sly, strong, exuberant, male, he gambles, fights, drinks, womanizes: an *Irish* boyo who certainly represents that anti-social behaviour the Nurse exists to suppress. Half *alazon,* half *pharmakos* (to employ a terminology fashionable in 1962), he watches Ratched *unman* the other inmates, resists almost successfully, and is finally lobotamized-castrated. But before that he has helped to arrange the sexual initiation of Billy, a mother-ruined youth (an episode greatly developed in the film), and has formed a love-alliance with the sham-catatonic Indian (also altered and developed). Billy rises from the bed of a *life*-enhancing whore liberated, freed of his stammer, only to be reduced again to impotence, and eventually to *suicide,* by Ratched's reassertion of the perpetual maternal threat. McMurphy himself is lovingly murdered by the Indian in a *scene* of quasi-sexual violence. The Indian alone escapes.

Milos Forman's claim to have been faithful to the book has to be qualified in obvious ways. Some *additions* are for *laughs:* for example, the wild party with the whores and the basket-ball game dominated by the huge Indian. This is founded on a mere line in the novel, and is there for the sake of showing the big man *rising* comically from defeat, *dropping* the ball into the absurdly low basket and lumbering expressionlessly about the court. Very broad, but perhaps the least *offensive* of the bedlamizing scenes *in the film; for* we do sometimes *feel we are at that* kind of exhibition. Other justified amendments are pure film and impossible in novels, like the interview between McMurphy and the doctor, half-ruined himself by Ratched, uneasily complicit in the patient's unreconstructed maleness; a *wonderfully* acted moment.

What is most obviously missing is precisely that ambiguity as to facts and attitudes that Ken Kesey got by means of his schizoid narrator. The effect is that the film seems simpler, more mythological than the novel. And for this change in the sense of the story I think we must blame or thank the critic Leslie *Fiedler. He* admired the book from the start, and thanks to him it is impossible to think of it without thinking of the long line of American fiction about the flight of the male from female sexuality. McMurphy is an adult Huck. The *hilarious* fishing trip (also much enlarged in the movie) on which McMurphy takes the inmates is Huck hanging up a sign saying "Gone fishin'". The Chief is his Jim ("our greatest Negro characters, including Nigger Jim, are, at their most [illegible] moments, red men in black face") or the aboriginal love of a [illegible] Natty Bumppo; and it is the aborigine who lopes off at the end, having freed himself from paleface treachery, into the blue Oregon hills. Leslie Fiedler wanted to incorporate the book into a new modern myth also, making the In*dian* a guru; his madness, he tells us, was modelled on Ken Kesey's experience with LSD. But what stuck was the more primitive version; and it is this *version* that Milos Forman's film reinforces.

The modern political myth, of course, remains; naked violence has gone out in mental hospitals except as a last resort (Ratched's *Negro henchmen are there* for that purpose) and they continue their [illegible] oppression by more civilized means. But women, the older myth maintains, have always used such means; so the conflict between Ratched and McMurphy embodies both myths, and *so does* the Chief's costly escape. It is in the faces of Forman's actors that we observe the conflict. They are more than adequate to the task. Louise Fletcher as the Nurse has devised a limited but wonderfully expressive set of faces: a *smile* of nightmare rightness and kindness which shifts, with little perceptible alteration, into a mask of hatred and menace that is still *somehow* forbearing. Jack Nicholson's performance is at least as remarkable: cunning, attractive, antinomian, life-enhancing, destructive, coming only slowly to an understanding of the deadly nature of the game he is in; and we are *dragged* to exactly the measure of complicity shown by the doctor in the scene mentioned. *These are* dream figures actualized with extraordinary intelligence. And if nothing else in novel or film were worth taking seriously these faces *are;* wholly modern, yet the *lieux privilégiés* of dark mythological conflicts.

## Salon and workshop

> If I could ever really succeed I would paint pictures that were so direct, and in which the subject was so displayed, that each would be like a piece of fruit being handed to you on a plate.

"Howard Hodgkin, 45 *Paintings* 1949-75" opened last Sunday at the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford, where it can be seen until April 18. The paintings will then be shown in what must be a dream setting for an artist: the Serpentine Gallery in *Kensington Gardens* in May. Howard Hodgkin has again and again achieved his ideal of handing us a painting, like a piece of fruit on a plate and deserves no less for his first retrospective than the most sympathetic gallery and the best *month in the year.* It is, *however,* an important occasion not only for the artist but for British painting—and for painting in general.

Mr Hodgkin most often paints his friends—many of them artists of his own generation (he was born in 1932)—usually in their own surroundings and at special moments. They are less portraits than epiph*anies, heightened recollections.* "Ideally", he has said, "*they should* be like memorials." He paints places on the same terms ("On the edge of the Indian Ocean") or interiors—"Small Stair Room". But in these too the human presence keeps breaking *in. The first impression of his* work is always colour, which he uses with unique vigour and brilliance. His oranges, scarlets and magentas bustle out of the picture arena like bolts of silk tumbling out of drawers in an expensive shop. The arena itself is a high energy *place;* and he is a loving and tireless pattern-maker. His favourite shapes are comfortable, rounded ones of the sort Stanley Spencer used for everything he put in his barnyard "St Francis" in the Tate.

The exhibition is accompanied by an excellent catalogue with an introduction by Richard Morphet of the Tate (76pp. Arts Council. £2). All the paintings are reproduced in colour (unfortunately Nos 21 and 30 are reversed) and there is a useful if not quite complete bibliography. The first painting in the exhibition was painted when Mr Hodg*kin was sixteen,* a *remarkable* interior showing a beautiful woman reclining on a sofa and a bullet-headed voyeur seated in a chair. It is, as Mr Morphet points out, an astonishing anticipation of nearly everything Mr Hodgkin has done *since he came into his own as an artist.*

It was in [illegible] that Mr Hodgkin discovered the world of Matisse, and two years later he saw "The Piano Lesson". Matisse, as Mr Morphet fully explains, is the crucial modern painter for Howard Hodgkin. He also mentions other masters of the portrait-interior—Vermeer, Vuillard, Bonnard, Seurat. But Mr Hodgkin is not simply "influenced by" those older painters: through Hodgkin's work those masters are made more available to us; his paintings are a step in the reclamation of a whole way of picture-making. Mr Morphet points out that Mr Hodgkin admires the Abstract Expressionist painters because they so fearlessly exposed the mechanics of picture-making. He himself has always done the same, insisting on showing the carpentry—and making a virtue of it—in much the same way as Gor*don Russell did in his best* furniture.

Another important influence is Indian miniature painting, *on which* Mr Hodgkin is an authority. In the last twenty years the field has been the subject of the kind of scrutiny once applied with the passion of discovery to the Italian Renaissance. Again, Mr Hodgkin's paintings indi*cate a community of making with* the classical Indian painters. His exceptionally achieved "Indian Subject" (1965-69) memorably combines the very components combined by a Kishangarh court painter.

All his paintings are very specific and individual, *and their grammar* is exceptionally varied. If there is any flaw in the introduction it is that Mr Morphet has not sufficiently discussed Hodgkin's community of ideas with painters of his generation, for he uses riffs, as it were, from many of *his contemporaries.* The last word should, however, be Richard Morphet's:

> *Contemplating Hodgkin's paint,* it is as if we have access simultaneously to the worlds of Rubens and of Mondrian, as if we are *luxuriating* in a palm house *and* dealing with packages at the supermarket check-out, are at once in a Rococo salon and at a workshop bench.

Mark Haworth-Booth

Grantchester Road, *1975, by Howard Hodgkin.*

# The critic in the consulting room

By Rosemary Dinnage

FREDERICK CREWS:
Out of My System
214pp. Oxford University Press. £5.50.

Frederick Crews writes from out of his system — a conservative Freudianism, to which he has a firm commitment—and he writes to get the problems of his commitment out of his system. The deliberate *catch* in the title is typical of his authorial stance, which is ambivalence itself: Professor Crews the Freudian argues cleverly and at length with a worthy opponent, Professor Crews the literary critic. A good fight is put up by *both sides: the result* is a draw.

*Out of My System* is a collection of articles, lectures, and reviews linked—at times tenuously—by the theme that gives the first chapter its title: "can literature be psychoanalysed?" Some of the chapters—one on student *politics* and one on the American New Left, even those on the post-Freudians Reich and Norman Brown—are somewhat remote from the main theme, in spite of Professor Crews's ingenious connecting glosses. Never was a collection of *scattered pieces* introduced with more ceremony: four learned foundations, we understand, provided generous support, publishers patiently awaited scrupulous revisions, and America's intelligentsia seems to have rallied round to *advise on the book's "many drafts".* The result, the author tells us in his preface, is "an evolving document, an oblique case history of sorts", tracing what he believes to be the intellectual's dilemma of having to choose between empiricism and a *seductive commitment to theory.* His momentous final decision that "psychoanalysis is a tool suited only for certain operations when certain kinds of problems have been identified" is seen as a victory for empiricism, for the "refusal to have one's outlook bounded by a closed interpretive system": a virtue with "extensive consequences for the defense of free *institutions". We* have worked through! The shrink within has shrunk.

*Never mind:* one of ambivalence's assets is the ability to see its own ridiculous side, and the author of *The Pooh Perplex* is not entirely bewitched by the apparatus of scholarly self-importance. His remark that "the story of profes*sorial ambivalence is familiar* enough" is intended to disarm. And in spite of the ridiculousness of the implied question—shall we make literature face up to its problems or turn a blind eye to them? — his rather hoary subject is still an *important one: the most influential* twentieth-century model of mind was constructed without a place for artistic and imaginative creation, and it puts those of a literal turn of thought, such as Professor Crews, in an agonizing (but unnecessary) dilemma.

He agonizes well, and the arguments for and against psychoanalytic literary *criticism have not been* arrayed with more panache and ingenuity than they are here. Why, asks Crews the Freudian, should we treat literary works as if they were unconnected with the human beings who produced them? The writer creates out of deep subliminal preoccupations and conflicts, and the *reader responds in the same* fashion; why should we forswear insights that will bring these out of obscurity and illuminate the work? The critic who does so (he continues with a sidelong glance at his colleagues, and in particular Northrop Frye) *will find himself* either implicitly using some amateurish psychological assumptions of his own, or confined to a sterile academicism, or inclined to elevate the formal element in art to the status of a religion.

*To study both latent and overt* intentions in an author brings out the richness and complexity of the work; consideration of form and overt content alone insulates us hygienically from the emotional turmoil that is inseparable from it, and *produces, in* every sense of the word, anaesthetic criticism. The weaknesses, in particular, of a literary work can be better understood in their context if its author's conflicts are understood. True, Freudian criticism, from the famous old chestnuts to the *sophisticated efforts* of writers such as Norman O. Brown and Norman Holland, has been reductionist—"find the devouring mother, detect the inevitable castration anxiety, listen, between the syllables of verse, for the squeak*ing bedsprings of the primal scene*" —but *it need* not be so. Rightly used, the "value of literary psychoanalysis is that it can embolden us to be alone with books, to recognize our own image in them, and from that recognition to begin com*prehending their hold over us*".

Thus, throughout most of the book, Crews the Freudian routs *Crews the literary purist,* who remains in the background as a kind of strict parent telling his double not to get into that nasty Freudian dirt, and is *gleefully* defied. But in the final chapter a rapprochement takes place: the protagonists *shake hands* on the fact that the persisting tendency of psychoanalytical criticism is indeed reductionist, the reasons lying in the root assumptions of *Freudian metapsychology,* which sees man as a creature chiefly preoccupied with control and defence, stresses conflict rather than synthesis, and equates the work of art with the fantasy that was discharged with its composition. The work is *mistaken for a "need-satisfying, as opposed to a meaning-generating device",*

*Neo-Freudian criticism* like that of Ernst Kris, the author continues, although apparently more liberal, is equally committed to a passive and defensive conception of mind; and although, unlike most American writers in this field, he is aware *of the existence of* British psychoanalytic writers such as D. W. Winnicott and accords them mild approval, he finds that they leave the problem of reduction to infantile motifs essentially unchanged. A kind of summit agreement between the debaters is negotiated, therefore, that powerful and dangerous psychoanalytical weapons are to be kept under strict control in the vicinity of literature: the Freudian critic must "think unsparingly about what is provincial and intolerant in that system"; must remind himself that Freudian themes are limited and their discovery a foregone conclusion; that latent and manifest content are not, in literature, clearly delineated; that psychoanalysis has nothing to say about considerations that fall outside the mechanics of desire and defence, *and that it has a penchant for debunking* and deflating. Thus fortified and self-denied he may, where it is appropriate, "borrow the clinical outlook without losing his independence and sense of proportion". What fearful powers are abroad; and how fragile, apparently, the work of literature and the critic's own perceptions!

What we miss in this lively dialogue is specific illustration of the way psychological interpretations of literature may illuminate or *obscure it. The only place where* Professor Crews turns to any particular example is his chapter on Conrad; and since it is the Freudian Crews who carries the day up until the last few pages, we may look at his discussion of Conrad as *an example of the approach which* he supports throughout most of the book.

To some extent this section justifies the eventual thumbs-down verdict on psychoanalytical criticism. Sympathetic though his perception of Conrad *himself is, his analysis* of symbols within *The Heart of Darkness* belongs too much to the find-the-devouring-mother school. By stringing together "significant" images—the journey up the river "like an immense snake", through *a jungle of matted vegetation and* past a "vast artificial hole" and a "very narrow ravine", towards "midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites"—he assigns the "theme" of *Heart of Darkness* to the child's return to the horrors of *a primal sexual scene.* The distortion involved in viewing a work from this angle is especially visible at the point where he argues that Conrad's work is

> stocked with misplaced energies; we expect *confessions* and in*stead we get tropical storms.* The very fact that the plots are so crammed with adventure is comprehensible in this light. The hero is kept too busy staving off real "savages" and villains to spare time for self-enquiry, and *in most cases* we are finally meant to think of him as a victim of hard luck. Thus Conrad avails himself of projection—into the landscape, into "the whole scheme of things of which we form a helpless part"—in order to blunt an insight which would amount to self-analysis.

Here the whole status and intention of art as opposed to clinical material is dreadfully misunderstood: it is not so much a matter, even, of mistaking a novel for a "*need-satisfying rather than a meaning-generating*" device, as of mistaking it for a botched psychoanalytic session. An implication would be that if only Lear, for instance, had taken a little time for self-inquiry into his undoubtedly grave personal *problems we might* have been spared all that insight-blunting stuff about blasted heaths, contentious storms, rank fumiter and furrow-weeds. This is entirely to mistake the symbol-forming nature of the imagination, which *precisely does embody feeling* in terms of jungles, palaces, savages and clowns, rocks, eagles and lions —in literature, dreams, and even in the high moments of psychoanalytical exploration.

The "meaning" of *Heart of Darkness,* if such a word is permissible at all, must surely lie in some kind of terrifying confrontation with the *self, with an immensely powerful,* valuable, dangerous and fragile nucleus. To assign the book's whole import to a conventional Freudian motif is no worse than to see it chiefly as a critique of imperialism or an attack on Christian hypocrisy *or a grail quest (interpretations* which Professor Crews cites); but, although, like them, it puts too much weight on one possible aspect of its meaning, it goes, even further by mistaking the transforming nature of artistic imagination—which is to *represent feeling by images, to in*vest them with emotion—for the private and pathological metaphors of neurosis.

While Professor Crews writes of Conrad as a man and writer, however, he has some useful things to say. Conrad's weaknesses of style—he *quotes* F. R. Leavis's "adjectival insistence upon inexpressible and incomprehensible mystery"— is, he argues, linked with his tendency to depression and inertia, which has been revealed by recent biographies; at the same time, the tension between action and *paralysis,* stoicism and despair, is just what gives his work its particular quality; he is "simultaneously terrified at existence and a connoisseur of its heightened moments, at once a nihilist and a raconteur". This is empathy, not reductionism; and statements about self-inquiry and misplaced energies, whether right or wrong, illuminating or not, may *legitimately be applied to human* beings—not to characters or landscapes in a work of art.

*Professor Crews, and those* who are concerned by the contrast between psychoanalysis's power to illuminate life and its sterility when applied to literature, are still suffering from the epistemological bias that Freud built into his system *and which is now perhaps—although* Professor Crews overlooks the evidence for it—on the way to being corrected. Lionel Trilling has outlined the problem very clearly. Although, he *says,* Freud almost in spite of himself showed poetry to be "indigenous to the very constitution of mind", discovering that dreams and all unconscious processes of thought use the same *comparisons, conjunctions, metaphors,* and condensations as literature, yet he nevertheless relied on a rigid and basically fallacious demarcation between "*real*" and "unreal" experience. Art (Trilling quotes from Freud) "does not seek to be anything but an illusion . . . it never dares make any attack on the realm of reality"; it shares with the dream a "sort of inner *dishonesty*"; *it* "*produces* emotional effects—thanks to artistic illusion—just as though it were something real". Art may be the finest of the illusions, but it is nevertheless in the same category as *daydreams,* phobias, and hallucinations; since *it* uses the same *symbolic* language *it is,* like them, "not "true". In his several attempts to grapple with what he *called the "problem" of the creative* artist, Freud did not succeed in freeing himself from this limitation, which has profoundly misleading consequences for any consideration of art.

Various factors combined to determine *Freud's inadequate* conception of imaginative truth; the most obvious of them being that he might have got lost in confusion if he had not clung to a crude and literal distinction between fact and fantasy. He had, certainly, an ambivalent *attitude to artists and* writers—"people who have no occasion to submit their inner life to the strict control of reason", as he once called them—and inherited in any case a long-standing rationalist attitude towards aesthetic experience *that* was appropriate for him, but he always distrusted make-believe. His own deepest aesthetic feelings may have been for the Greek and Roman antiques he collected and to which we know he was very attached; if so, he shielded *such feelings carefully from* intellectual scrutiny, and did not draw on them when he wrote about art.

*The strongest reason* for psychoanalytic bias, however, is of course the fact that theory developed out of therapy, from a branch of medicine concerned with the cure of distorted thinking. Patients, as Trilling points out, come to the therapist to discover the "real" facts hidden in the metaphors of their symptoms and dreams; deceit and evasion thus come to seem built *in to the very nature of the symbol;* as Professor Crews observes himself, latent meaning seems to be the prize, fiction the disguise to be triumphantly discarded. All this has been pointed out before, yet it is still deceptive enough to lead him to *give confessions a higher status than* tropical storms, to believe that "to be a non-reductionist Freudian requires an extraordinary detachment from the very assumptions that allow one to perceive unconscious themes in the first place" and that *few* "*are willing to endure the* vertigo that accompanies such self-

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division", and to conclude by forswearing these dangerous, intolerant, envious insights except for the rare occasions when it is appropriate to "borrow the clinical outlook".

Why, though, should it be self-divisive to begin fully to recognize the difference in status between art and consulting-room material, and why the *clinical* outlook which is for borrowing—as though perception of symbolic strata and patterns were only in the domain of psychopathology, and limited to a few themes? Professor Crews's implied picture of therapeutic work itself is, for one thing, unnecessarily reductionist: is there not in fact a connection between the elegance of a dream or association of ideas, and the depth of psychic reorganization that accompanies them? And are dreams and fantasies, in or out of therapy, to be regarded as defensive cryptograms, rather than ingenious, fluid structures which rehearse possibilities and suggest solutions? Even if the clinical outlook is entirely as he envisages it, however, it is not the only aspect of psychoanalytic perception available. The energy that elaborates a dream which can be put to use in therapy may also, disciplined by a medium, produce a poem or play; and the themes in both may range over innumerable aspects of time, identity, and relationship, and be as much creative as defensive. As Saul Bellow has said: "Skyscrapers are not raised to conceal dead mice."

There seems no necessity for insights to be limited to the squeaking bedsprings, nor for themes of which the author was unconscious to have a fearful power to shrivel appreciation of his work once detected. Two things, are, however, needed within psychoanalysis: a reappraisal of the epistemological status of imaginative truth, to free it from the longstanding association with "unreality" and "dishonesty"; and equally a reappraisal of the formative experiences producing the extraordinary confidence that turns conflicts into art rather than neurosis. The result would not be to produce a new set of psychoanalytical interpretations for the use of critics, but to subordinate them to an absolute regard for imaginative truth.

Recent psychoanalytical writings are starting the process of revaluation. Professor Crews mentions but rather briefly disposes of British contributions: "when art is analogized to the 'transitional' teddy bear instead of to the dream, it is still being treated as something other than itself, and its biographical genesis is still favoured over its public import". This is too superficial a dismissal: for when the very earliest use of the symbolic *mode is traced, it can eventually lead to a new understanding of the key position of make-believe and* play and, in direct sequence, of art and its "illusions". When Freud showed a patient his cherished antique statuettes in order to explain the nature of dream symbolism—why did he spend his money on these illusions?—he was touching on the transitional area that Professor Crews mentions, and making a comparison which he might have developed further. Perhaps if he had trusted the truth of his own imaginative response he would have been less ungenerous towards the autonomy and dignity of the work of art.

# Hidden worlds

### By Martin Turnell

**ANDRE THISSE:**
**Rimbaud Devant Dieu**
**318pp. Paris: Librairie José Corti. 65fr.**

"The true poet", writes André Thisse, "is the visionary who must enter into relations with the hidden world." It is probable that there has always been something of the visionary in the world's greatest creative writers, but in the nineteenth century the term "vision" acquired new meanings and a new importance. It is not to be regarded merely as a form of insight or imagination. It goes much further than that. Nor should it be regarded as religious in an exclusive sense. Its special importance in the last century was largely the result of the decline in religious belief and the growth of science and secular philosophy. Even if they were without religious belief like Zola, the writers set out to discover what they came to regard as the true reality of life.

Rimbaud put it succinctly. "Le poète", he said in a letter to Georges Izambard in 1871, "se fait *voyant* par un long, immense et raisonné *dérèglement* de *tous les sens*." The words show that the dominant attitude of his maturity as a poet was to become a revolutionary outlook and a virtually complete rejection of the world as generally accepted, which he regarded as the main obstacle to his search for "the hidden world" or true reality. For him revolution was a process of change and renewal, without which tradition runs dry and degenerates into dogmatism. Without the directive force of a tradition of some kind, however, the poet has no means of consolidating his findings. The result is that the destructive movement gains ascendancy and ends in spiritual anarchy which is one of the main causes of the extreme difficulty of the *Illuminations*.

This does not mean that, whatever Rimbaud himself thought at one time or another, he became a simple unbeliever. "The poet's religion", observes M Thisse, "is absolutely unique in his period and, if he does not adhere to Catholicism, his vision is impregnated with it." It is supported by one of Rimbaud's own comments in *Une Saison en enfer*:

Hélas ! l'Évangile a passé ! l'Évangile ! l'Évangile.
J'attends Dieu avec gourmandise.

This is a clear indication that his rebellion was against traditional religion, but not against religion itself. That is why we have the continual impression that he is "devant Dieu" whatever the actual state of his beliefs.

M Thisse's study is an extremely detailed examination of the poet's attitude to existence and an acute analysis of the many problems that his work represents. No one can be truly sure about the meaning of the *Illuminations*, as we can see from the various contradictory interpretations by a number of commentators. One of the principal problems is the date of composition. M Thisse is surely right in subscribing to the view that some of them were written before and some after *Une Saison*, though again it is often impossible to decide which is which. It is significant that the *Illuminations* were eventually brought to publication by Verlaine thirteen years after *Une Saison* without any reference to Rimbaud, who had settled abroad, and not only given up writing, but had lost all interest in poetry.

This supports M Thisse's view that *Une Saison* is the only one of the mature works which can be regarded as a complete and unified work of art. Whatever their meaning, the *Illuminations* appear to be simply a collection of poems which have no discernible unity of experience in spite of a similarity of style and their undoubted greatness as creative writing. *Une Saison*, on the other hand, seems a virtually complete representation of everything with which Rimbaud had concerned himself and everything that he had tried to do. This leads to M Thisse's description of his departure to Abyssinia as "la seconde saison en enfer", which refers back to *Une Saison*. It means that in spite of his poetic greatness Rimbaud had failed to solve his own problem, had been unsuccessful in his attempts to discover what he supposed to be the hidden reality of life through his revolutionary revolt, and had given up. Although it has nothing to do with his poetry, his deathbed reconversion to Catholicism is in its way a confirmation of it all.

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# To the Editor

## 'The Erotic Arts'

Sir,—Any author must welcome fair criticism, and I felt flattered to see your two-page illustrated review of my book *The Erotic Arts* in the *TLS* (February 20). The feeling was somewhat diluted, however, by the personal tone of your reviewer.

Peter Conrad has every right to his opinion that I am a puritan masquerading as a liberal, though one can regret the closeted sexual viewpoint that leads him to this conclusion. But it is hardly the ideal basis for a balanced critique of an authoritative study of eroticism in the arts. One hopes that a paper such as yours will choose a suitably knowledgeable reviewer for a serious book. Mr Conrad's expertise is, I believe, confined to the Victorian era; certainly his review concentrates on nineteenth-century personalities and gives evidence at the same time of a perversely Victorian view of sex as an onanistic pleasure: "We are never more alone, more imprisoned in solitary fantasy, than during a sexual act."

In my preface I clearly stated that my aim was to investigate the role eroticism has played in Western art in comparison with the oriental, classical and primitive worlds, making special reference to works of art I had discovered in restricted collections, and to relate this study to the wider context of literature, film and theatre. Mr Conrad makes little constructive criticism of the positive contribution such a project can make, and instead takes up an almost entirely negative position, concentrating much of his lengthy review on attacking my "political" approach to the need for freedom from sexual repression, which occupies about five of the 500 pages of my book. This leads him, via a tasteless joke about the dedication in the book, to bemoan my having taken away his "closeted rights of fantasy". For Mr Conrad, sexual pleasure is a furtive business which must result in "estrangement from society", so he seems to feel threatened by the implications of a more liberated viewpoint. This would hardly be worth noting were it not for the resulting attack on me for presuming to bring artists' erotica into the open; "He is the enemy of closed doors and reserve collections ... rebuking the British Museum for stigmatizing those who wish to read its dirty books." Yet one notes the avid interest Mr Conrad shows in the hitherto restricted art works reproduced in the book.

The illustrations are of crucial importance, as Mr Conrad acknowledges with rare condescension, and one would hope that he would bring knowledgeable appreciation of them to this review. His remarks on certain images are not, however, encouraging: "nothing in the dubious realm of Lewis Carroll's sexual interests is at all clear" (quite apart from his stories, the erotic interests in the photographs of scantily clad little girls are very clear); Rops's works are "a creation of travesty not blasphemy, witty . . . rather than obscene" (a knowledge of the artist shows that many of them are deliberately and obscenely blasphemous); "Hockney's subjects are almost exclusively erotic" (Hockney says in an interview in the book that he has not been particularly concerned with eroticism in his work). Similarly his comments on Rowlandson and Fuseli are open to question, as are his remarks on Von Bayros, whom he mistakenly believes to be a woman.

My book ends with a thirty-page critical bibliography, the first so far as I know to cover the whole field of eroticism. This Mr Conrad ignores. If he had been more aware of the literature in this field of study, he could have made a more useful contribution in his extensive review.

PETER B. WEBB.
Middlesex Polytechnic, Crouch End Hill, London N8 8DG.

## 'Dissent in the USSR'

Sir,—Jack Miller is right, it is no good arguing by quotation. But his letter (January 16) does just this, lifting my statements out of context, when nearby sentences make an almost opposite point: that my conversations with "ordinary" Russians sometimes suggested wider discontent than isolated, pessimistic Moscow intellectuals credit them for.

Mr Miller's almost every reference to my writings pulls their points one way or another to make his own. The trouble starts at the very beginning, when he has me expressing "despair at what [I] then thought was the absence of any protest against the invasion of Czechoslovakia". I did once write a description of Moscow on the day following the invasion, the point of which was that I encountered surprisingly *little* protest. It seemed important to say this in 1968 because the West then nurtured some popular misconceptions about Soviet dissent; and despite Mr Miller's claim that my views have changed—valid only if one accepts his misunderstanding of where they started—I would want to alter nothing of this now. Even though the famous "Hands Off" banner was unfurled in Red Square on the *following* Sunday, my *Message from Moscow* specifically mentioned that brief demonstration, then went on to report my friends' reaction to such protest. Why does Mr Miller have me say there was none?

Substituting "none" for "little", he changes everything: my reliability as a reporter, the perspective of my observations, the purpose of my reportage. The rest of his review compounds this error. *I* never thought, wrote or implied that "virtually all" Soviet intellectuals regard dissent as "useless or foolhardy". What I did do was describe the pessimism of a small group of people (not all intellectuals, and not all willing to agree about "useless"), who were clearly labelled so that the reader would not take them for more than they were. The gap between my circle of friends and Mr Miller's "virtually all" Soviet intellectuals is roughly the same as between my "little" and his "none".

His entire review attributes to me ideas I didn't have when dissent began and don't have now. They may fit someone else he has in mind (this is not facetious: he mentions my "first academic book"—which I never wrote), but the position he has me take is his, not mine.

GEORGE FEIFER.
15 Hyde Park Square, London W.

## The Anglican Communion

Sir,—The first paragraph of J. P. Kenyon's review (March 5) of G. V. Bennett's book *The Tory Crisis in Church and State 1688-1730* lets off a lot of steam in a welter of value judgments and aesthetic opinions which spill over into the second paragraph. No doubt dazzled by these he is then moved to write: "In the iron years of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation it [the Church of England, going back to the first words of paragraph one, and immediately casting doubt on *his* stylistic judgment] was uneasily unique among the reformed churches of the West in its retention of the Mass in a straight translation. . . ." Opinions and value judgments are one thing, facts another, though one would suppose for the historian as for everyone else not unconnected.

The Communion Service in the Anglican Prayer Books of 1549, 1552 and 1662 is in no sense a straight translation of the Mass hitherto and presumably contemporaneously in use in England when these new rites were promulgated. The short-lived 1549 Book alone had the Ordinary of the Mass in its entirety—Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus-Benedictus, and Agnus Dei. It had a relic of the Graduale in an Introit psalm. The other books had an incomplete Ordinary, nothing from the Graduale, and all three a prayer which could not be mistaken by anyone for a translation of the canon of the Mass.

A change in linguistic mode was not the sole object of the Reformation exercise. Cranmer knew the lex orandi was lex credendi. Doctrinal and liturgical change must go hand in hand. The former was no doubt concealed through the embellishment of the Anglican Service by the Elizabethan polyphonists and the artistic and ceremonial preoccupations of the Laudian movement and the Caroline Divines. We know from contemporary records how foreign ambassadors and envoys were thoroughly confused. There is no excuse for Mr Kenyon to be equally confused in view of the overwhelming weight of readily available evidence from every period and from every angle.

DAVID LEWIS.
Holyrood and St Tells, St Florence Parade, Tenby, Pembrokeshire.

## Among this week's contributors

ALAN BANCE is a Lecturer in German at the University of St Andrews.

F. R. BARRY's *To Recover Confidence* was published in 1974.

J. C. BECKETT is the author of *The Making of Modern Ireland 1603-1923*, 1966.

BRIAN BOND is author of *The Victorian Army and the Staff College 1854-1914*.

JOHN BROUGH is Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Cambridge.

J. W. BURROW is the author of *Evolution and Society*, 1966.

GORDON CRAIG is Professor of History at Stanford University, California.

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM's *Everywhere Spoken Against* was published last year.

WILLIAM FEAVER's *The Art of John Martin* was published last year.

FELIX GILBERT's books include *Machiavelli and Guicciardini*, 1965.

ANDOR GOMME is the author (with David Walker) of *Architecture of Glasgow*, 1968.

MATTHEW HODGART is the author of *Satire*, 1969.

LIAM HUDSON's books include *The Cult of the Fact*, 1972 and *Human Beings*, 1975.

W. J. KIDD is Professor of Architecture at The Queen's University, Belfast.

W. J. McCORMACK is a Lecturer in English at the University of Leeds.

DAVID MARTIN's books include *The Religious and the Secular*, 1969 and *Tracts against the Times*, 1973.

G. E. MINGAY's books include *Enclosure and the Small Farmer in the Age of the Industrial Revolution*, 1968.

SIDNEY POLLARD's most recent book is *The Economic Integration of Europe, 1815-1970*, 1974.

CLAUDE RAWSON's books include *Henry Fielding and the Augustan Ideal under Stress*, 1972 and *Gulliver and the Gentle Reader*, 1973.

MICHAEL RICHEY is Director of the Royal Institute of Navigation.

JOHN RUSSELL is Art Critic of the *New York Times*.

DAVID SMITH is a Lecturer in History at the University of Swansea.

PHILIP SNOW is the author of *Best Stories of the South Seas*, 1967.

HERBERT SOUTHWORTH's books include *La destruction de Guernica*, 1975.

MARTIN TURNELL is the author of *Jean Racine: Dramatist*, 1972.

LEON WIESELTIER is Kellett Fellow at Balliol College, Oxford.

JACK WHITE is the author of *Minority Report: The Anatomy of the Southern Irish Protestant*, 1975.

## Hopefully

Sir,—Perhaps we have not quite caught up with the Germans as I said in my letter of February 27 (and I must add the Dutch, with *hopelijk*), because alongside *hoffentlich* they have also *hoffnungsvoll* (*hoopvol*) and so the ambiguity against which Charles Monteith recently warns us does not arise for them. Clarity must certainly be the criterion in any linguistic question. Hence, if we really want such an adverb (and the Romance languages manage quite well without one), we must either adopt some neologism such as "hopedly" (three syllables) on the analogy of "reportedly" (cf in today's paper [March 13]: "She was reportedly presented to King Gustav"), or we must make the rule that "hopefully" in the new sense is only good English when it is first word in the sentence.

D. B. GREGOR.
34 Watersmeet, Northampton.

## 'China and Inner Asia'

Sir,—I enjoy lively and contentious book reviews. But I think that authors subjected to such reviews ought to be offered a chance at rebuttal. It is in this spirit that I write to question some of Geoffrey Wheeler's views of my book *China and Inner Asia* (February 20).

(*1*) *Mr Wheeler reprimands me* for not citing articles included in *Central Asian Review* and *Mizan*. *I* think that Mr Wheeler ought to have mentioned that he was the editor of those journals. I don't object to Mr Wheeler's blowing his own horn, but shouldn't the reader know the score? Since I am compiling a critical bibliography of Inner Asia, I have in fact read every issue of *Central Asian Review* since its founding. The quality of the articles is uneven. That I did not cite the *Central Asian Review* in my selected bibliography, which included "only the more important studies consulted" (page 309) does not seem to me to be a valid criticism.

(2) After indicating that my description of the minorities under Chinese Communist rule is clear and objective, Mr Wheeler complains that I ignore "the sharply contrasting assessments of conditions in these areas made by the Soviet Union and by other Western specialists". He describes these wildly extravagant claims, then concludes that "all that can be said is that the truth probably lies somewhere between the two assessments described above". How does this add to our knowledge? I see no point in endless, uninformed speculation about conditions in areas which are, in Mr Wheeler's words, "not open to impartial investigation and which are the subject of contrasting types of wishful thinking". I repeat what I wrote in my preface: "As more reliable information becomes accessible, the changes in the area [since 1949] will be more comprehensible, and another chapter can then be added to this book."

(3) Mr Wheeler is distressed because I use the term Inner Asia to describe an area that is now controlled by the Soviet Union and China. I employ the term as a geographical, not a political, concept. Would Mr Wheeler have us abandon geographical terms when they are not congruent with contemporaneous political realities? If so, would he dispense with the term "Middle East" during the time when that region was controlled by the Ottomans?

MORRIS ROSSABI.
Department of History, Case Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, 44106.

## Jane Austen Manuscripts

Sir,—The proof of my review (March 5) of Herbert Cahoon's *Jane Austen Letters and Manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library* did not reach the *TLS* in time. Among corrections which should have been made was, of course, the spelling of the library's name. The Red Cross sale at which the opening pages of *The Watsons* were first separated from the rest was during the First World War, April 26, 1915, not 1926.

JENNY STRATFORD.
17 Church Row, London NW3.

# The credo of craftsmanship

### By Simon Jervis

**HAROLD OSBORNE (Editor):**
**The Oxford Companion to the Decorative Arts**
**865pp. Oxford University Press. £10.50.**

It was long a prevalent opinion among moralists, that the labour bestowed on the production of luxuries, and consequently their consumption, was unproductive. But this opinion is now almost universally abandoned. Unless, indeed, all comforts and enjoyments are to be proscribed, it is impossible to say where necessaries end and luxuries begin.

Although written in 1816 by the economist J. R. McCulloch, these confident words might happily preface some plausible vindication of modern consumer society. It is dubious whether the bump of acquisitiveness has dramatically expanded in this generation. But there is no doubt that acquisition has. And one of the symptoms of this phenomenon has been a sustained explosion of interest and trade in artifacts of the past, whether luxuries or necessaries. Thus on their television sets consumers may contemplate an edifying contest based not merely on the identity of such relics, but also on their price. That it is a ware for this new marketplace is evident from the jacket of the new *Oxford Companion to the Decorative Arts*.

This depicts a variety of super-de-luxe Rothschild collectanea grouped in studious disarray on a *bureau plat* (possibly by Cressent) at Waddesdon Manor, for all the world like tatty bric-à-brac on a Saturday morning stall in the Portobello Road. The sober dark blue binding, the measured phrases of the preface, and the grand scale of the text, 850 dense double-columned pages, tell a different story: the *Companion* is intended as an epigone of those universal, comparative, hierarchical and historical surveys of the products of man so characteristic of the nineteenth century—ideas first frozen into matter at South Kensington.

The line-up of contributors includes many impressive names, and the larger articles, from "Arms and Armour" (nine pages) through "China" (fifty-six pages) to "Silk" (eight pages) and "Weaving" (ten pages), are sober and balanced summaries of the present state of knowledge on their subjects. The lesser entries represent an immense aggregation of information not obtainable from any other single source. The *Companion* will indubitably be useful to the vast majority of collectors, dealers, and scholars: even the small minority who possess encyclopedic knowledge or comprehensive libraries will find it a convenient and compact aide-mémoire. It hardly needs adding that it will be a necessary and welcome addition to any reference library.

But with all its virtues the *Companion* is a faulted book, both in general and in particular. The basic problem is that, whether it was conceived after the *Oxford Companion to Art* (1970) or merely underwent a longer period of gestation, the rights of primogeniture have operated gravely to its disadvantage. This would not matter quite so much if there were cross-references between the two volumes, but there are none. For example "Calligraphy" and "Manuscript Illumination" are in the *Companion to Art*; no reference to the former is in the *Companion to the Decorative Arts*, whose article on "Book Illustration" begins baldly with fifteenth-century woodcuts, without any reference to the latter. Parallel but much more serious cases are the treatment of architecture and the styles. Architecture, treated extensively in the *Companion to Art*, is almost entirely omitted, again without cross-references. Even "Interior Decoration" is largely passed over, with nothing on plasterwork, marbling, graining or stencilling. There are only entries on a select number of architects including Kent, Adam, Pugin and Godwin but not Palladio, Holland, Schinkel, Viollet-le-Duc or Burges. This insufficient treatment of what Ruskin called "the beginning of arts" might have been compensated by a fuller account of the historic styles. This is not present: a quarter column for Baroque, a third for Gothic, and just over a column for Rococo, no entries for Renaissance and Mannerism. On the other hand unsatisfactory terms such as Queen Anne, William and Mary, Georgian and Regency are given more of a run than they deserve, although Neo-Georgian, Edwardian, Victorian (and, praise be, Victoriana) are absent. Neoclassicism is treated at a proper length but in apparent defiance of equity the Gothic Revival is absent.

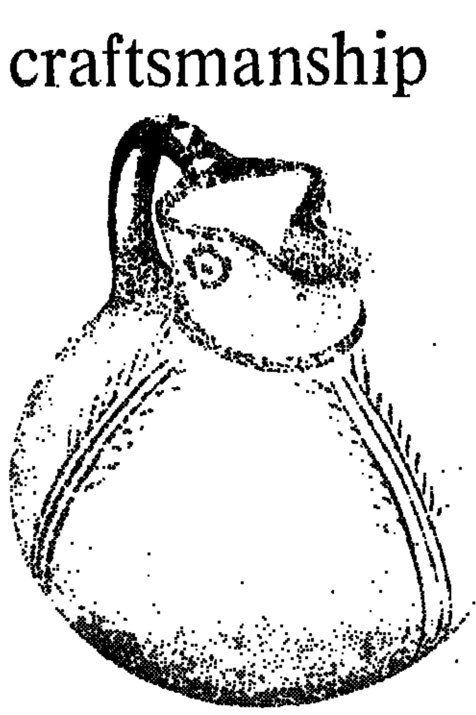
Other major themes which might seem essential candidates for generous discussions in this *Companion to the Decorative Arts* are patronage and collecting, design and ornament. But they are at worst neglected, at best fragmented. The same fate has befallen a number of important subsidiary fields, for example pattern, schools of design, heraldry, emblems and exhibitions.

Now the *Companion* might be excused for not grasping all these nettles if it were intended as a purely lexicographical accumulation of detailed fact. However, the preface makes it clear that the intention is to give "introductory surveys over a very wide field" informed by "a unifying concept and guiding thread", "the idea of fine craftsmanship". The fundamental role of craftmanship in the decorative arts is self-evident, and the full coverage of techniques and materials in the *Companion* is one of its best features. But the various crafts are so essentially static and disparate that craftsmanship seems almost a contradiction in terms as a unifying concept and guiding thread.

Why does craftsmanship, a prosaic enough term until transformed by the Ruskin/Morris/arts-and-crafts axis into a moral virtue, occupy this uneasy eminence? Partly because the idea has come to embody a whole series of perennially enticing visions, whether romantic (the craftsman as solo artist), populist (the craftsman as working-class hero), poujadist (the craftsman as sturdy tradesman), or even pure arcadian (the craftsman as Cotswold peasant). In the 1970s, when the twentieth-century revolution in architecture and design seems revealed, amid bitterness and recrimination, as a burnt-out case, nostalgia for a green and pleasant never-never land is all too excusable. Who knows? The dream of John Ball may yet come true (William Morris has by far the longest biographical entry in the *Companion*). But utopianism and history make poor companions. In the past most of the impulses towards change and refinement in the decorative arts have come from designers, architects, artists, inventors and entrepreneurs, employed by great magnates, whether hereditary, ecclesiastical or self-made. Many of the former and some of the latter were also craftsmen, but their ability to innovate was not a product of their craftsmanship.

This emphasis on craftsmanship at the expense of design is the most serious imbalance in the *Companion*. There is also too great a tendency to parochialism. Why such a long, anglocentric and bland article on inn signs ("For centuries the British people have cherished their local inn") when there is nothing on shop signs generally or internationally? Should the eight-plus pages and nine illustrations on pewter have concentrated quite so exclusively on the British product? Traditional automatic anti-Victorian bias also appears: "Nothing can be said in favour of the wallpaper designs at this time"—so much for Pugin and Owen Jones. Some subjects, however interesting in themselves, are out of place—for example, cartography (six-plus pages) and diagrams (four pages). Others are relatively over-extended—examples, canal-boat decoration, English landscape gardening, private presses; or skimped—Du Cerceau, Thonet. And there are too many omissions—examples, Barbedienne, barometers, Crace, Fourdinois, Piranesi, scagliola, turning. The internal cross-reference system is inadequate; for instance a brief account of Tunbridge ware is hidden among over fifteen pages on woodworking. There is also duplication as with two entries on marquetry: the entry on lacquer and japanning even admits to it. Finally the bibliography, less than a third of the size of that in the *Companion to Art*, has some notable lacunae, including one of the *Companion*'s most distinguished predecessors, Havard's *Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement*.

Most books of reference are vulnerable to criticism in detail. In spite of flaws the contents of the *Companion* are its strength. Its weakness is its lack of structure. The decorative arts turn out to be an accumulation of what is left over from the *Companion to Art*, a Tom Tiddler's ground for those with specialist interests, but a landscape without wider perspectives. This is a pity. The study of the decorative arts has made progress in recent years but the focus has almost invariably been narrow. There is a real need for light on such basic questions as the nature of design, the use of decoration, the causes of sumptuary expenditure and, to cite McCulloch's words once more, the point "where necessaries end and luxuries begin". On these subjects this *Companion* is silent.



*Unglazed wheel-thrown Cretan jug, about four inches high and 3,000 years old; and (below) a Hispano-Moresque bowl from about the fifteenth century, painted in lustre over tin enamel: two pieces from the selection of "exemplary pots" illustrated in* The Potter's Challenge *by Bernard Leach (156pp. Souvenir. £3.50), which includes some material from his* Potter's Portfolio (1951) *and edited transcripts of interviews with Leach by David E. Outerbridge, who also edited this book.*

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# A front-line historian

## By J. W. Burrow

**RICHARD COBB :**
**A Sense of Place**
**135pp. £4.95.**
**Tour de France**
**216pp. £6.95.**
**Duckworth.**

For the historian, marshalling evidence (which he has mercifully not yet learnt to call data), advancing suggestions (which he still usually has the modesty to refrain from calling theories) and appraising situations, it is perhaps as hard to remember that the units he assembles and deploys consist of people who were once alive as for the military commander to recall that his are made up of men who may shortly be dead. Add the condescension of hindsight, and the complacency is complete. Seen in these terms, Richard Cobb is essentially a front-line historian. He feels and notices things: smells, textures, the suffering and the hilarity, the easy-going sociability and the furtive wariness of fear, and he has an infinite and wholly uncondescending compassion for, and complicity with, the desire of most people most of the time to have as good a time as possible in largely unfavourable circumstances. These are surprisingly rare gifts and he has made the most of them, to our great benefit and pleasure.

Coming from many scholars, however eminent, one might have been inclined to regard two collections of bits and pieces published at today's prices as a rather impudent miscalculation, but there are too many good things here for that to be an appropriate response in this case. One mark of Mr Cobb's unusualness is the interest with which one approaches the fragment of autobiography with which each book begins; with a very few exceptions, the promised self-revelations of our distinguished historians would presumably leave much breath unbated. *Tour de France* opens with a deft and touching account of his discovery and loss of a *pied-à-terre* in Paris. The account of schooldays which is one of the three long essays in *A Sense of Place*, though amusing and enjoyable, is just a little disappointing, as though uncertain whether to be an essay in self-discovery or just reminiscence. In revolutionary Lyons Mr Cobb has no peer, but the English boarding-school is much-explored territory and the company is distinguished. It is also mildly reassuring to a reader guiltily conscious of losing much in Mr Cobb's frequent allusiveness through weaknesses in his French cultural geography, to find that a pattering of names of villages around Shrewsbury can be just as opaque.

What does become apparent in both essays, however, explicitly in the one from *A Sense of Place*, more subtly in *Tour de France*, is a quality which is vital to the peculiar sense of excitement Mr Cobb's historical writing can generate: a particularly acute sense of privacy and of the mutual tremors felt at its violation, of the sinister enticement of dark, secluded places, of "territory" in the naturalist's sense, and the withdrawn, even menacing face, full of unseen eyes, which a complex communal life can present; so tense is the intimacy that it is almost as though he feared his eighteenth-century Lyonnais might notice a prowling historian, and he walks with all his senses alert. Many public schoolboys must have felt, as he did at Shrewsbury, the craving for privacy, but it gains another dimension when he confesses elsewhere that "all my life it has been an almost obsessive urge with me to get my foot in the door, to get behind the façade, to get inside. That, after all, is what being, or becoming, a historian is most about—this desire to read other people's letters, to breach privacy, to penetrate into the inner room". The lock is also a keyhole.

It is not surprising, in fact, if at times there is something reminiscent of Kipling's India in his exploration of France and of the past: not a matter of rhetoric and attitudes, of course, but in the fascinated sense of an inexhaustible mystery and complexity, in the self-delighted knowingness and the liking, more marked in Cobb, for the perspectives of the itinerant, the servant and the bandit, outsiders yet with their own lore and their often superior knowledge. In an earlier period one can imagine him lovingly expert in the religions, castes and dialects of his District. But, as the account of his schooldays hints, by the inter-war years the Empire was not so much finished as trite, the place fathers went to work as though to the office. The Continent and the past were the mysterious lands: the rooms behind the green shutters, the cool courtyard beyond the porte cochère, and the unopened bundles of documents with their sealed-in lives.

Two more long essays complete *A Sense of Place*. Both have banal subjects, consciously chosen, deeply felt and superbly realized. Both are about being watched: one in an agoraphobic, empty land, the other in a crowded southern city. In Mr Cobb's hands the familiar techniques of scholarship become, without any sacrifice of integrity, a dramatic form. The classic *explication de texte* has much in common with the technique of the thriller writer: the successive disclosures of meaning are a feature of scholarship but also a device of suspense. One essay concerns a brutal murder committed near the Franco-Dutch border in the early nineteenth century by three young deserters from the Dutch Army. The impressions it leaves are, above all, pity and a memorable visual image: the three stalwart, doomed, young men, bovine, callous, vain and entirely human, walking with a kind of aimless, casual desperation across the flat polder, conspicuous against the sky.

The third essay arises from the declarations of pregnancy made before the magistrates by fifty-two women in Lyons in the early 1790s. As with the previous one, it is based on a set of documents which most historians would have regarded—and some perhaps will regard—as not worth noticing, or at best as significant only as part of the evidence for a generalization or statistic. Mr Cobb turns it into a tour de force of scholarship, visualization and imaginative sympathy, whose climax is a marvellous reconstruction of what he calls "the freedom of the street", of the fugitive privacies of the poor in a city of domestic industries, before the Industrial Revolution, and of the street as rendezvous, theatre and temporary escape. The vividly local and the universally human are brought brilliantly together. Like metaphysicians—a comparison he would presumably dislike—Mr Cobb treads a narrow line between fantasy and platitude, between "how can he know?" and "but of course"—the latter inwardly uttered with increasing admiration. And if he consciously runs the risk of banality, and justifies it, he also seems at times to court dullness. Why so many of these trite depositions, so similar, so lifeless in themselves, transcribed verbatim? There may be a little virtuoso's vanity in this—it is the emptiness of the hat that gives point to the rabbit; if so, one does not grudge the flourish.

But as one reads one realizes that it is also a kind of atonement, a reparation for something felt as potentially selfish and self-indulgent about these vignettes of the eighteenth-century urban poor, as if erected on a pedestal of footnotes beneath which the individuals who made them possible lie entombed. Mr Cobb unaffectedly and infectiously enjoys his trade, but he seems—it is an attractive trait and not common—almost uneasily aware of the debt he owes to the dead human beings who made enjoyment possible. Any his- who is not content to leave people altogether faces, know- or not, the problem of emoti- distance. Too much and the ebbs away; too little and one impertinence and vulgar pre- tion, unscholarly guesswork, f- lamentation or still more facile dignation, which has more to with the present than the past more to do with the historian either. Mr Cobb is one of the feeling of historians, but he has fastidious sense of distance, these drab, repetitive rec- redeem the essay from brilli- and enhance it. The girls are just means to the historian's ach- vement, and if the form in which their individuality has come do- to us is, through no fault of the colourless, that is, to Mr Cobb, reason for depriving them of it is the means by which they ke- their distance and resist assimil- tion. The voyeur, after all, is indifferent to privacy, he is obsessed by it.

*Tour de France* is a collection of book reviews, many of them sub- stantial, and Mr Cobb as reviewer needs no introduction to *TLS* readers. He deals with Fran- past and present, with the Re- tion, with Paris, with Simen- writer with whom Mr Cobb has obvious and acknowledged affini- Some are masterly surveys of a whole field of scholarship, others are evocations of things loved, and a few are characteristic denunciations of things hated; "Mary Wollstonecraft" makes an unrepentant reappearance. There are only two disappointments; the splendid portrait of Georges Lefebvre which appeared in *The Listener* is not included, and Mr Cobb, in an admittedly brief review, joins the already distinguished list of those who have signally failed to tell us what was so splendid about knowing the late Warden of Wadham.

# Charity's children

**MARTINE SEGALEN :**
**Les confréries dans la france contemporaine**
**257pp. Paris: Flammarion. 24fr.**

This small volume is the first in a series called "La Tradition et le Quotidien", which aims to describe traditional institutions, folkways and attitudes that persist in contemporary France. The Confréries de Charité, along with their near-relatives the Charitables and the Pénitents, originated in the late Middle Ages as local burial societies, though they possessed some other charitable and social functions as well. About a hundred Charités survive today in Normandy; the Charitables and Pénitents are confined to Artois and Provence respectively. Martine Segalen's study, a blend of folklorism and social history, suggests that despite their anachronistic flavour and their sharp decline during the past half-century, they have enjoyed a modest resurgence of late, and have even begun to attract some dynamic young reformers who seek to combine pride in local traditions with resistance to the "anarchical industrialization" that threatens the quality of French village life.

**Gordon Wright**

# The Parisian penumbra

## By David Smith

**RICHARD COBB :**
**Paris and its Provinces 1792-1802**
**279pp. Oxford University Press. £5.25.**

From the early 1950s articles, with long and forbiddingly narrow titles, began to appear in local history periodicals in France under the austere, spiky signature of R. C. Cobb. When this remarkable historian turned to address the English-speaking world in the mid-1960s those defensive initials were replaced by the open Christian name. Richard Cobb has been giving hostages to fortune ever since. In the face of various hostile historical schools, he makes his defencelessness a necessity:

> The task of the historian, especially if he is a specialist of social history, is very much akin to that of a novelist. There must be a wide element of guesswork. It is like attempting to sound the unsoundable and to penetrate the secrets of the human heart.

Since he does this so well, the easy way out is to talk of him as if he were a poet, or indeed one of the novelists of local mores he so much admires. Unfortunately for those who can only accommodate him by assigning his work to a pigeonhole for eccentricity, he is, straightforwardly, a historian who uses the only language possible, and the sole means available, to re-create layers of human experience that would otherwise remain unknowable except—and this is the key—in some reduced form.

Professor Cobb is the sworn enemy of reductionism. His unparalleled knowledge of the French archives is the foundation and the science of his work; the flurry of individual examples, the telling use of epithets, the insistent autobiographical details, are his means of presentation and his art. The two are inseparable for they are, together, what makes him a historian.

In *Paris and its Provinces* he writes five studies on the related theme of the connection between Paris and its neighbouring Departments. He is concerned with those who, for business or for pleasure, travelled to and from the capital, by road or by river, on foot or on horseback, and with what befell them. This is not a picaresque travelogue, however, because each study has an immensely perceptive commentary on the connection between specific events (say the duping of some grain merchants or the murder of a Parisian on a Sunday jaunt) and the geographical or social penumbra which gives them point. The bewildering array of particular facts that Professor Cobb produces has obscured the way in which he proceeds to construct generalizations out of them. Bare details are invested with the necessary, but not falsifying, imagination that makes them truly revealing.

Thus, in a superb opening chapter, "La Montée à Paris", he describes the *likely* occurrence as it might affect a fish merchant from Fécamp or a Jewish merchant's wife from Dunkirk because he knows the habits of such visitors to the city. The itinerant could feel safe among his own kind, in old accustomed haunts. And, equally, prove the prey of those socially observant criminals and con-men from whom Richard Cobb has learnt so much. Conversely, others might prefer the city for its sheltering anonymity:

> In Paris, a man's past did not necessarily follow him around from Section to Section; often he could shed it merely by crossing the river. In country villages, the past weighed heavily on all the inhabitants; it was a *shared* past, even if it was the only thing that was shared. And it was visible in the shape of white hairs, of ancestry, of physical resemblances, and of inherited deformities and diseases.

Between Paris and its outlying provinces, roads and rivers conveyed supplies and information but also, at a time of administrative and social upheaval, reinforced mutual suspicion and hatred.

They existed on such different temporal planes that the physical comings and goings were matched by mental adjustments to the world outside where "the Hottentots, the Sioux, the Iroquois began at the very gates", living and lurking in the extensive forests that surrounded the capital. The Parisians reassured themselves by reducing this horrifying reality to the dimensions of pen-and-wash maps in which the dark-green of the forests seemed as controlled, in colour and dimension, as the delicate, pastel-tinted squares and rectangles of the city itself. Professor Cobb then dispels this cartographic hegemony with a two-pronged thrust—first, he translates the artist's colours into the reality "of stark winter forest, the branches cracking like alarming reports in the deep frost, or of thick summer coverage, the foliage threatening the prudent traveller as he walked or rode, preferably in company, well to the middle of the road, with the almost felt presence of those who watched through thickets and branches", and then he pins down his insights with a plethora of case-histories culled from his seemingly bottomless archival notes. He is, of course, giving shape to the most intractable material in what is a breathtaking exhibition of his historical method.

The two long studies that conclude the book deal with two criminal bands whose activities ranged from Paris to the newly acquired Belgian Departments. In a pyrotechnical display he examines oral depositions with the probing distrust of a Clarence Darrow. Finally, the wider information that springs, almost incidentally, from his handling of the evidence is laid before us. We have been swept along by the story but only because he has been at pains to let his narrative flow by removing boulders from the stream, in order to place them in the extensive notes that figure at the end of all his books. The notes themselves are a commentary on his text, a reminder to author and reader that human complexity breaks the bounds of even the most meticulous presentation. This is why we have those autobiographical reminiscences at the start of the books. As a bonus, they are irreverently witty and full of the much-savoured pleasures of his own life, but they always have a more serious purpose—in this one, an account of his own perilous "montées à Paris" when incidents and feelings, not concepts and statistics, began his transformation into an investigator, as he says elsewhere, not of "French history, but French provincial history, Lyonnais history, Norman history, Lille history, Paris history". The introduction has echoes throughout this book, nowhere more so than in his chapter on the Seine's role in the development of Parisian society.

"The river was the main channel of grain, wood, wine, coal and labour. Down its valley came news and public fantasies and disease. Riverside communities were composed of men whose livelihood depended on using waterpower for their own ends. Conflict arose when damming millers flooded fields or reduced the level of navigable waterways. Within the city it proved both a geographical and a mental divider. To cross the river meant entering a distinct world, certainly a different administrative Section whose "commissaires de police" and "juges de paix" jealously guarded their own control over their own flocks. The bridges acted as information brokers: for police spies, suppliers of bodies for army recruiters and wandering prostitutes, human confluences between the Sections. Again, from an informed understanding of the mechanics of this urban economy, we move to the illuminating individual example—why a wife-murderer *has* to end up committing suicide on the quai d'Orsay, the link between banditry and the horse-market on the outskirts, the chance acquaintance, and the tragic consequences, that can spring from idly watching a traffic accident. The *smells*, the brawling noise, the sheer physical preoccupations of the city's population are set down with a Dickensian verve.

Richard Cobb re-creates his forgotten people with unsurpassable skill, never patronizing them nor, worse still, identifying with them. His pity and his interest are aroused by the subjects themselves, not by any abstract schemata. And yet he does reveal structures of popular mentality and collective protest; the grim "ceinture verte" of the eighteenth century is repeated in the threatening "ceinture rouge" of communist-voting districts in this century; he recognizes a continuity of popular feeling and self-defence not present in any "official" chronology. His is an independent, even a wayward, approach but the lessons he teaches on the writing of people's history so that *their* reality is evoked are there for all to see. The people are conjured up in all their singularity in a way that never divorces this, their sole accusing claim on our attention, from that shared humanity which was, so often, their principal sustenance. It is a magical achievement.

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# Prussians and Europeans

## By Gordon Craig

**The Historical Essays of Otto Hintze**
**Edited by Felix Gilbert**
**493pp. Oxford University Press. £7.50.**

In the English-speaking countries, Otto Hintze's work has been known and respected among specialists in European institutional history ever since the 1930s, when exiles from Nazi Germany like Hajo Holborn and Dietrich Gerhard, and others who had been impressed by his articles in the *Historische Zeitschrift*, transmitted his methodological insights to their new students in England and America. But his writings never attained anything like the resonance of those of his contemporary and friend Friedrich Meinecke and, since they were not easily accessible in any case, it is not surprising that no one undertook to make them available to a wider audience. Eight years ago the late Walter Simon wrote that, as far as he knew, only one short extract from one of Hintze's historical essays had been translated into English. Nor was there much in English to give historians (or, for that matter, sociologists and political scientists whose interests were close to Hintze's own) even a second-hand acquaintance with his scholarship. Simon's essay in the Holborn Festschrift, a brief discussion in George G. Iggers's *The German Conception of History*, and an article by Dietrich Gerhard in *Central European History* (March-June 1970) were the only substantial items in a meagre literature.

Felix Gilbert deserves thanks, therefore, for *The Historical Essays of Otto Hintze*, a large and comprehensive sampling of the writings of a scholar whom Jürgen Kocka has recently called "the most important and from the standpoint of methodology most forward-looking historian of the late Empire and the period between the wars". Based on the three volumes of Hintze's *Gesammelte Abhandlungen*, which Gerhard Oestreich collected and edited in the 1960s, the essays included here represent the three main areas of Hintze's work: Prussian history, comparative and administrative history, and historical theory. Within each of the groupings, the separate items are arranged chronologically, and each is preceded by a brief introduction that explains the circumstances that inspired it and places it within the context of Hintze's work as a whole. Even readers who regret the omission of favourite essays will probably admit that the selection does justice to the scope of Hintze's scholarly achievement.

Hintze received his historical training at the universities of Griefswald and Berlin, where his teachers included J. G. Droysen, Julius Weizsäcker, and Georg Waitz and where Dilthey and Scherer were among his examiners. The decisive influence on his career, however, was Gustav Schmoller, who invited him in 1888 to collaborate on the multi-volume source work, the *Acta Borussica*, which dealt with the internal administration of the reigns of Frederick William I and Frederick II. Here he did his first significant work, two volumes of documents on the silk industry during Frederick's time, with an additional volume of commentary, and six volumes on the organization of the state administration from 1740 to 1756, with an accompanying book-length summary and analysis.

These solid productions established his reputation as a scholar and assured him of rapid preferment in the academic profession. Between 1895 and 1902, he advanced from Privatdozent to professor of constitutional, administrative and economic history and politics at the University of Berlin; from 1898 to 1912, he edited the prestigious *Forschungen zur brandenburgischen und preussischen Geschichte*; and when the time came to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the Hohenzollerns, he was invited to write the commemorative volume.

The result was his only book of narrative history, *Die Hohenzollern und ihr Werk*, which appeared in 1915. This was not the unrelieved *laudatio* that the royal house probably expected—the emperor is reported to have tried in vain to persuade the author to modify some of his judgments, and Eckart Kehr, who had scant respect for most historians of his time, later admitted grudgingly that Hintze had run the risk of being called "a red revolutionary"—but rather a sober and objective work that is still considered to be the best of the histories of Prussia.

This is not to suggest that it was in any way devoid of nationalist spirit. Although he refused to glamourize it, Hintze had a deep pride in the Prussian past (doubtless due in the first instance to Droysen's influence during his apprentice years) and an apprehensive sense that failure on the part of his fellow-citizens to appreciate it would weaken the national will to defend Germany from the dangers that, in common with other Germans of his class in the years before 1914, he believed were threatening it from outside. In his Hohenzollern book, and in the political essays that he wrote in the same period, one of his concerns was to identify the elements of continuity in Prussian history and the ideas and forces that had contributed to Prussia's leadership in the creation of a German national state.

Thus, in the first of the essays included in the Gilbert volume, "The Hohenzollern and the Nobility" (1914), which was a kind of summary of the conclusions of the larger work, he sought to demonstrate that the Prussian nobility, once its conflict with the royal house had been resolved in the mid-seventeenth-century and it had assumed the military function that it still bore, became "the first representative of a Prussian political consciousness" and the principal protagonist of a monarchical state ethos that subsequently extended among the middle and lower classes. If this process was not yet complete, he argued, it was because much of the middle class tended to misread history, to lend itself to outdated suspicion of the nobility's role in society, and to fail to understand that they had a common cause with the nobility in maintaining the state against its internal and its foreign enemies.

Similarly, the early essay "Prussian Reform Movements before 1806" (1896) was designed to show, and did so with impressive scholarly evidence, that the reforms of 1807-13, often described by liberal historians as a break with the past and a response to influences set in train by the French Revolution, were in many respects the logical culmination of earlier developments; and that the transformation of the state after 1807, while it ushered in a new era by calling forth unexploited moral forces from the masses and by giving the state, for the first time, a truly national basis, would have been impossible without the great monarchical reforms of the eighteenth century.

This insistence upon the element of continuity was a salient characteristic of all of Hintze's writings on Prussian history and found its most persuasive formulation in his last contribution to the *Historische Zeitschrift*, the essay "Calvinism and Raison d'Etat in Early Seventeenth-Century Brandenburg" (1931). Here he demonstrated how the endeavour to become an independent power in Europe and the harnessing of all the military and financial power of Prussia to that end was inspired by the reception, through the agency of Calvinism, of new conceptions of statecraft from the Netherlands and the France of Henri IV, and how these were then formulated and transmitted to future generations by the Testaments of the Hohenzollern rulers.

Even before Hintze left the *Acta Borussica* in 1910, his attention had been shifting from the specifically Prussian focus towards comparative studies, principally of the state-building process and of institutions. The latter interested him because he was always intrigued by those phenomena in history that showed the junction of ideals and reality (what Ranke had called the *real-geistige Tendenzen*, in history) and because he found this union admirably illustrated in institutions. They were, he wrote in the preface to his essay "The Origins of the Modern Ministerial System" (1908),

> tools created by the mind and will of the rulers. Like real tools, however, these instruments of political activity have their history too, and they survive those who created them. Even though at various times they serve diverse ends and are activated by differing impulses, they nevertheless embody a strong political tradition. They keep public affairs for generations in the same path, and changes in these forms can be brought about only by some very powerful impulse.

Hintze's institutional essays—the most brilliant examples of which are the one just quoted and "The Commissary and his Significance in General Administrative History" (1919)—are, as Professor Gilbert points out in his introduction, comparative only in a limited sense. They deal almost exclusively with European states, and Hintze assumes, rather too easily, that the institutional developments that he compares had their origins in a situation that was identical for all the peoples studied. Even so, they are impressive in their breadth and in the variety of data that Hintze uses to support his principal conclusion—that institutional variations and changes of governmental method were not primarily the result of technical changes or improvements but rather responses to external threats or shifts in the distribution of power within the state.

This was a theme that Hintze had first developed in his seminal essays on "The Formation of States and Constitutional Development" (1902) and "Military Organization and the Organization of the State" (1906), and to which he returned in his last major comparative study, "The Preconditions of Representative Government in the Context of World History", written in the 1920s. Modern political developments were inexplicable, he argued, without consideration of two phenomena: the effect of the state system that emerged in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries from the struggle between the empire and the papacy upon the sovereign states that comprised it, and—closely related to this—the influence of military necessity upon the form and spirit of state organization. What he called the *Schieben und Drängen* of the ambitious powers was, in his opinion, a dynamic factor in institutional change. "We might even", he wrote in the last of these articles, "go so far as to claim that without this state system and its tendency towards constant rivalry, without the modernization that went with it—that is to say, the consolidation and rationalization of state operations—even the representative system of Estates would not have appeared."

Equally determinative of political forms were military factors. Hintze was impressed by Hans Delbrück's *History of the Art of War*, the first volume of which appeared in 1900, and he agreed in principle with Delbrück's thesis that there was a reciprocal relationship between civil and military institutions, so that changes in either produced adjustments in the other. In his own writing, however, he tended to place greater emphasis on the military side of the equation. This served to explain to his own satisfaction a problem that always nagged at his mind—the difference between the political development of England and that of his own country. He was inclined to the view that the exposed geographical position of Germany accounted for this, and, borrowing the formulation from Sir John Seeley, he wrote in 1914: "The degree of political freedom permissible in the forms of government must evidently be inversely proportional to the political and military pressure exerted against the boundaries of the state."

This invocation of the principle of primacy of foreign policy precluded any careful diagnosis of other explanations for the fact that—as Hintze himself admitted—"German political development [was] almost three hundred years behind that of the western states". Jürgen Kocka is surely justified in criticizing Hintze for his lack of any real sense of, or sympathy for, the democratic tendency in the state-building process. Certainly, in his pre-war writings at least, he was too conscious of the dangers of the international situation to have any feeling for the objectives of oppositional forces, even when they promised to be the forces of the future. Thus, in a sentence which the nineteenth-century historian Gervinus, for one, would have repudiated with indignation, he wrote, in his essay on the origins of the ministerial system: "The energy of national consciousness is centred in our governments, the monarchical institutions, the army, and the civil service, rather than in the masses of the people; thus, a majority of nationally conscious citizens regards the vigorous maintenance of these institutions as the best guarantee of satisfactory development." This showed a certain insensitivity to the fact that the Social Democratic Party had polled over three million votes in the previous year's Reichstag elections.

From the beginning of his career, Hintze had had an active interest in questions of historical method and theory. As a young man, in 1897, he had intervened in the tempest that Karl Lamprecht had brought down upon his head when he insisted that the historian's principal duty was to search for the laws of history and try to establish a scientific theory of causality. While rejecting Lamprecht's central argument, Hintze had given him moderate praise for calling attention to the insights that history might gain from the application of the techniques of social psychology. After the war, when failing eyesight forced him to give up his academic career and to abandon archival research, he devoted himself more assiduously to theoretical and methodological problems, and it was in this period that he wrote the important essay "Troeltsch and the Problems of Historicism: Critical Studies" (1927)—which also included some observations on the validity of Oswald Spengler's comparative method and on the usefulness to the historian of Max Weber's sociological theories—and the extended critique of Werner Sombart's *Modern Capitalism*, entitled "Economics and Politics in the Age of Modern Capitalism" (1929).

These works, which are both included in Professor Gilbert's book, are excellent examples of the play of his powerful critical intelligence, and they also demonstrate that receptivity to ideas from the social sciences that made him almost unique among the historians of his day.

Hintze did not allow his admiration of Weber—whose "ideal types" he regarded as a scholarly invention of genius—to persuade him to overvalue general patterns at the expense of the particularity that he believed was the essence of history. He insisted that the historian's purpose was different from that of the sociologist and, in a discussion of Franz Oppenheimer's works, wrote:

> You can compare *in order* to find something general that underlies the things that are compared, and you can compare in order to grasp more clearly the singularity (*Individualität*) of the thing that is compared, and to distinguish it from the others. The sociologist does the former; the historian the latter.

Hintze never forgot that he was a historian.

He had little interest, however, in philosophy of history, believing that it either advanced theories that were intellectually diverting but bore little relation to reality, or destroyed the unity of historical experience by concentrating on individual tendencies or developments at the expense of the whole.

He approached his subject pragmatically, with a desire to gain understanding of the past in all its complexity by means of energetic and imaginative research into the records left by past generations. The main force in the historical process was, in his view, human action, individual and collective, and the gravamen of his criticism of Sombart was that that historian tended to forget this in his effort to establish the autonomy of economic activity.

For the same reason, Hintze rejected Troeltsch's attempt to make historicism a philosophy and to see the history of ideas as a realm unto itself. "Historical life", he wrote, "is governed only to a very limited extent by purely intellectual forces. It is governed to a much greater extent, as are politics and economics, by interests that reflect instinctive drives and are served by raw power." For the historian to close his mind to this truth and to devote his energies either to the invention of theories of development à la Hegel or to the aesthetic contemplation of the cultural values of the past would be an abdication of his proper function, which was to understand the past and to draw from it "ideals that are not mere castles in the air but . . . can take on concrete form in the real world".

# Diplomatic calm

**Akten zur deutschen auswärtigen Politik 1918-1945**
**Series B: 1925-1933**
**Volume 7**
**60pp. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck and Rupprecht. DM 43.**

It is no doubt a comment on the post-war world that whereas the first two series of German diplomatic Documents, C (1933-37) and D (1937-41) appeared in English before they appeared in German, the current series is being published first in the original language. Volume 7 covers the last three months of 1927, the calm between the storms. Many of the documents inevitably confirm the unceasing preoccupation with disarmament and reparations. There are fascinating glimpses of the German consul-general's view of the Palestine question and an attempt by Nehru to interest Germany in an economic boycott of Britain, as well as numerous reminders that in those far-off days the Polish-Lithuanian dispute was the chief source of immediate anxiety.

**Peter Pulzer**

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# The flight of the black bird

## By Claude Rawson

**KEITH SAGAR :**
The Art of Ted Hughes
213pp. Cambridge University Press. £5.90.

Keith Sagar's claim that Ted Hughes is "a major poet of the first rank" will probably strike most readers as a sign of the incurable provinciality of the English literary scene today. It is also an injustice to a good poet. And it implies a solemn humourlessness in the critic, which disables him from writing adequately about the poems in which the poet himself has overcome the rather priggish dournesses of his earlier work. These poems are mostly in *Crow*, where a new voice is heard, which may be a development of the old and whose range of subject-matter is equally narrow, but in which there is an unprecedented blending of horror and humour, of reverence and blasphemy, of heaving energies of observation and of recoil mixed with a stunned deadpan irony.

*Mr Sagar has little to say of poems in which these characteristics are most vividly blended, like "Crow's Song of Himself"*, but they are present everywhere. Mr Sagar buries them in flaccid paraphrase, sometimes laced with a few spoonfuls of Jung and water, as in his discussion of that "savagely comic" retelling of the Oedipus story, "Song for a Phallus".

Mr Sagar's treatment of Hughes's earlier work shows a related weakness. He says that the opening of "The Hawk in the Rain",

I drown in the drumming plough-
land, I drag up
Heel after heel from the swallowing
of the earth's mouth,
From clay that clutches my each
step to the ankle
With the habit of the dogged grave

"plunges us into hyperbolic verse of a kind scarcely heard since Marvell". Hyperbolic, no doubt. But "of a kind" with Marvell?—with the extravagant geographical hyperboles of "To his Coy Mistress", or the sharp graveyard wit of Marvell's "fine and private place" in the same poem? Contrast Sylvia Plath's quite specific use of Marvell's poem at the end of "Two Sisters of Persephone", near in time to Hughes's poem. The early Hughes has very little of this kind of wit, whether in hyperbole or anything else; Marvell has very little that is not witty, least of all in hyperbole. It is not clear whether Mr Sagar has seen some (otherwise invisible) humour in the Hughes, or missed it in Marvell.

Hughes's lines evoke a sensuous clinging rapport with the soil which, although it is a negative rapport, is more like the opening of *The Rainbow* than anything in Marvell, and *Mr Sagar is right in insisting* elsewhere on Lawrence's presence in Hughes. It is, as we should expect, largely a humourless presence. If Marvell is to be compared with the early Hughes, it is perhaps the Marvell of "On a Drop of Dew", humbly fascinated by inter-*plays of fragility*, strength and immensity, and the Hughes who wrote "The Man Seeking Experience, Enquires his Way of a Drop of Water", where the comic has no place (although even here the differences are very great).

In *Crow*, there is a change. An element *of grim comedy* often erupts from black solemnity, and although this comedy has a tear-away quality rather than being under tight. Marvellian control, comparison with Marvellian wit would not always be out of place. The ending of "Truth Kills Everybody" *may be a rewriting* (with a brutal pay-off) of one of the closing images of "To his Coy Mistress", and also of the rewriting of Marvell's passage in Prufrock's "To have squeezed the universe into a ball":

The earth, shrunk to the size of a
hand grenade
And he held it he held it and held
it and
BANG!
He was blasted to nothing.

The power of the image, the bold extravagance of imagination, are Marvellian. The lines read like a *defiant discarding of Prufrockian* hesitancy, a return to the muscular boldness of Marvell. But where Marvell's lover imagines holding the lovers' universe of strength and sweetness in his tight grip, Hughes lets the world explode in Crow's hand.

*Sometimes, Hughes seems to* strive to out-energize Marvell, and the explosions will seem factitious, even ranting. I suspect that this is what happens in the opening lines of "A Kill",

Flogged lame with legs
Shot through the head with balled
brains
Shot blind with eyes
Nailed down by his own ribs
Strangled just short of his last gasp
By his own windpipe.
Clubbed unconscious by his own
heart,

which Mr Sagar rightly calls (but with no further attempt to analyse the differences) "a lame attempt to revamp Marvell's splendid lines" in "A Dialogue between the Soul and Body", where energy wrestles against a sinewy uncompromising metrical discipline, and stern restraints of wit and of rhyme.

The disturbing impish humour *which surrounds* the figure of Crow has something to do with that old mythological type, The Trickster. North-west American Indians, and the Eskimo of the Bering Strait, have trickster-heroes called Raven, and Hughes's known interest in anthropology and folklore makes it *pertinent for* Mr Sagar to cite Joseph Campbell's rather reductive but influential study *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, and Paul Radin's much-quoted but (among students of literature) little-read book, *The Trickster*.

Hughes presumably knows these books, and Crow, in *addition to his* exuberant and tearaway ferocity, contains elements of helpless defeat, of impish rebellion, of mischievous slipperiness ("all-suffering Everyman, culture-hero, clown-devil") some of which Mr Sagar brings out in an enlightening way. But he is too easily content to note suggestive parallels or half-parallels and to withhold discussion of their exact significance. The Trickster creation-myth from Siberia which is quoted from Campbell on page 114 is set alongside the creation-story in *Crow*'s "A Childish Prank". One witty difference is that in the Siberian myth, God has to repair the trickster-devil's work; in the poem, Crow has to improve God's by creating sex out of the serpent (he puts the serpent's two writhing halves into Adam and Eve respectively). Meanwhile, "God went on sleeping./Crow went on laughing." It is a very witty poem, and more so if we are to think of it with the Siberian myth in the background.

We are not told whether we are to think this, or whether Hughes *knows the Siberian story and can* be supposed to be referring to it or not. Mr Sagar merely says: "Crow steps in and invents sexuality which has kept the race in perpetual motion ever since." There is in the poem no word about "perpetual motion ever since". That *would seem to be one of Mr Sagar's* quasi-moralizing glosses. Hughes leaves the story unallegorized, the facts and the humour unglossed. Mr Sagar's gloss exceeds the facts and loses the humour.

The discussion of *Crow* does provide a useful sketch of the scaffolding of mythology around which the poems are built. The *reminder of* Hughes's interest in anthropology, and notably in shamanism, the references to Campbell, Radin, Jung, are rough clues to the nature of some of the thought-processes in *Crow*. But the clues are often imprecise and sometimes inaccurately *discussed in particular details*, and Mr Sagar's general conception of their role tends to be out of focus. A warning from Hughes himself is cited:

> My main concern was to produce something with the minimum cultural accretions of the museum sort. . . . So the comparative religion/mythology background was irrelevant to me, except as I could forget it. If I couldn't find it again original in Crow, I wasn't interested to make a trophy of it.

But the warning is ignored. To the *extent that Mr Sagar produces folk*loric antecedents as clues to a mode of thinking, he is informative and helpful. More often than not, however, the folklore is pressed into the service of a commentary which allegorizes and domesticates what in the poems exists as a bare, unmoralized *sardonic notation*, and Mr Sagar's general tendency to play the comforting liberal interpreter, diluting the poems for consumption by weaker stomachs, extends beyond the matter of folklore: "But for all that Hughes is compassionate. The man [in "Crow Alights"] is an *image of loneliness and despair*", "Crow [in "Crow Tyrannosaurus"] is not free to become a vegetarian. Stabbing grubs is what it is to be a crow. . . . But for the first time he has used the word 'ought' and wept for his own victims."

These comments are not untrue. They simply exist on an alien wavelength. The force of the *Crow* poems derives from an unmoralized play of imagination, or one which does not exclude morality so much as existing beyond it. It is a form of black humour, in Breton's sense. It combines a take-it-or-leave-it factuality about cruel doings with a dimension of grim laughter. To this laughter Mr Sagar is almost wholly impervious. His own attempts at a sort of jaunty humour ("Crow is not free to become a vegetarian"), like the allegorizing commentary of which they form a part, merely reduce the whole thing to cosiness. His account of "Crow Communes" is full of sensible exegesis, but has no sense of the exquisitely brutal comedy of Crow's political parleying with God:

God's shoulder was the mountain on
which Crow sat.
"Come", said Crow, "Let's
the sites
God lay, agape, a great ca
Crow tore off a mouthful

His summary of "Crow Birds", in which other beautiful or whimsical things the poet dismisses as "palaver", whereas, as Mr says, "Crow, the tough one not hide behind a disg beauty", is accurate as fa goes, but totally misses the f of the final pay-off line: spraddled head-down in the garbage, guzzling a dropp cream."

Crow, here, is not just ca aver", like the hawk of " Roosting". Bare unaccom Crow is also grimly festi Emperor of Ice-Cream. Hughes says "I throw out the and choose the Crow", he h what Wallace Stevens did w threw out nightingales. (Ther not many eagles in Stevens eith for that matter, but q crows. And the eagles, nightingales, sometimes stand falsifying poeticism.) The strip away of poetical accretions i simply a matter of achieving " scrupulousness and objectivity Beckett's prose", *despite* the that poems *like "Crow Alig* contain such apparently Becke properties as garbage cans an "shoe, with no sole, rain-sodd This stripping away often relea quite un-Beckettian exuber (Hughes explicitly denied tha had Beckett in mind when tioned about another poe *Crow*). The "beach-garbage" Crow finds ice-cream is akin t town dump of Stevens's (where tin cans, crows and ingales get put in their p places), though its pleasure more bleakly rendered and sinister.

Hughes may or may not be interested in Stevens. Sylvia who, as Mr Sagar says, "acte guide to American poetry Hughes", came to Stevens earlier, and the traces show clearly in her first boo *Colossus*. But these traces her case more obvious, an superficial. I think Hughe have absorbed Stevens more as well as in a rather more ized way. But in any event S and Hughes have some pre tions and some key-images i mon, and I think that even the considerable differences b them help to define some cha istic features of both.

*Discarding* "cultural accretions of the museum sort" is an ambition which Stevens, like Hughes, proclaimed a good deal, and the "museum" (along with "statues" and other preservers of obsolete pomp), was among his favourite images for what is dead or irrelevant in *the artifacts* of the past. Hughes's refusal in *Crow* "to make a trophy" of ancient mythologies makes the same point as the bee's refusal to "buzz/The bottomless trophy" of official, statuesque art in *Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction*. That is the only instance of "*trophy*" in Stevens's poems. But statues are frequent, and Stevens's "crows anoint the statues with their dirt". Becoming "an ignorant man again", seeing "the very thing and nothing else" were no mere matter of "bare scrupulousness and objectivity" of idiom for Stevens, any *more* than they are for Hughes. They are material for poetic transfiguration, and the only legitimate basis of festive and exuberant song.

Hughes's exuberance is more negative, and has not found its full release in that "passion for yes" *which Stevens said lay "under every no"* in the imagination of the "realist". He is in other ways a *narrower* poet than Stevens, and the *persistent* black comedy of *Crow* is not Stevens's thing at all. But even in Hughes the blackness is oddly streaked with flashes of *garish pleasure, and Crow eating* ice-cream in the beach-garbage would I think have delighted Stevens. The paradox by which austerity of vision, Stevens's "essential barrenness", brings about a release of vitality and makes possible the witty and parti-coloured delights of the poetic "*find*", is common to both poets. One of Stevens's descriptions of the "find" compares it to the moment when a bird "suddenly/Would swoop to earth". (This poem, "The Sense of the Sleight-of-Hand Man", shows the poet, and by extension the bird, in the guise of a *trickster, just as* trickster Crow is in Hughes, among other things, a figure of the poet, as a recent critic has said.)

Stevens's bird here is a bluejay, not a crow. Elsewhere, in *The Man with the Blue Guitar* XXIV, it is a *hawk*, a bird of prey, which is com*pared to* the poetic phrase that seizes exactly on the point, "that grips in its talons some aspect of life that it took a hawk's eye to see". In "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird", the blackbird (as distinct from "golden birds") is the focus of true poetic perception, and crows appear as crucial images of harsh or black fact in several other poems. In "Red Loves Kit", especially, the blackness of crows provides release for poetic vitality and gaudy delight.

Black fact is not, for Stevens, the only reality, and his *vision accom*modates bluejays as well as crows, bright colours as well as black: "Crow is realist. But, then,/ Oriole, also, may be realist." The assertion is Stevens's answer to his own taunt, "From oriole to crow, note the decline/In music", the colour-loving aesthete in him *asserting in* reply that fact comes in bright colours as well as black, and that the mind of winter has no monopoly of true vision. In Hughes, an oriole would have been found to be as murderous, in its own way, as any crow.

*This may show that* Hughes reaches at "far starker realities than Wallace Stevens cast for", as David Porter has recently said; or it may suggest Hughes's obsessive limitation of range. There are in Stevens dimensions of self-questioning and of ironic self-awareness which are entirely alien to Hughes's world. If orioles and bluejays and the mood of summer may, for Stevens, be as "realist" as crows, Stevens is often suspicious of their potential for gaudy aesthetic indulgence. He was aware of the delights and risks of his own aestheticism, and even the mind of winter might be tinged with it. There was, of course, a side to Stevens which took neither words nor things seriously: "The plum survives its poems . . . good, fat, guzzly fruit." These words are a wintry downgrading of poems, as not "realist", but the reality of "plums", like that of "orioles", seems somehow an aesthete's reality, the details of which belong as much to the world of richly coloured pictures as to the quotidian world of fact. Solid and eatable though they are, "plums" sound here like pictorial fruit, from a still life rather than from life itself.

This aestheticism seems far removed from the brute world of Crow, where grim animal fact predominates, not the delights, nor the potencies, of art. Mr Sagar emphasizes *Crow's contempt for words*, as against things, in "The Battle of Osfrontalis":

Words attacked him with the glottal
bomb
He wasn't listening.
Words surrounded and over-ran him
with light aspirates
*He was dozing.*
Words infiltrated guerilla labials
Crow clapped his beak, scratched it.
Words swamped him with consonan-
tal masses
Crow took a sip of water and
thanked heaven.

The sequence bears an odd relation to Stevens's "The Plot Against the Giant", where three girls imagine themselves subduing the Giant, the first through "civilest odors", the second through "cloths besprinkled with colors", and the third, and apparently most completely effective, through "a curious *puffing*" of verbal signs:

He will bend his ear then.
I shall whisper
Heavenly labials in a world of gut-
turals.
It will undo him.

It might be said that this mincing *and pretty fable envisages for words* a greater power than they are credited with in the story of Crow, for "undoing" the Giant is more than the other two girls, whose weapons are not vocal, hope to do. But this "undoing" seems in fact to have more to do with sexy noises *than with verbal content, and the* coy aestheticism, as so often in Stevens, modulates into a warmer, coarser sense of fact, and is mocked in the process. And we do not know, anyway, if the girl will be proved right.

In *Crow*, on the other hand, words *are the coarser reality. Words* are life and death, not because of any sense that fictions are truer or prettier than fact, but because facts use words, and words embody facts or bring them about. Mr Sagar misunderstands, I think, when he says that "Crow . . . learned what Ham*let . . . learns, the absurdity of* words". At least, if this is true of Crow (and it is not true in any simple sense) it is not true of his author in this poem. Words bring with them every kind of fact, from insurance policies to warfare. The notion that Crow is too "realist" for *words, "too firmly grounded* for them in the reality of a pie, pickled onions, and a glass of water", misses the point of the lines:

Words came with barrels of wine
He let them go sour and pickled his
onions,

where the words and the wine turn into one another, and, when they go sour, onions can be pickled in the vinegar. In so far as Crow turns away from the wine, and the other things which words bring, he is ignoring facts, not merely words.

And the facts are not always as pleasant as wine. Throughout most of the poem they are lethal, disastrous. The "glottal bomb", "guerilla labials" and "consonantal masses" are not only deadly words, but words made flesh, and when (in the poem's echo of *Hamlet*),

*Words retreated, suddenly afraid*
Into the skull of a dead jester
Taking the whole world with them,

an ambiguous hint of universal (presumably nuclear) catastrophe seems quite deliberate. If words are nothing, they are the nothing of nuclear devastation. "Crow turned the words into bombs", says another poem. And a third poem, which recounts nuclear destruction all around a surviving, impassive, guzzling Crow, begins:

There came news of a word.
Crow saw it killing men. He ate
*well.*
He saw it bulldozing
Whole cities to rubble. . . .

Even more literally than in Pope's *Dunciad*, the "word" is "uncreating". It is a grim parody of the Logos: in *Wodwo* there is a poem called "Logos", about linked mysteries of destruction and of birth, in which "the phrasing fall[s] to pieces" as, in a rather limp echo of Yeats, "Creation convulses in nightmare"; and in Hughes's *London Magazine* interview of 1971, there is talk of both "Logos" and *Crow* as related to an "*upside down*" treatment of "the biblical account of the creation". Crow, Hughes adds, was "created by God's nightmare's attempt to improve on man".

Words are indeed made flesh. But it is *flesh that dies or kills*, as part of living, and *flesh that joins with the energies of the machine* in that paradoxical play between the organic and the mechanical which Hughes calls "the elemental power circuit of the Universe": the idea of animal force and mechanical energy as extensions of one another, already present in "The Jaguar", has always been important to Hughes. The "guerilla labials" thus claim a more pressing, as well as a grimmer, reality not only than Stevens's "Heavenly labials", but also than Stevens's many reminders of mortality or than those "Whispers of heavenly death . . . Labial gossip of night" which are one of their prototypes in Whitman. This claim may be deceptive, at least in part.

The terrible reality of "words" in "The Battle of Osfrontalis" is not meant to be diminished by the fact that the battle is in the head, or in Yorick's empty skull. The poem's title suggests a *Psychomachia* rephrased in brutally anatomical terms, and of course stripped of all moral allegory, but not that the battle occurs *only* in the head. It occurs there in the sense in which the (entirely factual) events which Eliot's Tiresias had "foresuffered" occur in *his* head, except that Crow does not "suffer" and that his mental grasp is not simply predictive, but includes events past, *present, future* and potential. Crow may yawn and be bored, but that is not because *Hughes is proclaiming the "absurdity"* of the words so much as because Crow has seen it all before. Crow is both a presiding spirit and an embodiment of those murderous energies of life which he contemplates with such insulting nonchalance. That world, its flesh and its devils, is Crow's world of words, and the words ("glottal bombs", "guerilla labials" and the rest) are meant to be for real, as the things they refer to in the actual world certainly are.

The sense of this and of related *poems is not that words have no* power, but that they have too much. In "Crow Goes Hunting", "Crow/ Decided to try words"—and they *work*: "Crow turned the words into bombs—they blasted the bunker. . . Crow turned the words into shotguns, they shot down the *starlings*". *It would be easy and in* a sense correct enough to paraphrase these lines into factual meanings about military violence in the everyday world. But Mr Sagar is right to insist instead that the poem plays with the idea of the magical properties of words, whereby "you can catch things by *simply* naming them", although he seems to me to have an inadequate sense of how powerful, in the magical sense, we are meant to feel the words to be. Their failure to "catch . . . the mystery of a hare", which leaves Crow "speechless with admiration", does *not mean that their murderous* power fails in the baser activities of bombing and shooting.

It is arguable that to pretend that these activities are less important than "the mystery of a hare", or that the actualities of daily carnage and the prospective desolations of nuclear war are a matter of word-power, is a more offensively trivializing form of aestheticism than anything we are likely to find in Stevens. This is so not least because carnage and nuclear war are so utterly real to us in the factual sense: and those who have been at the receiving end of bombs or shotguns might find it rather insulting to be told that these are quite so verbal as Hughes or Crow seem to make out.

When Hughes spoke of discarding the "cultural accretions of the *museum sort*", *the bare reality* which he imagined himself getting back to was no mere cold light of day or barren moonscape, as in Stevens, but the world "as it might be invented after the holocaust and demolition of all libraries". It takes after all a pretty exaggerated *sense of the importance of libraries* to say that an atomic holocaust is required, even in imagination, before our vision can achieve the naked truth. The notion that holocausts are *a fair price to pay for* poems *is not far from this view*. And a suspicion arises more than *once, perhaps unfairly, that the* nuclear devastations of Crow tend to become themselves an imaginative luxury, inverted or turned "upside down" like the "Logos", but none the less objects of aesthetic delight for its own sake, as much as any plum in Stevens.

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# Rural past, urban present

## By W. J. McCormack

**TERENCE BROWN :**
Northern Voices
Poets from Ulster
248pp. Dublin : Gill and Macmillan. £9.25.

**MICHAEL LONGLEY :**
Fishing in the Sky
24pp. Woodford Green, Essex : Poet and Printer. 50p.

**JOHN MONTAGUE :**
A Slow Dance
63pp. Dublin : Dolmen Press, in association with Oxford University Press. £1.75.

**WILLIAM PESKETT :**
The Nightowl's Dissection
62pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.40.

The creative achievements of Anglo-Irish literature are so obvious and impressive that it is often forgotten how neglected is the art of criticism in the land of Yeats, Synge and Joyce. Terence Brown's study of *Ulster poetry is the latest of a small* group of critical works, conceived and published in Ireland. *Northern Voices* has an attractively modest subtitle, "Poets from Ulster", and the heart of the book may be found in four workmanlike chapters on John Hewitt, W. R. Rodgers, John *Montague and the generation* of Seamus Heaney and Derek Mahon. It is reassuring to note that the critic becomes increasingly cautious as he approaches contemporary poetry; there are no mutual back-scratching plaudits here. Dr Brown exemplifies one of the virtues he *records in his material—a bleak* independence, an honest if awkward selfconsciousness.

But despite its subtitle, the book assumes a historical perspective, and in doing so reveals chinks in this puritan armour. Two chapters "attempt historical survey with the *purpose of outlining the social and* cultural contexts in which nineteenth and twentieth-century poets from Ulster have been forced to operate". Though the writing here has "little literary merit", in these two chapters the reader faces close on 600 quoted lines, to the exclusion *of the promised historical analysis*. The weakness of these introductory passages undermines the argument of the later studies of individual poets. Dr Brown regards it as his duty to provide a comprehensive (and necessarily generalized) synopsis of each writer's work, complete with *abundant quotation*. With a paradoxical logic he responds most sensitively to Heaney's Catholic paganism. Indeed, it is a matter for regret that he did not allow himself a longer rein, for he argues that Heaney identifies (confuses?) self, history and landscape. And in another *context he speaks of*

> the Irish poet's persistent tendency to mould the details of historical flux, within which permanencies can be discerned only partially and with difficulty, into the permanent *statis* [*recte*, "stasis"?] of myth.

*This is much to the point*, but strangely isolated from discussion of the poets to whom it is most relevant — Heaney, Mahon and Montague.

Dr Brown does not entirely conceal his sense of frustration at this lack of continuity in *Northern Voices*, though he *has in part* at least compromised his position by reducing history, in his mind, to flux. From the outset of this study, there are remarks on the nature of pastoral art, and its peculiar significance in Ireland, which indicate that a more clearly thematic (or generic) approach *might* have been better than an uneasy combination of historical chronology and synoptic criticism. It is in dealing with Heaney's work that Dr Brown begins to discuss more specifically the landscape/history nexus which he postulates. He is sensitive to *Montague's Janus-posture*, and speaks of "a good deal more commitment to the rural past and confused ambiguity of response to the urban present" than one would expect in [illegible] of a selfconscious avant-gardism". When *The Rough Field* (Montague's major work) is under scrutiny, a more partisan tone emerges:

> This sequence of poems seems emotionally unprepared to consider any unambiguously benign possibilities in industrial development. . . . rural regret of this order can hardly be raised above the level of cultural banality.

Dr Brown comes close to saying that a positive attitude towards urban life is a virtue in itself, a bias which leads him to an excessive admiration of James Simmons and Padraic Fiacc.

Urban experience in Ulster, nowadays, involves political violence. The emergence of Heaney, Mahon and Longley is not merely coincidental with the spiralling violence of the past ten years, yet the relationship between the poetry and the politics is a topic which *Northern Voices* ultimately avoids. *In his conclusion*, Dr Brown beats about the burning bush:

> The complexity I find reflected in the work of the Ulster poets that I have discussed is a complexity within the simple fact of the colonial predicament. How much of the poets' work has been related to attempts to solve problems that derive from that basic reality of the past three hundred years!

The exclamatory syntax does not hide the unanswered questions, and in his hesitation Dr Brown's historical perspective dissolves into mist.

This then is a puzzling book, particularly in the manner in which it occasionally reveals a dissatisfaction with itself, an urge to do something different. These are primarily authorial responsibilities. But there are other features of *Northern Voices*—several embarrassing misprints, the near repetition of an entire paragraph, a clumsy title-code in the footnotes which reduces Seamus Heaney's evocative book titles to DON, DID and WO—which point to editorial responsibilities. In this light the price of *Northern Voices* must be deplored.

Michael Longley's *Fishing in the Sky* is presented as an instalment from a larger collection in preparation. At its best, his poetry displays an impressive tension under control. These sixteen love poems have moved away from the *prosaic self*-assurance which sometimes marred his earlier work—"I embody bed and breakfast". Neatly and yet palpably, "The Lodger" communicates its insecurity, and "The Owl" its fear. Longley's quiet persistence in writing amid violence an pair deserves praise.

John Montague's reputatio ready established in Ireland, *A Slow Dance* will hardly confirm it. Montague has been a fastidious craftsman, title poem of this new co sails close to aesthetic sel A Yeatsian refrain echoes "Courtyard in Winter",

"O'Riada's Farewell":
The widowed peacock
knowing the fox's tooth.

The allusion (unconscious?) Yeats's "Nineteen Hundred Nineteen" is distressing to reader of Montague's elegi ence, though it may serve a and accidental function. In poems in *A Slow Dance* Mo admits the theme of solitude in a dialectical manner, invi Yeats's poetry. "The Errigal dramatizes an experience tude, whereas *some of the* externally impressive poems to take their prestige from subjects; the genius of a dead poser and the inescapable re Irish violence cannot the contribute to the poetry.

*Among* the new wave of poets, William Peskett *is the* to publish a full-size collection *Nightowl's Dissection* is some a little loud in its explo symbolic reverberations, almost self-effacing in its ironies. Bearing *A Slow Da mind, it is* instructive to no the only poem in Peskett's co which could be said to be Ulster is the least successful tinctive and personal symb gests that he will write fu better poetry in the near fu

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# With love and squalor

## By Valentine Cunningham

**GAVIN EWART :**
Be My Guest !
56pp. Trigram. £2.90.

**DONALD THOMAS :**
Welcome to the Grand Hotel
68pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.50.

**CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON :**
The Lonely Suppers of W. V. Balloon
100pp. Cheadle, Cheshire: Carcanet Press. £2.75 (paperback, £1.25).

*Be My Guest!* Gavin Ewart's title persuades, but it's a deceptively inviting invitation, at least if the opening poem "To the Gentle One" is anything to go by. It's certainly tough on any bookworm who happens to be gentle, not to say sneakingly fond of prose:

I know your coarse appetite for
prose,
how your tiny jaws cut the pages,
digesting fat books in your larval
stages.

"You're dazed and pupal, you little creep" (no wonder, if the prose diet consists only of "Long American sagas"), and hardhearted Mr Ewart is lurking for his "non-loved one", his "underling"—as "a starling". And many of the poems keep up this kind of attack, this busy debunking. They aim to protest in divinely high places "to a few fat-nippled goddesses" about their over-generous "doors"—always admitting just anybody, "political nitwits", "cocksuckers", and such. They blow the cover of characters of great fiction ("Mr Crisparkle / is absolutely / masturbating with / muscular Christianity"; "Mr Grewgious / is just another / pure living wet dreamer / Miss Twinkleton / inserts a ruler") and profess admiration for Edwin Drood: he's the only "hip hypocrite", "the double-lifer among the singles". They're no more willing to sentimentalize over their own fictional characters, especially in a couple of noteworthy "Fictions" (in one, Don and Vi from Bradford spend a rough spell in the world of Ambrose, Fluffy, and Filthy Fynes-Pantlebury, as sociological footage for tape-toting deb Angela; in the other the "great poet" Anzeiger dispenses long-lined rubbish to Ponsonby about women's connections with toads, demons, and sin). And even the author doesn't escape, when modesty is feelingly *enjoined on* "men with small members" and unfacile creators.

Gavin Ewart's poems aren't just alert to inflated claims and claimants. They're clearly alert, for instance, to instructive uses of rhyme. There's a nice protest against life as paradigmatically presented through "plonking rhythms" ("Archaic too, as meaningless and loth / We heard the dead word 'troth' once in Arbroath"), and an ironical set of reflections (sparked by a reading of Keats's letters) on how life is messily different from art, *done in* terms of briskly artifical, clerihew-like jingles ("John Keats's letters / Have very few betters", "That Traffic Warden / hasn't heard of Auden"). They're alert, too, to the feeling possibilities of washed-out vocables ("There's a *terrific* amount of love *in London*"), and ready to attend to the real emotion conveyed in the clapped-out phrases that are all the Guinness-drinking "Memory Man" has to hand ("the love was true"; "that first long look").

Sad memories are frequently focused on, especially in places that remember the poet and his old loves no more: a dell in Hyde Park, an ancient and aloofly forgetful pub with a garden in an academic city ("and the long line of lovers stretches to infinity/in the bed-sitting-room and in the bracken"). Not dissimilarly, vistas open up in the fine memoriam for Auden, "To the slow Drum", compellingly echoic of Auden's own memorial reflections on the death of Yeats: "In the brilliance of his Art/noble grace-notes held their part." In these poems warm sentiment has quite swamped the wittily ironic hard-man. Even—perhaps particularly—when celebrating his daughter's sixteenth birthday the offhand brightness ("and let it be believed / it was during a broadcast performance/of Mozart's *Idomeneo* that you were conceived"), the self-deprecation ("don't quote me on that one") are, quite properly, no defence against paternal anxieties ("purity" of the Tess kind is "a word that doesn't apply/ much nowadays"). And even the final attempt to give his syntax pause won't stop us recognizing a rather cheering soft-heartedness; "the emotion you inspire in me could, loosely, be called love".

Donald Thomas's finely ironic verse is compelled by artifice, his eye affectionately collaborative in choreographing the crummily *downbeat vistas of once-great* houses. Occasionally, as in "Death and the Maiden", the lush is explicitly necromantic, at others it's more cheerfully reminiscent about Elgar, Paderewski and Caruso. But the studied fondness for the vulgarly decadent, the decayed and the *funereal, is deployed more tell*ingly still in the anecdotal, biographical sketches. And Carruthers, best of Mr Thomas's awful people, kicked out of school for love of perverse books, even puts in a notable second appearance—unless it is a descendant of his—as the *schoolmaster who makes a man of you by constantly winkling* his own filthy secrets out of your imagination.

Far less substantial than Donald Thomas's madeira and seedcake poems, a lot, at least, of Christopher Middleton's prefer a more precarious existence, teetering across the page in impressionistic, jagged *spines*, at best a set of thin and spindly constructions. These typewriter sculptures in the driest of styles, these symbolistic microclots—only very cautiously adjectival, and too often carefully excluding rashly eventful things like verbs—are not all that Mr Middleton provides. Admittedly it is an asset of a kind to have the undistressed gaze of Willy Ronis's camera (celebrated in "Le nu Provençal"), but distressing and human events will keep pressing in. Indeed there is a good deal of mention of Biafra, Buchenwald, Treblinka, "death camps", and pogroms. The trouble is that the poems' attempts to humanize their souls keep breaking down. "Mandelstam to Gumilev 1920" rises to *charting a case of affection*: but the gift that Mandelstam offers (the poem ?) is only a necklace of dead bees—apt emblem, of course, of Mr Middleton's gobbet-heap mode—and they're a "stink of dead words". And it takes a footnote to specify that "Mérindol *Interior 1970" is actually referring* to Vietnam horrors.

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# The war beyond the Pyrenees

### By Herbert Southworth

**DAVID WINGEATE PIKE :**
Les français et la guerre d'Espagne 1936-1939
467pp. Paris: Presses Universitaires de France. 100fr.

David Wingeate Pike, a man from Kent, a student at McGill, with doctorates from Stanford and Toulouse, and now head of the social sciences division of the American College in Paris, has for some years been examining the relation of France and Frenchmen to the Spanish Civil War. This, his fourth book on the subject, is a development of his Stanford dissertation. The title is significant. It is *Les français et la guerre d'Espagne*, and not "La France et la guerre d'Espagne". Dr Pike himself suggests an alternative title: *La France divisée*. It might also with more precision have been called "The French People and the Spanish Civil War, as seen in the French Press". For here, as in his previous writings, Dr Pike's chief source material comes from the daily and weekly press, backed up with details gleaned from prefectoral reports found in south-west France.

The author does not pretend to give us an account of the activities of the French government related to the Spanish Civil War. What we do find in his book is roughly what the average French newspaper-reader could have known about the subject; we see what he had available on which to form an opinion. His ever-preoccupying problem was: neutrality? intervention? non-intervention? What constituted neutrality? intervention? non-intervention? The work proper is even divided into two parts concerning this problem: "Les limites de l'intervention" (July 18, 1936-February 1937), and "La comédie de la non-intervention" (February 1937 to the end of the war).

When the Civil War broke out, the prime minister of the French Popular Front government, Léon Blum, was instinctively for giving aid to the Spanish Republic. As the author points out on a number of occasions, the sale of arms by a legitimate government to another legitimate government was a perfectly normal and legal act. Some war matériel was sent to Republican Spain from France during the first week of the conflict, but then Blum began to hesitate, troubled by English opposition to such aid, by pacifist elements in the Section Française de l'Internationale Ouvrière, and by the foot-dragging of his Radical Socialist allies. Almost without being aware of it, the French socialists and communists found themselves promoting a policy of non-intervention, a policy docilely accepted by the Spanish Frente Popular. It was in this manner that the basic rights of the Spanish Republic in international law were bartered away in exchange for a promise by Germany and Italy that was being broken as it was being given. These rights were lost for ever, and when in the ensuing months the French right-wing press polemicized concerning French help for the Republic, it was always on the basis of violations of the Non-Intervention Pact, with never a reference to the violations of the inalienable rights of the legal Spanish government to purchase arms.

It is evident from this book that the act of intervention which weighed most heavily in the final balance was that decided upon by Hitler on July 26, 1936. It was the German planes (with others from Italy) immediately dispatched to Franco which carried the Army of Africa from Morocco to Spain, the army largely composed of mercenaries that then marched to the gates of Madrid. There were Moorish troops in at the capture of Irún early in September, and they had not swum the Straits of Gibraltar. In one of his rare errors of fact (or so it seems to me), Dr Pike says that General Sanjurjo, the exiled leader of the failed putsch of 1932, and the Spanish fascist leader José Antonio Primo de Rivera went to Germany in February 1936 "and received there the promise of support if they launched a military insurrection against the Spanish government; they would be furnished, if need arose, with air transport for crossing the straits of Gibraltar". There is absolutely no proof that J. A. Primo de Rivera went to Germany in February 1936, nor do we possess any evidence that Sanjurjo—who did go to Germany—spoke to the Germans about aid for a rebellion. It would not have been logical for either to have done so, quite apart from the fact that plans for a rebellion were not very far advanced at that time. Had the military conspirators (especially Franco) thought they might lose control of the fleet and become marooned in Africa with their only organized units, to the point where only German and Italian air assistance could save their enterprise, it seems hardly possible that they would have gone ahead with the venture in view of the risks.

Angel Viñas has advanced the thesis that Hitler took his decision on July 26, 1936, to come to the aid of the Spanish generals fundamentally in order to weaken France, to expose France to a watch on the Pyrenees, and to render difficult France's communications with North Africa; so that at a future date the Führer would not feel himself menaced on his western border, but left free to realize his basic ambition of Germanic expansion to the east against the Soviet Union. If we can accept this argument (and I personally incline to do so), then France's national interests on July 26, 1936, demanded that it aid the Spanish Republic. But, as Dr Pike shows, aid to the Spanish Republic went against the interests of the conservative class in France, as interpreted in the right-wing press, and this press opposed aid in an interminable debate which lasted beyond the years of the war itself.

It was, in fact, the ultra-reactionary Roman Catholic daily, *L'Echo de Paris*, informed by Spanish traitors within the Paris embassy, which on July 24 revealed Blum's plans for aiding Madrid. This report was perhaps the most influential French news story of the Spanish Civil War; it not only brought to a halt Blum's intentions to help the Spanish Republic and crystallized French right-wing opinion in opposition to those intentions, but it also weighed on Hitler's decision to intervene in Spain. (Henri de Kerillis, editor of *L'Echo de Paris*, was to see the error of his ways before the end of the Civil War; and after the fall of France, exiled in New York, he sought to bring to his own country that foreign aid which he had been so instrumental in denying a few years earlier to the Spanish people.)

I am not arguing that the French people did not have the right to know what the Blum government was doing. But the news in *L'Echo de Paris* was printed for the express purpose of blocking aid to the Spanish Republic. It could have been published with a "Bravo, Monsieur Blum!", but it was not. Historians have the right and the obligation to judge the performance of the press as they judge statesmen and generals. French statesmen and generals made mistakes during these years (and they have been harshly judged), but so did the French press. One cannot read Dr Pike's accumulation of quotations and rephrasings of the French press during the Spanish Civil War without concluding that the conservative French press of that epoch was a national disaster.

Dr Pike writes: "En France, plus que dans n'importe quelle autre contrée du monde, les journalistes comptaient parmi l'élite. Les plus grands écrivains apportaient leur collaboration aux journaux." It was true that the French press published articles with distinguished signatures and well-turned phrases, but only too frequently the political content of these articles was of an exquisite mediocrity. Look at the irrelevant ponderations of Wladimir d'Ormesson and "Guermantes" in *Le Figaro* on Guernica. Many members of the French Academy—symbol of the elite—offered their opinions on the Spanish Civil War in the press, but the Academy was top-heavy with intellectual nonentities. The two members of this august assembly most often cited by Dr Pike, Charles Maurras and d'Ormesson, were always wrong in their facts about Spain.

*L'Echo de Paris* counted at least four academicians in its stable; they were all for Franco. Henri Massis made his curtsy to Franco and wrote his thank-you article on his return to France. Even François Mauriac, who later made his amends at least to the Catholic Basques, was one of the architects of the right-wing attack on Blum in July and August 1936. The weeklies of the right, *Candide*, *Je suis partout* and *Gringoire*, with high circulations and "grands écrivains" such as Gaxotte and Brasillach, were invariably ill-informed about the situation in Spain.

Dr Pike does not always stop his narrative to posit, in the light of the latest research, the truth or the error of each bit of information which the press divulged to the French people. He tells us of the work of the Non-Intervention Committee, not as it is revealed by the records of the committee itself, but as the French press recorded that work. (It is true that the copies of the Non-Intervention Committee papers held in France by the Quai d'Orsay are forbidden to researchers until 1986-1989, although anybody wishing to consult them can purchase copies from a reprint house.)

It is, of course, a combination of petty carping and dirty pool to demand of the author of a scholarly work information that does not fall within the limits he has meticulously drawn up for his work. But there are moments when, in reading Dr Pike's text, I would have preferred him to stop for a moment to say if this or that information given to the French people was exact or inexact, or that he offer me his own opinion on a given assertion.

He reproduces the account that Henry Lémery, senator and former Garde des Sceaux, gave to the right-wing press of his 1938 visit to Franco, in which the Caudillo told the credulous caller that "National Spain has appealed to no country for aid", and that it was only after he saw the skies of Spain black with Soviet aircraft that he decided to "buy" planes from Nazi Germany. Franco's statement was a lie from beginning to end and I regret that the readers of Dr Pike's book are not bluntly informed of the fact, even at the risk of repetition. Dr Pike recounts the "proofs" of a communist conspiracy in Spain which Jacques Bardoux (president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's ma grandfather) claimed to have in "secret documents", but not add that recent researc shown them to have been fakes. I think Dr Pike should told his readers the whole for it underlines the intel poverty of French conserv thinking on the Spanish Civil Perhaps Dr Pike will now c using his unrivalled knowled these problems to widen his area and offer us a book en "La France et les français guerre d'Espagne".

In one note Dr Pike cites Ar Koestler to the effect that after Munich gave Spain into hands of fascism as an engage present, for the wedding tha not take place until August 23, in Moscow. Pike's text, to which note refers, seems to me to be and measured, but still he does offer us his own opinion of K ler's interpretation of the Soviet in Spain after Munich.

It seems clear to me from ing Dr Pike's book that Stalin not have given Spain to the fa powers as a present in autumn for Hitler and Mussolini had alr received it as a *cadeau de fi cailles* in July-August of 36 and the wedding had already taken in Munich in September 193 It not the primary responsibility France and England to save S from the fascist powers, rather that of the distant and mena Soviet Union?

This excellent book, essential students of the Spanish Civil War, also a necessary text for all those interested in the France of the im mediate pre-Second World W years, and is especially valuable its insights into the French pre It was a press more bigoted more extremist than that of Engla or the United States, but perha for that reason more fascinating read. Dr Pike on one page off us the not-too-remote ancestor the Vietnam war slogan: "Ma love, not war." The Marquis Palaminy, a frequent contributor Toulouse's right-wing press, raged by the thought of yo Frenchmen going to fight ag fascism, observed: "Ces je français . . . feraient mieux de vailler à la repopulation de France."

# Lessons of the Resistance

### By Brian Bond

**KENNETH MACKSEY :**
The Partisans of Europe in World War II
271pp. Hart-Davis, MacGibbon. £7.50.

Reflecting on "The Demand for Military History" in these columns (*TLS*, November 13, 1969), Michael Howard remarked that successive layers of truth about the Second World War are revealed as more documents are released and more memoirs written. Moreover, "detailed study of that war not only reveals more of what was happening to us then; it enables us to understand a great deal more about what has happened to us since". Kenneth Macksey, a former regular officer who fought in north-west Europe in 1944 and 1945, has also been reflecting on the long-term effects of the war and does not like what he finds. In *The Partisans of Europe in World War II* he traces the current vogue for guerrilla warfare and its attendant evils largely to the heroic cult of anti-Nazi resistance which has been sedulously fostered since 1945. While not wishing to deny "the courage, the horror and the pity" of partisan warfare, Mr Macksey believes that its morally and socially degrading repercussions have been played down and its practical achievements grossly exaggerated.

From a scholarly viewpoint this is not a very satisfactory study. The presentation often lapses into journalese (one chapter, for example, is entitled "The Pulsating Underbelly"), there are no footnotes and only a brief bibliography. However these limitations are not fatal because the author's purpose is more polemical than scholarly; rather than attempt a popular synthesis of a rapidly expanding specialist literature he has written a vigorous tract for the times.

Despite the great importance which Churchill and others attached to "setting Europe on fire" by fanning the flames of hatred in Nazi-occupied countries, this account shows clearly that partisan movements were weak and ineffective during the period of German conquest from 1939 to the end of 1941. In Poland, for example, efforts at railway and industrial sabotage were no more than an irritant, but provoked such harsh reprisals that Sikorski called for a temporary halt to all such activities in June 1940. When oppression of the Jews in Holland, mainly at the hands of the Dutch SS, resulted in an insurrection in February 1941, the Germans intervened violently, killing many people and deporting about a thousand strikers. Indeed for the most part the subjugated Western countries policed themselves so that German forces were not overstretched on occupation duties. In those conditions, and with little help from outside, partisans could make no impression unless prepared to sustain — and provoke — enormous casualties.

By contrast German brutality in Eastern Europe and Russia was so extreme that partisan resistance grew ever more intense and widespread from 1941 onwards. Even so, in the author's judgment, the partisans were only marginally important until supplied with weapons and leaders and coordinated by the Red Army. The Germans economized by using Kaminsky's and Vlasov's pro-German forces against the partisans. Ideal terrain for guerrillas and a tradition of insurgency made the Balkans in general, and Yugoslavia in particular, a peculiarly difficult area for the Germans to subdue. Indeed only in Yugoslavia did the partisans play a more important rôle than regular forces in liberating the country, and only there did the predominant partisan movement succeed in forming a permanent government.

As a former regular officer the author not surprisingly favours small uniformed raiding parties such as the British Special Air Service rather than irregular partisans. The former, he claims, executed "the trickiest jobs by sleight of hand rather than brute force"; elsewhere he contrasts "cool uniformed quality" with "hot-headed plain-clothed quantity". His attitude to the Jewish resistance is ambivalent. He praises the heroic resistance of the Warsaw Ghetto in the uprising of April 1943 and justly remarks that "the martial performance of this most harassed of all people is truly remarkable taken in proportion to overt resistance to modern police states". Yet he also asserts that "elsewhere the Jews mostly allowed themselves to be herded to their doom with a strange apathy that defeats description", which suggests unfamiliarity with recent studies of Jewish resistance.

As the tide of war turned against Germany the potential value of partisans obviously increased. In contrast to the Soviet Union, the Western Allies never succeeded in coordinating the activities of the myriad resistance groups and cells operating in France and the Low Countries. This was in part due to lack of faith in irregulars but perhaps more to political complications: Stalin was far less embarrassed by his Polish equivalents of de Gaulle. Consequently, despite the superficially impressive disruption of communications before and during the Normandy landings, Mr Macksey argues that both in terms of supply and redeployment the Germans suffered but a marginal embarrassment. On the debit side they enacted terrible retribution, including the massacre of the whole population of Oradour-sur-Glane. The lesson, clearly stated, is that the military benefits of partisan warfare were not worth the price paid in civilian lives.

Nor was the account settled with the defeat of the Nazis. Their departure was followed by "the inevitable sludge of retribution". Many bestial crimes were perpetrated in the sacred name of the resistance. Thousands of collaborators actual or suspect were shot out of hand, women were publicly degraded, and numerous old scores and class rivalries were settled to leave a residue of lasting bitterness. Marcel Ophuls's candid film *Le Chagrin et la Pitié* raised a st of protest by suggesting the g extent of French wartime collab tion and subsequent self-decepti Rather surprisingly in view of belief that the heroic side of resistance has been exaggerat Mr Macksey comments that attem to restrict the film's showing w justified.

The book concludes with a p for restraint in modern war remi cent of the ideas of Liddell H If only the opponents of Naz had refrained from encour partisan activities,

> Warfare might then have rever to the more limited kind, in t hands of professionals whose m mal desires are to achieve an e nomical victory. Disciplined, u formed armies once fostered a so sible tradition of live and let liv reaching tenuously back to the age of chivalry and the days when the losing side resigned at the call of regularised military *common sense.*

The author is honest enough t admit that such restraints would p bably have been of greater adv tage to the Germans, but urges th they should be reconsidered n when a lowering of the temperat of warfare is widely desired. Unfo tunately the snags must be obvious to Mr Macksey as they to the reader. The present vo for guerrilla warfare is, after attributable to successes as far ap as China, Vietnam and Cuba and simply to the European experie in the Second World War. Nor is clear what proportion of present lawlessness derives from legacy of the anti-Nazi partis The unpalatable lesson might drawn that irregular operations imperil, if not destroy, liberal, de cratic societies which cannot re to draconian counter-measu whereas they are impotent ag ruthless tyrannies. However, o cannot put much confidence in Macksey's hopes for a return to ted warfare entirely conducted regulars in a hate-free atmosph one can applaud his attempt to objectively at the military achi ments and social effects of the Nazi partisans.

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# The industrious landed gentry

### By G. E. Mingay

**GRAHAM MEE :**
Aristocratic Enterprise
The Fitzwilliam Industrial Undertakings 1795-1857
222pp and 5 illustrations. Glasgow: Blackie. £5.95.

**T. W. BEASTALL :**
A North Country Estate
The Lumleys and Saundersons as Landowners, 1600-1900
249pp. Chichester: Phillimore. £4.50.

**FRANK E. HUGGETT :**
The Land Question and European Society
179pp. with 84 illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £3.50 (paperback, £1.50).

Many volumes of aristocratic correspondence have published the scandal and gossip of the landed classes, their vying for place and promotion, their little trivial concerns, originally intended for strictly private consumption. From such works the aristocracy often appear as effete, petty, snobbish, and above all, superfluous. For many of them, it is true, life revolved around their family affairs, costly forms of sport, extravagant entertainments, and visits to other great families in other great houses, all bent on spending their time in the same unfruitful ways.

But this is to overlook the dominating role in government taken by the landed interest, in both Parliament and in local affairs, right down to a date which is remarkably recent. And, taking into account the restricted choices imposed upon them by prevailing attitudes and existing resources of finance and administration, it might be argued that the landed interest did not make too bad a job of governing the country. In the nineteenth century, when revolutions against the existing order were endemic, the British aristocracy at least achieved a gradual, peaceful, and graceful abdication of power. It may be equally worth notice that under their liberal and generally easy-going regime the country created, through private effort, a massive industrial strength which made these small islands a world power; and, incidentally, enabled a population which rose six-fold between 1750 and 1900 to enjoy a standard of living which was among the very highest in the world.

Historians' treatment of British landowners has changed a good deal over the past twenty years or so, particularly since the detailed study of estate records was stimulated by the work of H. J. Habakkuk. The result has been to emphasize the nature and significance of their economic role, in contrast to their place in politics and society, long familiar to us. Tremendous changes in the techniques and production of both agriculture and industry occurred in Britain under the political domination of the landowners. Their role, however, was not merely permissive. In the agricultural sphere their innovatory achievements, centring on such figures as Turnip Townshend, Coke of Holkham, the dukes of Bedford, Sir John Sinclair and many others, have long been known, if widely misunderstood. One result of recent scholarship has been to clarify the precise part played by these celebrated farmer-aristocrats. In particular, their management of landed property, the stimulus they provided to such major advances as enclosure, specialist breeding, and the costly under-drainage of heavy soils in the middle nineteenth century, have been assessed in some detail.

Another result has been to bring to light something less widely known or suspected—the importance of their role in the fostering of industrial expansion and transport developments. For, in the centuries before the present, a great part of the country's basic industrial activity in mining, ironworking, quarrying and brickmaking was carried on in the environment of landed estates, on land owned by the aristocracy and gentry, and often on the basis of their money capital. The coal, lead, iron, timber, bricks and stone reached their markets, also, by means of the turnpikes, wagon ways, river navigations, canals and railways encouraged and in part financed by landowners, and was shipped from ports and in vessels whose existence owed much to aristocratic enterprise.

In examining this industrial and commercial face of landownership, historians first tended to consider its obvious importance for private family revenue, its often significant part in raising families from obscurity into the first rank, or of saving eminent but impoverished holders of respected titles from financial collapse. That industrial and commercial revenues were significant in these respects, especially in the later eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, goes without saying. What has been less explored is the economic, non-family objects to which such revenues were sometimes put, and also the question of the precise part taken by the landowners in the management of their industrial interests.

On the first point, some recent studies, notably that by Eric Richards in *The Leviathan of Wealth* (1973), have shown that industrial wealth could be redistributed in unexpected ways. In the case of his subject, the Sutherlands, revenues from the Bridgewater Canal were siphoned off for the relocation and employment of displaced Highland crofters in settlements on the Scottish coast. There is evidence from other families, too, that industrial income was diverted into agricultural investment or used to keep down the farmers' rents on the agricultural sector of the estate.

This particular feature of nineteenth-century landownership does not loom very large in the new works reviewed here. Two of them are more concerned with the management aspect, considering in detail the development of the properties under aristocratic control. Graham Mee's *Aristocratic Enterprise* is entirely concerned with the conduct of the south Yorkshire industrial undertakings under the fourth Earl Fitzwilliam and his successor. After introducing the two owners, and apart from chapters devoted to the estate ironworks and coal-tar works, the major part of the book considers the development of the Fitzwilliam coal mines in the sixty years from 1795. Of particular interest is the adaptation of a mode of management, originating in the farm estate office, to the needs of large-scale industrial enterprises. In the process, Charles Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, the fifth Earl, himself became something of an expert on industrial matters. He immersed himself for weeks in making notes on Playfair's *Outlines of Natural Philosophy*, and read Mushet on iron, Tredgold on the steam engine, and Babbage on the *Oeconomy of Manufactures*. His personal interest in mining operations extended to problems of safety underground—he was cautious, for example, about the dangers involved in extending the diggings too near old workings which might be full of water—and he inquired personally into the pensions paid to old miners, the treatment of injured men, and the pensions of the widows left by men killed in accidents. His mines were technically advanced, and his miners enjoyed a standard of housing and amenities (such as a library, mechanics institute, and schools) superior to those found elsewhere.

Much of the discussion in *Aristocratic Enterprise* revolves round the problems of aristocratic management. An enormous burden of work was thrown on agents whose precise rôle was only gradually defined. Up to the early 1830s the colliery manager still held the title and duties of House Steward. Benjamin Biron, who succeeded his father in this important position, really had all the responsibilities which nowadays would be divided among a general manager, accountant, sales manager, personnel manager, and mining engineer. Perhaps because a knowledge of the problems of mining was fundamental to their work, it was there that the Birons made the greatest mark. The two men, indeed, were the first great mining engineers of the Yorkshire coalfield. In particular, their understanding of pit drainage was such as to permit successive earls Fitzwilliam to work their Barnsley seam from 1840 right down to 1920 without further capital outlays on pumping. Benjamin Biron, in addition, was remarkable for his invention of a much-used ventilating fan and anemometer, as well as a new winding system and a safety lamp.

All this reinforces the point that aristocratic owners of industrial enterprises—necessarily men of unspecialized education and wide and varied activities—were very much in the hands of their agents or managers. Their undertakings were growing in value and complexity in an age when professional standards and qualifications were ill-defined or non-existent, when, indeed, experience and personal reputation were the only guides to a manager's knowledge and ability. The consequent importance of reliable "viewers" or agents is well brought out in T. W. Beastall's *A North Country Estate*, and a number of his chapters are devoted to the problems of controlling and safeguarding the mines and farm property let out to tenants. The sixth Earl of Scarbrough was evidently much more in his agent's hands than was the fifth Earl Fitzwilliam. Writing to his coal agent in Durham, Lord Scarbrough confessed his inability to make decisions on "the underground work, which it is not to be suppos'd I can understand". He told the agent that he relied on his reputation as an expert in the matter of settling a new lease of the mines, since "many of the Propositions are describ'd in such technical Terms (peculiar, I suppose, to the Coal Trade) that you may imagine, I do not understand them but wherever I do, I perfectly approve of yr answers . . .".

*A North Country Estate*, however, has a much wider context than the technical complexities of mine and farm management. The book traces the growth of an estate whose various Durham, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire elements became united in the hands of the third Earl of Scarbrough in 1739. Of the two families mainly contributing to this result the Saundersons were perhaps the less remarkable, though it had some distinguished members, as for instance the Nicholas Saunderson who did much to build up the family property in the early seventeenth century. The Lumleys, however, could easily surpass the Saundersons' fourteenth-century origins. They went back to the time of Edward the Confessor, and the length of their pedigree was such as to arouse an irate comment from James I: "Ouch . . . I dinna ken Adam's ither name was Lumley."

In the story of the Scarbroughs and their enterprises the author himself has had a rich vein to mine, and he has packed a vast quantity of detailed material into his pages. Among other activities, the family was prominent at one time in Lincolnshire politics, and their large and varied sources of income proved useful when there were election expenses to meet. The entertainment of the freemen of Lincoln at the Reindeer Hotel in the election of 1774 was evidently a riotous occasion: the bill of £366 included the loss or breakage of 12 dozen wine glasses, five dozen wine beakers, thirteen pewter plates, three teaspoons, twenty-six "salts", and six decanters. The ninth Earl was notable for his development of the embryo resort of Skegness on the Lincolnshire coast as a "model watering place". The extension there of the railway provided the original stimulus for the project, and the growth of rival Mablethorpe nearby, presented an added incentive. Nearly a hundred acres was taken from the estate's farmers and laid out in roads and building plots, and the new town development was widely advertised on railway stations in the midlands and Yorkshire. The Earl favoured his new resort with a lengthy visit in the summer of 1878, putting up with five servants and two pairs of horses at the Sea View Hotel, and no doubt enjoyed the bracing atmosphere which was to become Skegness's most highly advertised advantage.

But it is coal that figures large in *A North Country Estate*, and it was coal from the Yorkshire estate which came to be of particular significance in the Scarbrough estate revenues when agricultural depression caused falling farm rentals in the late nineteenth century.

Frank E. Huggett's book is quite different. The theme of *The Land Question and European Society* is not the impact of a single landed family on the communities living on the estate, but the total effect of the structure of landownership, changes in land tenure, and advances in farming methods, on European society as a whole. Mr Huggett's treatment ranges over all Europe, and stretches from the Middle Ages to the present. It is a bold effort, especially when it has to be compressed into a brief 161 pages of text, many of which are taken up by the eighty-four illustrations. Perhaps it would have been wiser to dispense with the pictures, for, interesting though they are, they do little towards helping the reader to understand so difficult and complex a subject. Mr Huggett does his best to do justice to his theme in the limited space at his disposal, and he shows himself to be well-informed and in command of an impressive array of sources. Nevertheless, one must doubt the wisdom of trying to cram so much into so little. The English enclosures of the eighteenth century, for example, on which large volumes and innumerable articles have been written, are sensibly and perceptively discussed, but within the space of only three pages.

A major weakness of the brief survey of this kind is that it is impossible to bring out the wide variety of local and individual circumstances which, for example, inform the new books on the Fitzwilliams and the Scarbroughs. Perhaps because he is obliged to paint, broad-brush, a picture which includes the backward latifundia of eastern Europe as well as the advanced farming systems of England and Holland, the author's conclusions tend to the gloomy. His countryside is one of poor peasants dominated by powerful lords, a countryside in which investment in the land was low, and the soil's productivity correspondingly meagre. Despite some improvements in techniques, and despite numerous revolts, the peasants remained oppressed and deprived, as their surplus product was appropriated by the lord for his private consumption. Only with the eventual collapse of feudal relations and the rapid changes in technology of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries did this situation change.

This analysis conveys the character of agrarian society in much of eastern Europe, but it cannot be applied to the advanced Western countries where feudalism was swept away at an early date. It would certainly not be true, for example, of the wealthy, progressive tenant-farmers who in England enjoyed the advantages of low rents and landlord-financed improvements. The real difficulty in sustaining the broad analysis is that individual countries, and even regions within countries, had their own kinds of agrarian structure, their own kinds of landlords, and their own land questions. The problem of regional and temporal diversity makes the short general survey, excellent as this one is, an inevitably superficial and misleading exercise.

The understanding of agrarian society and its workings has to be built up piecemeal from detailed discussions, limited in scope and period but rich in depth. The set pieces on individual regions or particular estates provide the essential bricks and mortar with which a vision of the complex whole may be constructed. But the difficulty is that as more and more materials are assembled the task of raising so complex an edifice becomes the more formidable, and may be one beyond the competence of historical architects.

# Yorkshire's capital

### By Sidney Pollard

**D. T. JENKINS :**
The West Riding Wool Textile Industry, 1770-1835
A Study of Fixed Capital Formation
336pp. Edington, Wiltshire: Pasold Research Fund. £7.50.

In spite of the importance of the Yorkshire woollen and worsted industries in the Industrial Revolution and after, and the numerous monographs which have recently been written about it, we lack a modern history of its development; the last comprehensive survey was Herbert Heaton's, published in 1920. It is one of the merits of D. T. Jenkins's book that it fills the gap admirably, at least as far as technology, location and investment in fixed capital are concerned. The information is drawn, not only from the many newly available secondary sources, but also from an impressively thorough search of original archives in the old West Riding and elsewhere. Basing himself on these and on insurance policies, here used to good effect, the author was able to draw up what appears to be a comprehensive list of mills and an accurate tabulation of the capital invested by a significant proportion of them.

Capital formation forms, in fact, the main interest of the author, and he has taken our knowledge of it a long step forward; yet one cannot but feel uneasy about the way in which the information has been used. The only investment ever considered in the book is net fixed capital formation, defined as the difference between the number of mills existing in any one year minus the number existing in the previous year, multiplied by an estimated average investment per mill. This way of calculation makes it imperative to be very accurate as to founding dates; but these are often unknown, the date of first appearance in the records being taken instead. Moreover, many "new" mills were conversions of buildings from other uses so that the full cost of a mill should not be credited to them, while, on the other hand, the closure of mills is ignored and only the increase of mill numbers, not the actual foundation of new mills, is counted.

In the long run, these differences might even out, but they seem to vitiate the conclusions on short-term fluctuations which are drawn from them. *A fortiori*, since the average annual value of mills is an arbitrary figure, derived from a smooth line connecting the known figures for the bench-mark years 1800, 1810, 1820 and 1835 only, it is impermissible to assign investment values to single years, or even to three-year averages. Even more puzzling is the lack of interest in gross capital formation, since on the given depreciation rates this must have been of the same order of magnitude as the net capital formation which forms the exclusive concern here. For all we know, investment in capital replacement might have smoothed out the fluctuations described here—or it might have doubled their impact. It may be that we cannot know, except for a few firms, how replacement expenditure was spread over the trade cycle, but that is surely no reason to ignore the problem entirely.

# Locked in

**EDWARD WILSON :**
The Ellesmere and Llangollen Canal
148pp. Chichester: Phillimore. £3.50.

The importance of Shropshire as a centre of canal development in the nineteenth century, and the popularity of the Llangollen Canal (as one section of the Ellesmere Canal is now known) among twentieth-century holidaymakers are both reflected in E. A. Wilson's study. His approach to his subject is a felicitous blend of the presentation of the history of the canal, discussion of related topics, such as the growing use of iron for bridge construction, and anecdotal material. He has used his sources well and thoroughly, and his knowledge and love of the canal comes across well. His maps, admirable and necessary aids to comprehension in any book about canals, would have been more useful had he included north points on all of them. In the mass of canal books, however, his rates among those which succeed in transmitting enthusiasm.

**Bill Kirkman**

# Alone in the Antarctic

## By Michael Richey

DAVID LEWIS :
Ice Bird
271pp. Collins. £3.95.

"I will not say it was impossible anywhere to get in among this Ice", observed Captain James Cook in the journal of his second voyage, "but I will assert that the bare attempting of it would be a very dangerous enterprise and what I believe no man in my situation would have thought of." "I", he goes on in a somewhat uncharacteristic passage, "whose ambition leads me not only farther than any other man has been before me, but as far as I can think it possible for man to go, was not sorry at meeting with this interruption, as it in some measure relieved us from the dangers and hardships inseparable with the Navigation of the South Polar regions." No such qualms seem to have halted David Lewis in the course of his extraordinary attempt to circumnavigate the Antarctic continent on his own: "Not just another single-handed first", as Hammond Innes proclaims on the cover of *Ice Bird*, "but the greatest small boat voyage into ice since Shackleton's." (The James Caird was not in fact in the ice, but one forgives the hyperbole.)

Dr Lewis seems to have pursued his objective with the fervour of a man possessed. Cook's "dangers and hardships" were all there: no less than three times during his storm-tossed and on the whole desolate voyage, Lewis's small craft Ice Bird was capsized, losing her mast on each occasion. For much of the time he was in pain from frostbitten fingers; he was subject to every kind of deprivation, including weeks in a freezing temperature without hot food, punctuated by severe gales when the main preoccupation became keeping the craft afloat. He must indeed have shared Cook's desire to go "as far as it is possible for man to go", for even after the first crippling capsize, when he might have sought shelter on the Chilean coast, he never seems to have considered abandoning, or even modifying, what was after all a wholly conceptual mission. "I do not myself", he writes, "fully understand the power that drives me on." The reader, too, becomes a bit puzzled; Cook had, after all, the lofty purpose of scientific exploration, albeit at a happier time for discoverers.

Dr Lewis, however, is no mere adventurer. His contributions to navigation have been substantial. In 1965 he effected a remarkable circumnavigation in a catamaran (analogous in performance to a Polynesian double canoe) in the course of which he navigated some 2,500 miles without instruments following a legendary Maori course using only the sun and stars to steer by. In 1968-69 under a research fellowship of the Australian National University he spent nine months in his auxiliary gaff ketch Isbjorn investigating the evidence for native navigation in the Western Pacific, learning from the surviving practising navigators, voyaging with them in their canoes and getting them to navigate Isbjorn by their methods. More recently he has been investigating the route-finding abilities of Australian aborigines, a subject of navigational (although not maritime) interest to which, almost whimsically in the circumstances, he returned between the two halves of his Antarctic adventure.

The book begins with the foundering in a gale of Isbjorn bound from the Gilbert Islands to Sydney where she was due to refit for the Antarctic, and her hasty replacement by the 32ft steel auxiliary sloop Ice Bird. The objective was to skirt the Antarctic continent in the vicinity of 60°S, hopefully avoiding the pack ice to the southward and the full fury of the westerlies further north, and then, in about 65°W, to turn south towards the Antarctic Peninsula and either the American base at Palmer Station or the British Argentine Islands. This first leg was a distance of some 6,000 nautical miles. The return to Australia would be made by continuing the circumnavigation eastward.

Ice Bird left Sydney towards the end of October 1972, stopping briefly at Half Moon Bay in Stewart Island, New Zealand, and then sailing towards the south-east. She endured a succession of severe gales in the forties and fifties, generally running under storm jib with the wind 15° on one or other quarter.

On November 28, near the 60th parallel, with storm-force winds from the north-west and seas estimated at 40 feet, the boat broached uncontrollably and was knocked down to port, smashing the self-steering gear, shredding the canvas dodger and splitting the storm jib in two. Lewis had no option but to continue downwind under bare pole, steering from down below; but the boat continually fell off in the troughs, virtually becalmed, so immense were the seas. By this time he was hallucinating badly, believing himself half the time to be on a sunny Australian beach—a device of nature, he felt, that enabled him to survive.

The following day, the wind by then of hurricane force and the sea "like blizzard-swept white snow mountains", a breaking wave crashed down on Ice Bird rolling her through 360° in about a second. She was dismasted at deck level, the fore-hatch torn open, the hinges sprung and the steel side of the coach roof opened up. The boat was half filled with water but the pump blocked, so that he had to bail by bucket for several hours to get her dry. As soon as this was accomplished she was knocked flat again, the life-raft lost and the cabin once more filled with water. In the midst of all this devastation, Lewis lost his gloves, to discover later that his numbed and gashed hands were in fact frostbitten.

In time he was able to rig a jury mast from a 10-ft aluminium spinnaker pole and proceed, steering by hand under a partially folded-over jib, at a speed of about 1 knot towards his distant destination. He obtained sun sights to establish his position, relying on an estimated rate for his wristwatch on which the calculation of longitude must now depend, for the radio, like the engine, was no longer serviceable. Things looked marginally better, although the chances of making a landfall some 2,500 miles away seemed impossibly remote.

With temperatures below zero and snow-showers the rule, gale followed upon gale until, exactly two weeks after the first capsize, in a Force 12 storm Ice Bird was again rolled completely over, this time buckling part of the steel pramhood frame so that egress from the cabin became difficult, and of course putting paid to the jury rig as well. "A shutter has closed between a week ago when I was part of the living world and since." Lewis records in his log for December 8, "Chances are negligible, but effort in spite of pain and discomfort. These last are very great. . . ." Then, on the following day: "Surprising no fear at almost certainly having to die. . . ." And on December 10: "Shouting with pain fingers after taking sights despite fine day." The shorthand alone is eloquent.

On January 26, after a severe northerly gale, Lewis climbed reluctantly out of a wet sleeping bag to sight, through the cloud wrack and towering wave crests, the vast white peaks of the Antarctic Peninsula, fringed by rocks and grounded bergs. It was the first land he had seen since New Zealand, and it says much for his navigation (and incidentally his wristwatch) that the error in longitude at landfall translated into time was less than a minute.

Finally, having had to heave-to in rock-strewn waters during a 60-knot gale which threatened to blow him past his destination, now but a few miles away, he brought up alongside Cousteau's Calypso in Palmer Station. The first single-handed passage to the Antarctic had been completed, some three months since leaving Australia and sixty-one days since the first capsize. It had been a remarkable feat of endurance, seamanship and perhaps above all navigation, for the boat under jury rig had been severely hampered in the courses she could steer.

The second part of Ice Bird's voyage was even more hair-raising than the first. It began in the following southern spring, by which time the boat had been refitted. In the meantime Lewis had been transplanted by the *National Geographic Magazine*, first of all to the Pacific to be photographed in illustration of one of his articles, and subsequently to continue his work with the aborigines: in the circumstances an incongruous interlude.

In the south, ice had now become the principal hazard, first of all the pack and, further north, the vast bergs which calve off the ice shelf and drift aimlessly northward. Within a day of leaving Palmer Station, on December 12, 1973, Ice Bird was beset in the pack, her owner manfully putting his shoulder to the transom in an effort to free her. So she remained for three days, on one of which Lewis nearly closed the whole episode, marooned on an ice floe trying to photograph the boat.

His only port of call was Signy Island, the British base in the South Orkneys, and had it not been for unexpected yet unmistakable ice-blink from Coronation Island he might well have missed the entire group by some fifty miles. His steering compass was found to have an error of some 21° on easterly courses. (It is indeed surprising, though one would not press the point, that no azimuth of the sun, which would have revealed the deviation, had been obtained.)

On January 8, having made his farewells to the base, Lewis set out for Australia. All was prepared, he tells us, except for the human element: "I felt forlorn and insignificant, in dread of loneliness, fearful of ice and storms, above all tormented by uncertainty as to the morality of tempting providence by again putting my life in pawn."

Lewis picked his way across the ice-strewn mouth of the Weddell Sea, unable to sleep, or for the most part rest, for fear of collision. Ice Bird, he writes, "became like a ghost ship. The freezing fog sheathed her rigging with ice; her decks grew ice-glazed, and murderously slippery." The peril was very real, for all that it was concealed most of the time by fog or whiteout.

A gale hit the boat a week out and she ran before it streaming a sea anchor which ultimately shattered her self-steering gear. Lewis was now faced with the daunting prospect of steering by hand to Australia. In due course he was able to rig up a whipstaff using an ice-axe for the shaft, and thus at least not freeze to death. His brushes with icebergs at this time make terrifying reading: "I stared out and saw nothing. Then something unreal in the texture of the fog made me look again, and there it was, a pale ghostly monster dead ahead, no more than two hundred yards off . . .", and so on. One such passage strikes a personal chord: "the absurd delusion persisted that the *place* where we had fled the unseen berg in the darkness would remain forever intact and unchanged, like some gloomy forest from which we had escaped". The illusion of place when alone on the ocean is familiar to some of us and as difficult to describe as it is to explain. It has hounded me on many occasions.

The last berg was seen on February 1, the boat now headed eastward towards Australia. On February 24 a severe northerly gale accompanying the warm front of a cyclonic depression dropped away suddenly to nothing, the heavy seas toppling skyward. There was an uncanny stillness, and Lewis knew he was in the eye of the storm. Predictably the line squall soon screamed out of the opposite quarter, initially at fifty knots, then rising to seventy with gusts of eighty knots. "Fear and dread. God help us", wrote Lewis, and then put his log away. Some hours later the boat was once more capsized, rolled through 360°, again losing her mast. This put paid to any idea of reaching Australia, if only for lack of fresh water at the speed he must now go. Resignedly David Lewis decided to make for Cape Town some 800 miles northward, where under jury rig the battered Ice Bird arrived some three weeks later, under the startled gaze of South African yachtsmen, 10,000 miles and ten weeks from Signy.

The voyage by any standard had been of epic quality. "There is", philosophizes Lewis early in his account, "a sense of wonder at the world around us that gives rise to a compulsion to question and explore and to refuse to be satisfied with accepted explanations or assumed limitations placed upon endeavour. The chosen ones . . . are devil-driven; the call comes to them and they must answer." Perhaps no further explanation is called for.

The book contains two useful appendixes and some remarkable photographs.

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The second volume of *The Atlas of Historic Towns*, edited by M. D. Lobell (168pp with 29 maps. Scolar Press, £25) deals with Bristol, Cambridge, Coventry and Norwich, each with an essay and set of maps, and each also available as a separate fascicle. The essays describe the setting of each town, the history of its development and its topographic layout, with full reference to original documentary sources and the most recent archaeological research. The maps, produced under the direction of W. H. Johns, are very good: each town has a location map with Roman and medieval-to-1800 roads and the locations of markets and important Roman settlements, more detailed maps of the layout at about 1800, with major late medieval features superimposed (these detailed plans being in five or more colours for clarity), and a series of monochrome maps with red overlay depicting medieval street names and parish boundaries. The treatment of Coventry is scanty compared with the other three towns. The type of information conveyed could hardly be put over in a more elegant manner, and it is a pity that the cost will deter many people from buying it, although the availability of each town separately may stimulate local interest.

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# In search of sorcery

## By Philip Snow

JUNE KNOX-MAWER :
A South Sea Spell
209pp. John Murray. £4.95.

No part of the world is without legend, myth and claims to magic. Wales has its fair share: in the Pacific Islands there is an abundance of them—to some tastes a surfeit, except for what they can offer anthropologically or as shaky pointers to history. For many they hold an incontrovertible hypnotic magnetism: June Knox-Mawer, the writer of *A South Sea Spell* and exultantly Welsh, is both spellbound and able to bind spells. She must be the ideal travelling companion—observant, absorbed in people, uncomplaining, outgoing—but she would have to be disengaged from wizards and witches.

A fixation on the supernatural contrasts unevenly with the extroverted, lively journalistic writing. Long monologues by ancient story-tellers and sorcerers (more interesting if names of witchcraft victims, who can be indiscriminately chiefs or commoners and are known to some of us, could have been mentioned) are broken up, if not often enough, by meeting less lugubrious persons and by acute observation of prosaic daily life and of special events.

A visit to Tonga for the king's coronation a decade ago is described from a more individual angle—not too Dimblebyean—than that of previous accounts. The king's love of gadgetry, including a mechanical forklift for moving a live pig, does not escape her. The discussions of Kioa (an island in the Fiji group settled by self-exiling Ellice Islanders during my administration of that island) and of the very dissimilar Ellice Island homeland from which they transplanted themselves so daringly are fresh and important. There is less that is new or arresting on the Gilbert Islands and Fiji; a shade unpredictably from a writer with such powers of captivation.

June Knox-Mawer's eye for a detail is unfailing, her nose sharp to the Island houses' "tree-smells of reed walls and mats" and to a garden hose's "sudden bitter-sweet infusion of cold water on parched earth". It is surprising that, in spite of her Welshness, her ear seems to be less highly developed.

In over a decade among Fijians, Indians and Tongans (who elect to talk freely only in their own languages) June Knox-Mawer apparently had to use interpreters widely; her sense of sound wavers in spelling of indigenous names (there are also signs of hasty proof-reading of English words). This may seem pedantic, but in Pacific languages the last letter of a word is a key to vocal melody as well, of course, as accuracy of meaning. For instance, the capital of the Ellice group, Funafute (it is spelt this way three times) is as different in sound from Funafuti (as it later and correctly appears) as London would be if spelt Londof. These jolts in reading ought not to be allowed to detract too much from the elegance of phrase and ease of construction of a pleasant book. Evocative writing makes the absence of photographs logical but those not knowing the antipodes must be lost without a map.

# Preserving vessels

JOHN LEWIS :
Vintage Boats
191pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £7.50.

The study and preservation of old boats and ships lies perhaps somewhere between the aesthetic and cultural and the kind of technical historical enthusiasm that leads, for instance, to the restoration of steam traction engines. But it is nearer to the former than the latter. The restoration of an old vessel requires all the historical research, based on sound scholarship, and all the knowledge of past craftsmen's practices, allied with informed taste and judgment, that is called for in similar work with buildings. It follows that a number of skills are involved, from those of the academic researcher to the obsolete skills of the shipwright and boatbuilder in wood. High standards are achieved in the maintenance of HMS Victory and in the slow and careful restoration by the National Trust and the National Maritime Museum of the coasting ketch Shamrock, but they have been reached in all too few cases. John Lewis's rather uneven book scarcely touches on this fundamental matter of standards. It is a rather random collection of accounts of restorations of varying merit. Among others, two of the most important preserved vessels in the world, the Pommern in Finland and the Falls of Clyde in the United States, are not described.

**Basil Greenhill**

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# In medieval perspective

## By Leon Wieseltier

HARRY A. WOLFSON :
Studies in the History of Philosophy and Religion
Volume 1
Edited by Isadore Twersky and George H. Williams
626pp. Harvard University Press. £8.

If the extraordinary erudition of the late Harry Wolfson's oeuvre is an indispensable and inspiriting aid to the student of the history of philosophy, it most certainly strikes terror into the heart of a reviewer of any one of his books. Wolfson was among this century's most formidable and accomplished scholars, as a historian of philosophy comparable among his contemporaries only to Etienne Gilson, and the sweep of his fastidious scholarship is breathtaking. The first volume of *Studies in the History of Philosophy and Religion*, a posthumous edition of Wolfson's numerous papers, provides generous confirmation of the scope and precision of his usually pioneering investigations, and more generally of the guiding spirit which pervades them, which is perhaps most succinctly conveyed by Aby Warburg's adage: "Der liebe Gott steckt im detail."

Wolfson read (and memorized?) everything of even the slenderest philosophical interest in Greek, Latin, Arabic, and Hebrew, and was himself responsible for rescuing from oblivion or neglect quite a few texts of singular interest and importance, notably the corpus of Averroes's commentaries on Aristotle. Happily he left his arcane and exasperatingly introverted subject-matter in a far more ordered state than he found it. Wolfson spent over half a century in Harvard's Widener Library working out the logical structure and historical coherence of ancient and medieval philosophy, zealously tracing the fate of concepts and theories in well-known and not so well-known thinkers. (The latter include, for instance, Heerebord, Keckermann, Magirus, and Zanchius.) These strenuous and rewarding labours were then set within the more comprehensive scaffolding of an account of the history of philosophy in its entirety. This larger historiographical view was highly original, but unfortunately as eminently contestable as its learned foundations are unimpeachable.

For Wolfson, as for just about everybody else, philosophy proper began in Greece, most magnificently under the divergent auspices of Plato and Aristotle, but attained full maturity in the intellectual melange of first-century Alexandria, with Philo. What Philo did to earn such distinction was to wed philosophy to scripture for the first time, to submit the rational achievements of the Greeks to the transcendental requirements of divine revelation. The Philonic synthesis was inherited by the Church Fathers, who of course accorded to the Christian revelation the pivotal place allotted by Philo to the Jewish one, and they in turn bequeathed it to the Kalam, the early medieval theology of Islam, which likewise had its own revelation ready to hand.

The philosophical amalgam of reason and revelation—the "double-faith theory", as Wolfson referred to it—flowered most completely in high medieval Islamic and Jewish philosophy, particularly in the work of Maimonides. It was then transmitted to the Christian West: contrary to a long historiographical tradition going back to Hegel, what the Christians received from the Arabs and the Jews were not merely Aristotle's texts, but a full-blown elaboration of their doctrines in terms of revealed religion. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries saw the slow erosion of the double-faith attitude, until finally Spinoza turned the logic of the medievals against them and opened an unhealable breach between philosophy and religion. Thus he razed Philonic philosophy to the ground, and an immanent, post-Philonic manner of thought began, and continues.

Such a scheme is of course unlikely, and a touch impudent. Philo was hardly the grand philosopher which Wolfson would have had him be, let alone the founder of nearly two millenia of thought. The extravagant mystical allegories of Philo's rambling texts certainly belong more to the colourful and hectic religious ambiance of late Hellenism than to any austere and punctilious system of philosophizing. One could argue further, as Gilson did, that it was Augustine who was in fact responsible for the inauguration of the tradition for which reason and revelation were complementary sources of truth.

But, beyond the various specific objections which could be proposed, the basic difficulty with Wolfson's reconstruction was that it truncated the history of philosophy by medievalizing it. The paradigm of philosophy with which he operated was a constellation of problems utterly medieval in character: problems of creation, of causality, miracles, and free will, of prophecy, of ethics and religious law, and the fundamental and the most typically medieval question of the relation of faith to reason as it was broached by difficulties of scriptural exegesis. These were the issues which Wolfson found in all the thinkers he discussed, and in some cases because he had himself put them there. Not surprisingly, he had little of value to contribute about modern philosophy, except a description of what it is *not*. But that contemporary philosophy is not essentially engaged with religion is neither a very damning nor telling flaw these days.

Wolfson's mistake, however, was not without its fruits. He placed all future students of medieval philosophy, particularly of its Arab and Jewish episodes, firmly in his debt by definitively delineating and structuring its major preoccupations. He persuasively demonstrated the origins of many modern ideas in their medieval predecessors; the genealogy of Kant's notion of an "internal sense", for example, traced back through the medievals to Augustine and Erigena, is something of a tour de force. But perhaps most significant of all was the method which Wolfson developed for the study of his texts, a method which is apparent on virtually every page of this book. For Wolfson would have heartily agreed with Mill that no man's synthesis can be more complete than his analysis.

Wolfson described his method of analysis as "the hypothetico-deductive method of text-interpretation", which was "in truth nothing but the application of the scientific method to the study of texts". The scholar's interpretative suggestion was like a scientific hypothesis which had to submit to the experimental trial of compatibility with the text. This trial was a highly sophisticated procedure of relentlessly precise reading, according to which a particular term would be isolated, all its explicit and implicit meanings displayed, and its various strands of historical origin and influence separated and analysed. Words for Wolfson were "floating buoys" concealing submerged thoughts: nothing, he maintained, was fortuitous in a text, no expression completely arbitrary, no reference extraneous, no metaphor or image entirely ornamental. These the scholar had carefully to fathom, to ascertain about a given thinker, in Wolfson's favourite phrase, "the latent processes of his reasonings".

The efficacy of such reading was abundantly proved by the conclusive explication of the elliptical maxims which begin Spinoza's *Ethics*, for example, or by his classic paper on amphibolous terms in medieval philosophy, included in this volume. Wolfson arrived at his method not only from philology—his approach is at times somewhat reminiscent of Leo Spitzer's "historical semantics", and sometimes just as intuitive—but also from the Lithuanian *yeshivah* where he was trained as a young man, where a similarly rigorous practice was applied to the clarification and logical analysis of the splendidly buoy-like terminology of the Talmud.

The papers collected in *Studies in the History of Philosophy and Religion* deal with a wide range of themes—theories of divine attributes, creation, science, and religious psychology—but they are highly technical, and will be of interest only to the specialist and advanced student. They are the meticulous products of a scholar going matter-of-factly about his business, sacrificing style to exhaustiveness, accumulating as many sources as possible for the scholarly record. Those interested in a more accessible and readable presentation of Wolfson's views are advised to turn rather to his *Philo* and *Philosophy of Spinoza*. There they will find that rare treat, exciting and imaginative scholarship, rendered in a lucid and vivacious prose.

If they look more closely, they will find as well a troubled mind wrestling with the compromised position of religious faith and Jewish tradition in a secular world. If Wolfson treated all philosophy from the perspective of the medieval synthesis, it was because he believed that the mind was richest in its commerce with the Divine Word. If he cast Philo and Maimonides as principal influences on Western thought, it was to rectify a Christian bias which he found endemic in modern historiography, to reassert the centrality of the Jewish contribution which had been obscured by the deployment of modern history of philosophy according to a Christian philosophy of history.

These are difficult and sensitive questions. The story of Wolfson's personal stake in his work is a complex and poignant one, and an interesting chapter in contemporary Jewish intellectual experience. Of course one need not know it to appreciate the substance of his work, or to evaluate its success. But it is there none the less, latent in Wolfson's own reasonings, haunting the elaborate thicket of interpretations and references and footnotes. The scholar, too, "steckt im detail".

# Sacramental series

## By F. R. Barry

R. C. D. JASPER (Editor) :
The Eucharist Today
Studies on Series 3
180pp. SPCK. £3.95 (paperback £1.95).

All distinctively Anglican communion rites are traceable back to Cranmer's revisions of 1549 and 1552. From Cranmer's day almost to the present, one eucharistic rite alone has been definitive and authoritative in England and everyone has known what it is. Wherever Anglicans have gone the world over they have taken "1662" with them. (The Church of India version of 1960 provided for "briefs, citations and excommunications"!) Until the Lambeth Conference of 1958 the Prayer Book could be claimed as the bond of unity throughout the whole Anglican communion. Since the 1960s there has been an explosion of liturgical change and revision in all the churches.

Series 3 has come as a shock to many and has seemed to involve flagrant innovation, not only in words but in theological emphasis. In *The Eucharist Today*, a collection of essays by members of the liturgical commission, its authors explain what they have been up to and the history and theology behind it. They have little difficulty in establishing their dependence on biblical and patristic sources and on earlier structures of the liturgy. The heart of this rite is, of course, the long Canon based on consecration by Thanksgiving; and this is shown to be true to primitive usage.

D. L. Frost writes interestingly and authoritatively on the modernization of language—including the controversial "You" for "Thou"—and the prose rhythms derived from the Latin *cursus*, and comes out in enthusiastic support. But, as J. L. Houlden protests in the last chapter—far the most radical essay in the book—*liturgiology cannot* be a closed shop. It must be in sensitive touch with movements of thought, both religious and secular, in its period. It is not only Christian language but Christian thought that can become archaic. Does the Eucharist reflect the thought of the Church *today*? Do the biblical words and images, he asks, still convey to us what they did to those who coined them? Series 3, he concludes, "is not too modern, it is too traditional and archaic".

This book should mitigate both resentment of Series 3 because it is unfamiliar, and uncritical approval because it is modern.

# The mysteries of Mithra

## By John Brough

JOHN R. HINNELLS (Editor) :
Mithraic Studies
Proceedings of the First International Congress of Mithraic Studies
Two volumes
560pp and 40 plates. Manchester University Press / Rowman and Littlefield. £25 the set.

In the history of religions, the worship of Mithras has a quite unusual interest. Widespread during the early centuries of the Roman empire, especially among the legions of the army, it has even been seen by some as a potential rival of Christianity. The latter indeed was initially subject to imperial persecution, while Mithraism, so far as we know, was tolerated.

If we accept the view that the two religions were rivals (and such a term can be used here only in a rather vague sense), it may seem that Christianity ultimately prevailed under Constantine because it was essentially a public religion, while Mithraism in the West excluded women, and remained throughout an esoteric sect. Presumably because of this, we possess no texts expounding the theology of Mithraism, but only a few references in classical and early Christian authors, together with inscriptions which were never intended to be made public, and a large number of sanctuaries and sculptures. These monuments, found throughout the Roman Empire, from Britain in the west to Dura-Europos in the east, have given rise to much scholarly controversy about their interpretation.

It is naturally almost impossible to deduce the beliefs of a religious cult simply from its iconography. The Romans, however, were perfectly aware that Mithras was of Persian origin, and indeed one of the seven grades of initiation in the sect is named *Persa*. It was therefore inevitable that modern scholars should take into consideration the divinity Mithra in Zoroastrianism. Here we do have texts, in Avestan and Middle Iranian (but no iconography nor anything corresponding to the western initiation grades). Beyond this, the name of Mitra is prominent in the earliest Indian texts, the Vedas, and is one of the Indo-Aryan divine names attested in a famous treaty between the Hittites and Mitanni in the fourteenth century BC. The god is therefore a common inheritance of the Indo-Aryan peoples. Subsequently, the Iranian Mithra was incorporated into the Manichaean pantheon.

Clearly, an informed and critical examination of all the available textual and archaeological data relevant to the long history of Mitra/Mithra/Mithras is a task beyond the capacity of any single scholar. The First International Congress of Mithraic Studies, held in Manchester in 1971, was therefore designed to bring together specialists in as many as possible of the fields of expertise required; and the Proceedings now published give us a fascinating series of papers dealing with aspects of most of the important problems and controversies.

The first comprehensive study of Roman Mithraism was *Textes et monuments figurés relatifs aux mystères de Mithra* (Brussels, 1896-99) by Franz Cumont, who continued throughout the rest of his career to publish important contributions to the subject. It is a fitting tribute to him that *Mithraic Studies* should include his last work on the subject, an essay on the Dura Mithraeum completed in 1947, the year of his death, but hitherto unpublished. Here it is translated into English and edited with additional annotations by E. D. Francis.

Cumont's explanation of the doctrines and legends of Roman Mithraism was essentially based on Zoroastrian information, which he used to interpret the various scenes depicted in Mithraic monuments, while taking into account the Western classical and Christian statements about the god. The resulting synthesis provided a reasonably coherent account, and its main features were accepted for a long time by most subsequent writers. Roman Mithraism was seen as, in a sense, an irruption into the West of a set of Zoroastrian beliefs and practices, though admittedly modified in various ways to enable them to fit into the social and religious context of the Greco-Roman world. More recently, the discrepancies which Cumont and his followers felt could be explained as relatively unimportant developments in the process of transmission of the religion to the West have seemed to many scholars to be too fundamental to permit any such facile explanation.

A striking example is shown in the most famous scene, frequently depicted in reliefs in Mithraic sanctuaries, that where Mithras is shown with flying cloak in the act of slaying a bull. The god plunges his knife into the bull's flanks, while a scorpion grips its genitals and a dog appears to leap to drink of the animal's blood; a snake is usually also present. Almost always, the bull's tail ends in a bunch of ears of corn. This scene was interpreted in accordance with a Zoroastrian creation myth known only from a late Middle Iranian text. In the latter, however, it is the evil spirit Ahriman who slew the sacred primeval bull, from whose seed nevertheless life was regenerated.

A further notorious difficulty is the appearance in the West of dedications to the *deus Arimanius*. In a frequently quoted passage, Plutarch associates Areimanios with ignorance and darkness, and it is clear from the context that we have here a version of the name Ahriman. It has been suggested that such dedications are apotropaeic; but it is unthinkable that a Zoroastrian would designate Ahriman as a "god".

As A. D. H. Bivar justly remarks in *Mithraic Studies*, "If the Mithraic sanctuaries were to be regarded as Zoroastrian shrines, such a dedication is obviously as out of place as one to the devil in a Christian church." Plutarch goes on to state that Mithres stands between the supreme Deity and Arimanius, "whence the Persians call him the Mediator".

It would seem that the enormity of this remark has not been sufficiently appreciated: in Zoroastrianism, a "mediation" between the powers of good and evil would be little short of blasphemy. Possibly Plutarch misunderstood his source; and Mithra might have been conceived by some Iranians as a mediator between God and *man*. However, no Iranian parallel to the concept of Mithra's mediation has yet been noted.

One aspect of the problem which has not been sufficiently stressed is the fact that in the West Mithras is a central cult-figure. In Zoroastrianism, on the other hand, Mithra is indeed a divine figure (*yazata*), but is integrated into a wider religious context: he has no "cult" of his own.

The papers in these volumes range from the Indo-Iranian concept of Mithra to the possible influence of Mithraic symbolism on Christian iconography, though the main concern of most contributors is the Roman cult. The problem of the discontinuity between the Eastern and Western manifestations remains unresolved. It is suggested by some that the Iranian elements in Roman Mithraism may have been derived from non-Zoroastrian Magian or Median cults, continuing pre-Zoroastrian Iranian traditions. If so, we must still allow for Zoroastrian elements incorporated into these cults, since the concept of Ahriman is Zoroaster's own invention. Several contributors are prepared to see the Western cult as a syncretism in which the Iranian elements were combined with concepts and religious ideas derived from other Western mystery cults. The Second International Congress of Mithraic Studies was held in Tehran in the summer of 1975, and we shall await with keen interest the publication of its Proceedings.

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

## Assistant Director of Recreation

(Libraries and the Arts)

£8,742 - £9,291

The Council has recently established a Recreation Department, headed by the Director of Recreation, with responsibility for the development, coordination and management of the Borough's recreation services: *parks, swimming pools, public halls, libraries and the arts.*

*As the present Borough Librarian, Mr. E. V. Corbett, will be retiring in June applications are invited from Fellows of the Library Association or Graduate Chartered Librarians with sound experience of the development of library services and the arts.*

The Libraries and Arts Division has a staff of 260 and the successful candidate will be responsible for the management and development of the library, Arts and Entertainment Services. The Council is actively involved in corporate management and, as a member of a fully integrated department, the successful candidate will be expected to contribute towards projects outside the main areas of responsibility. Travel allowance of £324 p.a. Re-location assistance.

Application form and further details from Lance Garrett, Director of Recreation, Battersea District Library, Lavender Hill, London SW11 1JB. Tel. 01-228 8899, ext. 277. Closes 9th April, 1976.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
**Wandsworth**

## LIBRARIANS
### in Government Departments

**There are vacancies in the following Government Departments for candidates with professional qualifications and some practical experience.**

**MINISTRY OF DEFENCE**

Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, Hants.
Royal Army Medical College, Millbank, London SW1.
Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, Wilts.
Royal Radar Establishment, Malvern, Worcs.

**SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH COUNCIL**

London EC1.

**HM TREASURY**

Treasury and Cabinet Office Library, London SW1 (2 posts)

Further vacancies may arise in these and other departments.

SALARY: £2,395 to £3,670 (£465 higher in London). Starting salary may be above the minimum. Promotion prospects. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by 5 April 1976) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants., RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours) or *London 01-839 1992 (24 hour answering service).* Please quote ref. G(2)624.

WEST Glamorgan County Council

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Application forms for the undermentioned post are available from: THE CENTRAL PERSONNEL UNIT, Y.M.C.A. BUILDING, THE KINGSWAY, SWANSEA. Telephone: Swansea 54000.

PLEASE QUOTE APPROPRIATE REFERENCE NUMBER.
Closing date for the return of completed Application Forms: FRIDAY, 2nd APRIL, 1976.

## ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

REF.: SV/037/064

Taibach Library, Port Talbot.

The successful applicant will work in the Bibliographic Services Section of District Headquarters. Applicants must be Chartered Librarians.

Salary: £2,922-£3,282 per annum.

## Librarian
### King Abdul Aziz University

A qualified librarian is required by the College of Engineering for classification and cataloguing. The language of the college is English.

- Salary is comparable with those of the UK/USA and is tax free.
- Free furnished accommodation is provided or an excellent allowance is paid.
- Up to four free return air travel tickets are issued for use of employee and dependent family during the summer vacation.
- Employment is initially on a one year contract, extendable.

Interviews will be held during June-July 1976 as close to towns of residence as may be possible. Travel expenses will be paid to those called for interview.

Please apply on plain paper, enclosing your curriculum vitae with names of two referees, *copies* of all diplomas and certificates and a recent passport size photograph. Please make your application as complete as possible, otherwise we will have to send you our application form and enter into correspondence which may delay matters.

College of Engineering, King Abdul Aziz University, P.O. Box 1540, Jeddah, Saudi Arabia.

Applications should be sent by Registered Air Mail on or before April 30, 1976.

Saudi Arabia

## ASSISTANT IN CHARGE REFERENCE LIBRARY

Required in Cardiff to run a small library used by radio and television production staff. Duties will include a limited amount of research work. Applicants should be fully qualified Librarians with a knowledge of general reference work, an interest in Current Affairs generally and in Welsh topics in particular. Thorough knowledge of Welsh and a continuing awareness of general trends in Welsh Literature essential.

Salary £2,736 per annum (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) x £135 to a maximum of £3,411 per annum.

Write or telephone immediately for an application form (enclosing addressed foolscap envelope and quoting reference 76.G.47/TL), to Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-580 4468, ext. 4619.

**BBC CYMRU WALES**

Norfolk County Council

Norfolk County Library West Norfolk Division

(a) Hunstanton/Dersingham Branch Libraries
(b) Swaffham/Watton

## Branch Librarians

A.P. 3/4 £2,922-£3,702

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians. Hunstanton/Dersingham and Swaffham/Watton are linked branches in the West Norfolk Division and an ability to drive is essential. The posts will be based at:

(a) Hunstanton
(b) Swaffham

*The County Council will reimburse 100 per cent of the cost of removal expenses and up to £250 disturbance allowance.*

Application forms and further details obtainable from the Divisional Librarian, Central Library, London Road, King's Lynn PE30 5EZ, to whom applications should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

Amenities & Works Department—Library Service

## PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN

£5,253-£5,838
(including London Weighting)
(P.O.1.B.)

Applications are invited for the above post, which ranks second in the libraries establishment. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians, preferably Fellows of the Library Association. Experience in the administration of a large library system is desirable.

The Council offers assistance towards removal expenses, including legal and estate agents fees, lodging allowance and travel allowance. Interest free loans for annual season tickets are available.

Further details and application forms from the Administration Manager, Room 708, Brent House, High Road, Wembley, Middlesex, returnable by 3rd April, 1976. Telephone 01-903 0371 (24 hour Ansafone service). Reference number A/65 must be quoted.

*London Borough of*
**BRENT**

Buckinghamshire County Council

## Librarian
### LITTLE CHALFONT

**Salary: A.P.3, £2,922-£3,282 p.a.
plus £120 Fringe Payment**

**Minimum qualification: Chartered Librarian**

NJC Conditions of Service. Successful candidate subject to Medical Examination. Removal expenses of up to £150 and Lodgings Allowance of £8 per week, pending removal. Applications (no forms), together with the names and addresses of two referees, to the County Librarian, County Hall, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 8th April, 1976, from whom further details may be obtained.

## BRANCH LIBRARIAN, HAM

Salary £2,388-£3,543 p.a. inclusive

Applicants must have the Library Association Final Examination or an equivalent qualification. Commencing salary in accordance with qualifications and experience. A salary bar operates at £3,114.

*For application form and further details apply to the Chief Librarian and Curator, The Retreat, Retreat Road, Richmond, Surrey, TW9 1PH.* (01-940 0031) *returnable by 2nd April,* 1976.

**London Borough of
RICHMOND UPON THAMES**

CUNNINGHAME DISTRICT COUNCIL
Department of Leisure & Recreation

Applications are invited for the following post in the new Irvine Branch Library, which will be situated on the ground floor of the District Council Headquarters, close to the Shopping Plaza:

## Branch Librarian

Salary—A.P.3 £3,474-£3,825

To the successful applicant this post offers a challenging opportunity to develop the service in a growing community.

Candidates should be Chartered Librarians with relevant experience.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience should be lodged with the undersigned within 10 days of this advertisement appearing in the Press.

Bridgegate House,
Bridgegate,
Irvine.

J. M. Miller,
Chief Executive.

## WARWICKSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

Senior Assistant/Schools Librarian

Librarians' Scale
(Chartered Librarians £2,922-£3,282)

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post at Bedworth. Further details from The County Librarian, The Butts, Warwick CV34 4SS.

Applications with the names and addresses of two referees to the above address within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

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# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

## ASSISTANT INFORMATION OFFICER

Foster Wheeler Ltd. are leaders in the process plant contracting industry—designing and building oil refineries and similar installations throughout the world. We require a qualified Assistant Information Officer for our Library and Information Service.

Your main responsibility will be to monitor world trends affecting the Company's business, disseminating news on potential market opportunities, process plant projects and other economic developments to senior technical personnel and management.

Ideally, you'll be under 35 and will have a degree in engineering, science or economics—or an equivalent qualification in the information field.

Experience in commercial or applied science information work is essential—and a previous job on the chemical engineering side would obviously be an advantage.

The job is based at our new purpose-designed headquarters directly opposite Reading General Station. We operate a flexible system of working hours and all overtime is paid.

Salary is dependent on age and experience, but will certainly reflect the high quality of the person we're seeking.

Contact: Beverley Davies, Foster Wheeler Ltd.,
Foster Wheeler House, Station Road, READING, Berkshire.
Tel. Reading 585211

**FOSTER WHEELER**
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**LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT**

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for a post of

## ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

(£3,096 to £3,366 plus shift allowance)

In the Central Library. Preference will be given to candidates with an interest in music or in science and technology.

Applications stating age, experience, present salary and qualifications, together with the name of a person (preferably the present employer) to whom reference may be made, should be submitted to the Chief Librarian, Civic Centre, East Kilbride G74 1AB, within ten days of the appearance of this advertisement.

East Kilbride district council

W. GORDON McNAY,
Chief Executive

NATIONAL WATER COUNCIL

## Assistant for Water Information Centre

£2,842-£3,145

The National Water Council, the central co-ordinating and advisory body of the UK water services, has a large library at Queen Anne's Gate in London, which provides information to the Council itself and to the water industry in general.

We need an Assistant, a young person with several O levels/CSEs, who has had between a year and 18 months in library work and who now wants the opportunity to develop his or her professional experience. As well as general library duties, you will also have particular responsibility for the control of documentation—special reports, booklets, pamphlets—received from regional authorities. You will be given training in cataloguing, classification, abstracting and information work, as required. Typing ability would be an advantage.

Salary will be in the range £2,842-£3,145, and excellent benefits include LVs, contributory pension, generous holidays, and personal accident insurance.

Please write or telephone for an *application form*, which should be returned by 5th April, to: Mr. R. H. Pamplin, Assistant Secretary (Establishments), National Water Council, 1 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1H 9BT. Tel: 01-930 3100.

## LIBRARY ASSISTANT

The Institute's library requires an assistant to join a friendly and lively group of people. The vacancy is on the book-lending counter, with opportunities for experience in other sections. This is an interesting library handling enquiries and problems from managers both in industry and public service. If you are looking for a more demanding job, why not join us?

Although we would prefer some library experience, we would be willing to train somebody interested in working in a library for the first time.

Starting salary to £1,900 p.a. according to experience + £400 London allowance. Write or telephone for further details or an interview to Staff Officer, British Institute of Management, Management House, Parker Street, London WC2B 5PT. Tel. No. 01-405 3456.

**Nottinghamshire County Council**
**EDUCATION DEPARTMENT**

## SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

A Chartered Librarian is required at the Carlton le Willows Comprehensive School, Wood Lane, Gedling, Nottingham. Salary will be within the range £3,366-£3,702 p.a. Scale A.P.4.

Generous assistance will be given with the expenses incurred in moving house in accordance with the Authority's scheme.

Further details are available from the Director of Education, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham, Telephone Nottingham 863366, extension 702.

Applications, including the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent direct to the Headmaster at the school. Closing date 2nd April, 1976.

PALESTINE AND THE ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT

Recent and forthcoming publications of The Institute for Palestine Studies, Beirut.

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London, SE26 4NZ.

EUROPE
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Postfach 71 10 09,
Munich.

or
THE INSTITUTE FOR PALESTINE STUDIES
P.O. Box 11/7164, Beirut,
Lebanon.

## LIBRARIANS

**BEDFORD COLLEGE**
of Higher Education

PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN
HEAD OF DEPARTMENT
Grade III

This is a new post which will involve the co-ordination of the work of the libraries of the three Colleges which will make up the new Bedford College of Higher Education.

Applications are invited from experienced qualified librarians; full details of the post may be obtained from the Chief Administrative Officer, Bedford College of Higher Education, Cauldwell Street, Bedford MK42 9AH.

**METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF CALDERDALE**

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of BRANCH LIBRARIAN on Librarians Scale (within £2,127-£3,282).

Further details from Chief Librarian, Libraries Department, Wellesley Park, Gibbet Street, Halifax HX2 0BA.

**CLWYD COUNTY COUNCIL**

DEESIDE HIGH SCHOOL
Queensferry
Tel. Deeside 817575
(V P.E., 11-18 comprehensive)
Head: Neville Stewart, M.A., B.Sc.

Required for September, 1976, RESOURCES LIBRARIAN, Scale 4. The school is committed to and well equipped for Resource based learning, and has a Resource area, satellites and good facilities. The successful applicant must have good library skills and good knowledge and experience of Resource based curriculum development.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Head, to whom completed forms should be returned by April 5th.

John Howard Davies, Director of Education, Shire Hall, Mold.

APPLICATIONS invited from qualified Librarians for the post of part-time Assistant Librarian. Suit recently retired person. Salary negotiable. Folklore Society, C/O University College, Gower Street, London WC1E 6BT.

**CITY OF COVENTRY**

LIBRARIES, ARTS AND MUSEUMS DEPARTMENT

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RESEARCH ASSISTANT
LIBRARIANS SCALE/AP4

A vacancy has arisen in the Research Unit of the Department's Bibliographical Services Section. Under the general supervision of the Bibliographical Services Officer the person appointed will be responsible for the control of a centralised research function and, as a member of the Section's management team, will contribute to the overall direction of the work.

Application forms and further particulars from the Director, Libraries Arts and Museums Department, Administration, Bayley Lane, Coventry CV1 5RG. Returnable by 29th March, 1976.

**CLWYD COUNTY COUNCIL**

LIBRARY SERVICE

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Schools Library Service. Based at County Library Headquarters, Mold. Salary on scale £2,127 to £3,702 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians (or awaiting Charter) and have knowledge of library work with young people. Ability to speak Welsh highly desirable.

Application forms obtainable from the Director of Administration, Shire Hall, Mold (Tel. Mold 2121, extension 375) to be returned by 6th April.

M. H. Phillips, Director of Administration.

**UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA**
Norwich

PRINCIPAL LIBRARY ASSISTANT
(Cataloguing)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of PRINCIPAL LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the Cataloguing Department. Starting salary according to experience on a point within *the scale £2,922 to £3,702.*

Candidates should be chartered librarians with considerable experience of cataloguing, preferably in an academic library, and should be prepared to undertake supervisory duties in the department. Knowledge of French and German is desirable.

Applications, giving full particulars of age, qualifications, and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Librarian, University of East Anglia, University Plain, Norwich NR4 7TJ, from whom further particulars are available, not later than 5 April, 1976.

**LONDON BOROUGH OF HACKNEY**

LIBRARY SERVICES DIVISION

ASSISTANT MUSIC LIBRARIAN
AP3
(Salary £3,303-£3,663 p.a. inc.)

A suitably qualified and experienced Librarian is required to take charge of one of the borough's Music and Record Libraries.

Application forms obtainable from Head of Borough Personnel Services, Town Hall, Hackney E8 1EA. Telephone 01-986 9278 (24-hour answering service) quoting job reference TLS/385.

Closing date for applications 29th March, 1976.

**HUMBERSIDE COUNTY COUNCIL**

LEISURE SERVICES DEPARTMENT

LIBRARIANS AP 1-4
Post Nos. 123, 86, 77
Salary, £2,127 to £3,702

(A) Central Children's Librarian, Grimsby. Post holder will be responsible to Divisional schools and Children's Librarian and duties will include Children's Library work in nine branch libraries.

(B) Librarian posts available in the Hull Division libraries. Successful applicants will be working as part of small professional team.

Applicants should be suitably qualified.

Application forms are available from and returnable to Director of Leisure Services (AS), Central Library, Albion Street, Hull, by the 29th March, 1976.

**LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC**
LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(3 posts)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above new POSTS from suitably qualified librarians.

Experience in an academic library would be an advantage. A knowledge of interest in library automation is desirable for one of these positions.

Salary: £2,127 to £2,865 per annum.

Further particulars and application form obtainable from the Staffing Officer, Leicester Polytechnic, P.O. Box 143, Leicester LE1 9BH.

**LOTHIAN REGIONAL COUNCIL**

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

SCHOOL LIBRARIES AND RESOURCES SECTION

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SCHOOL LIBRARIAN at:

(a) Greenhall High School (Roll 641), Gowkshill, Gorebridge.
(b) Lasswade High School (Roll 1,329), Bonnyrigg.

Both schools have extensions, incorporating a new school library. The successful applicants will be required to establish the libraries and promote the use of the library to staff and pupils. Applicants should possess a recognised professional library qualification.

Salary on Scale (both posts) £2,922-£3,282 with placing on scale according to qualifications and experience.

Application forms may be obtained from the Divisional Education Officer, Division 2 (Personnel Section), 40 Torphichen Street, Edinburgh EH3 8JJ.

**UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER**

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS invited for this POST in the John Rylands University Library of Manchester. The appointee will be responsible for Law, E.E.C., Government and related publications. Salary range £3,174 to £6,447 per annum. Superannuation. Good Honours degree in Law essential: research experience and/or library qualifications additional recommendations.

Particulars and application forms (returnable by April 2nd) from the Registrar, The University, Manchester M13 9PL. Quote reference: 41/76/TLS.

**LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC**

NON BOOK MEDIA LIBRARIAN
(Re-advertisement)

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the above POST. The initial requirement is for a librarian to develop the existing large slide collection to meet the needs of the History of Art degree. A knowledge of art or the problems of slide collections is required.

Salary: £3,828 to £4,095 per annum.

Previous applications for this post will be reconsidered.

Application form and further particulars available from the Staffing Officer, Leicester Polytechnic, P.O. Box 143, Leicester LE1 9BH.

**THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM**

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN
(HUMANITIES)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST in the main library. Applicants should have a good Honours Degree, a professional qualification in Librarianship and wide experience in Academic Libraries. The salary will be within Grade III, £6,234 to £7,742 per annum. Further particulars and application forms from the Staff Appointments Officer, University of Nottingham, University Park, Nottingham, to whom applications should be returned not later than 2nd April 1976. Please quote ref. 472.

**STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL**

COUNTY LIBRARY

LIBRARIAN
(duties to include supervision of Hospital Library in Lichfield Area)

Salary: Librarians £2,127-£3,282. Application forms and further details from the Principal Area Librarian, Lichfield Library, Bird Street, *Lichfield, Staffs,* returnable within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

All applicants are asked to note that it is the County Council's view that it is desirable for their employees to be members of an appropriate Trades Union.

J. Bramley Brown, County Clerk and Chief Executive.

**CHARTERED OR QUALIFIED LIBRARIAN**

Required for post in national documentation centre for sport, physical education and recreation. Housed in main library of the University. Duties primarily to run the library of the centre and assist the Director and Assistant Director in reference work and production of current awareness bulletins.

Salary scale £2,922-£3,282 (Chartered Librarian) £2,529-£2,865 (Qualified Librarian).

Further details may be obtained from Librarian, University of Birmingham, P.O. Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT.

Applications (1 copy) giving details of experience and education and naming two referees to be sent not later than 25th March, 1976.

**CITY OF WAKEFIELD METROPOLITAN DISTRICT COUNCIL**
and
YORKSHIRE & HUMBERSIDE JOINT LIBRARY SERVICES
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**Oxford University Press**

# *The master mystic*

## *By Denis Donoghue*

HENRY SUMMERFIELD:
That Myriad-Minded Man
A Biography of G. W. Russell—Æ
354pp. Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe. £8.75.

On April 17, 1935, a few months before he died, George Russell wrote to his publisher Daniel Macmillan asking him to arrange for the *Collected Poems* to be bound "in dark blue, which is my colour". "This hue", Henry Summerfield reports in the new biography, *That Myriad-Minded Man*, "the colour of the god Mananan whom Æ believed to be the Celtic Logos, stands in Theosophy for concentrated abstract thought—thought refined and exalted to the point at which it can apprehend the highest realities: in poetic language, this is sometimes represented by a deep blue, star-irradiated sky, a symbol which appears in *The Avatars*." But the god Mananan had not intervened to protect his devotee, Æ "the master mystic", from Joyce's mischief in *Ulysses*:

> (In the cone of the searchlight behind the coalscuttle, ollave, holyeyed, the bearded figure of Mananan MacLir broods, chin on knees. He rises slowly. A cold seawind blows from his druid mantle. About his head writhe eels and elvers. He is encrusted with weeds and shells. His right hand holds a bicycle pump. His left hand grasps a huge crayfish by its two talons.)
>
> MANANAN MACLIR
>
> (With a voice of waves.) Aum! Hek! Wal! Ak! Lub! Mor! Ma! White yoghin of the God. Occult pimander of Hermes Trismegistos, (With a voice of whistling seawind.) Punarjanam patsypunjaub! I won't have my leg pulled. It has been said by one: beware the left, the cult of Shakti. (With a cry of stormbirds.) Shakti, Shiva! Dark hidden Father! (He smites with his bicycle pump the crayfish in his left hand. On its cooperative dial glow the twelve signs of the zodiac.)

Presumably a biographer of Æ should exhibit an interest in such matters as these: the possible relation between beards, bicycles, and mysticism; reluctance to practise consecutive thought; constant attendance upon the Ever-Living in the hope of receiving messages, however impenetrable, from that source; a disinclination to have one's leg pulled. Mr Summerfield's interests are not as diverse as they might be, but his book is informative, and therefore useful.

George Russell was born on April 10, 1867, in Lurgan, where his father worked as a bookkeeper in a linen firm. "I have never been sufficiently grateful to Providence for the mercy shown to me in removing me from Ulster; though I like the people I cannot breathe in the religious and political atmosphere of the North East corner of Ireland", Russell commented. In 1878 his father took a job in an accountant's office in Dublin, and the family moved south. George regularly went back to the North on holiday, and to Donegal to paint, but otherwise he lived and dreamt in Dublin, poet, painter, mystic, editor, a Dublin character if not a Dubliner. He worked for several years in Pim's, a large shop, until he joined Horace Plunkett in running the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. In 1905 he became editor of *The Irish Homestead* (Mananan's version: "I am the light of the homestead, I am the dreamery creamery butter"). Later he edited *The Irish Statesman*, coaxing his friends into print. Meanwhile, in a city notable for malice, he was loved.

Russell's position in the history of the Irish Literary Revival is marginal. Mr Summerfield says that "his greatest accomplishment was the creation of his own character", and it is clear that his published works are inferior to his presence. But character is merely a word for those attributes he always possessed; he never made himself, in Yeats's sense of the word, a personality. Russell's imagination contented itself with the description of virtue; it did not feel impelled to exert itself upon a strictly creative purpose. When he turns up in Yeats's *A Vision*, accompanied by Newman, Luther, Calvin, and George Herbert in Phase 25, his purpose is given as "to limit and bind, to make men better, by making it impossible that they should be otherwise, to so arrange prohibitions and habits that men may be naturally good, as they are naturally black or white or yellow". His power, Yeats says "rests in certain simplifying convictions which have grown with his character; he needs intellect for their expression, not for proof, and taken away from these convictions is without emotion and momentum". But Yeats is more severe upon Russell in the *Memoirs*. "He has the religious genius", Yeats remarks, "and it is the essence of that genius that all souls are equal in its eyes: queen or apple-woman, it is all one, seeing that none can be more than an immortal soul; whereas I have been concerned with men's capacities, with all that divides man from man."

Yeats thought Russell a good man but a bad influence. "He has taught many to despise all that does not come out of their own minds and to trust to vision to do the work of intellect; and minds in which there is nothing original turn with arrogance against every talent that does not please them at the first glance". Russell, according to this argument, encouraged his followers in "a luxurious dreaming, a kind of spiritual lubricity", instead of making them use their minds.

Reading Æ's poems is like being inside a feather mattress, embarrassed by texture absurdly in excess of structure and ossature: it would be fatal to the experience if the words suddenly decided to specify something. Russell's eloquence denotes nothing, and absorbs objects only as stains and oozings. In *Ulysses* J. J. O'Molloy asks Stephen Dedalus, "what do you think really of that hermetic crowd, the opal hush poets: Æ the master mystic?", and twenty pages later Bloom thinks it sufficient to say of them that they are vegetarians, "literary ethereal people they are all . . . dreamy, cloudy, symbolistic". "I wouldn't be surprised", he avers, "if it was that kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain the poetical." In "A Mountain Wind" the poet is "brother to grass and stones", but the brotherhood does not authenticate the grass and stones by providing a language to denote or discriminate them. Russell's appalling facility makes anything change into anything at the drop of a syllable, according to the poetaster's procedure once defined, with judicious severity, by Marianne Moore as "the cadence being the sole reason for all that follows":

> The sombre trees
> To cloud change unimaginably;
> nay;
> To fire, to mind.

Unimaginably: that is, Russell cannot imagine it, he can only believe it and assent to it. In "Transformations" "imagines" becomes "imagineth" to provoke a rhyme:

> For lips laugh there at beauty the
> heart imagineth,
> And feet dance there at the holy
> Bridal of Love and Death.

Reviewing *The Earth Breath* (1897), Yeats said that even when we are in love, Æ would have us love the invisible beauty before the visible beauty "and make our love a dream", but he offered the sentence as praise and did not report the fact that Æ's poems take for granted an unearned and unquestioned relation between visible and invisible beauty and do nothing to explicate it. Our love becomes a dream because Æ's language cannot ascribe to anything its proper density and weight. What he calls transformation is merely the process by which objects and relations lose whatever reality they have had and find themselves dissolved in the aura of Aum and Hek.

The recent exhibition of Æ's paintings at the Oriel Gallery, Dublin, provided the agreeable surprise of discovering that they are not as bad as George Moore said they were. "The Donegal dauber" is a formula not entirely adequate to the occasion. Æ never acquired a style and found it easier to borrow one from Gustave Moreau: in every other respect he was lazy, careless, the most un-Blakean of painters who thought their paintings had something to do with Blake. He told John Quinn:

> What I want to do is to paint landscape as if it had no other existence than as an imagination of the Divine Mind, to paint man as if his life overflowed into that imagination, and to paint the Sidhe as mingling with his life; indeed, the unity of God and man and nature in one single being—an almost impossible idea to convey in paint.

In practice this means that nothing is allowed to assert itself in relation to anything else: the ostensibly human figures are assimilated to trees, sunshine, and leaves, which in turn yield their contours to an atmosphere which is as much of the Divine Mind as Æ's facile brush can register. Where there is nothing but the human face, as in Æ's portrait of Iseult Gonne, the paint retains of her vitality only her patience. The girl's head does not define itself in relation to space, but waits as if kept alive by the vague possibility of attending upon a vision. "The supreme question about a work of art", Æ is made to say in *Ulysses*, "is out of how deep a life does it spring", but his notion of depth is explicated by the previous sentence: "Art has to reveal to us ideas, formless spiritual essences." In painting as in poetry, he thought that to reveal those spiritual essences it was sufficient to show how easily material existences may be dissolved. *Ulysses* again:

> Formless spiritual. Father, Word and Holy Breath. Allfather, the heavenly man. Hiesos Kristos, magician of the beautiful, the Logos who suffers in us at every moment. This verily is that. I am the fire upon the altar. I am the sacrificial butter.

Mr Summerfield has a good deal to say of Æ as Theosophist, and of the influence upon him of Madame Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and James Pryse. "He can do the sidereal alright", Pryse said of Æ, displaying the vulgarity which prompted Yeats to dispose of him in *The Trembling of the Veil* as "an American hypnotist". Yeats thought Æ "the one masterful influence among young Dublin men and women who love religious speculation, but have no historical faith". It is clear, however, that he seemed to Yeats a *naïf*, saint indeed to all his friends, "as the fool is sacred in the East", but lazy in the reception of his visions. Yeats wanted Æ to examine and question his visions, and even to write them down as they occurred, but Æ would only interpret them within the self-fulfilling terms of *The Secret Doctrine*. In *The Avatars* and *The Interpreters* he sets up an extremely limp dialectic between "the mystic empire" and "the mechanistic maze", but he does not even begin to clarify the nature of vision or discriminate between one visionary episode and another. His surrogates Paul and Lavelle merely give the standard notion of the imagination a theosophical tone.

In the end, what counts is the practical work: helping people, turning geese into swans, setting up cooperative banks, persuading Irish farmers that, having feet, they should consider standing upon them. *The Irish Homestead* may have presented itself to Joyce's irony as "the pigs' paper", work of the bullockbefriending bard, but it was good work, especially for a man who might otherwise have contented himself with doing the sidereal. Æ's journalism, as in his *Imaginations and Reveries* and *The Living Torch* (edited by Monk Gibbon), runs to the high style too often to be convincing, but it includes formidable work, notably the rebuke delivered to Kipling in 1912 on the theme of Ulster. Editorial daring had its limits, of course, especially in the years of *The Irish Statesman*. In 1923 Æ asked Yeats for a poem for the magazine, but when the poem turned out to be "Leda and the Swan" he declined the privilege of publishing it on the grounds that his conservative readers would misunderstand it. He favoured good work and encouraged nearly every Irish writer who showed any ability to produce it, but the limits of his taste were denoted by his representing James Stephens, Padraic Colum, and Seumas O'Sullivan as the truly creative forces in modern Irish literature.

Still, the practical work in co-operation and politics brought out the best in Æ, and Yeats's explanation is reasonable—that Æ's imagination became vivid in the service of something which he had not created: the language of practical affairs gave him what dialect gave Synge, a value independent of his invention.

Mr Summerfield's biography is more complete than anything hitherto available, and it is judicious in its sense of Æ's worth as an artist: it does not conceal the fact that he found it possible to be interesting without the labour of being great. Writing a book of facts and contexts, Mr Summerfield cannot avoid the embarrassment of reciting familiar stories. It is dispiriting to tell yet again the historical background in terms of the Dublin lock-out of 1913, Jim Larkin's activities, the First World War, conscription, the Treaty, the civil war, and the years of recuperation. But the real embarrassment is the necessity of presenting a *biographie intérieure* on the evidence of visible works and days.

In *Song and its Fountains* he describes how poems came to him often from dreams, and he has much to say of psychic experience independent of the bodily senses. In *The Candle of Vision* he testifies to similar events, implying that they are crucial to his development. But these events are so evanescent, their inwardness so much to be taken for granted if taken at all, that they lie far beyond the reach of a biographical method which depends upon public facts, occasions, dates, and places. Mr Summerfield assumes that there is a relation between outer and inner life, but he cannot claim to explicate it by anything producible. The gap between outer and inner experience remains absolute and we are forced to say of each, this verily is not that. Mr Summerfield's facts are reliable and they denote one part of Æ's life, but nothing more. So far as the man was a seer, what he saw remains, even after the [illegible], a secret.

## The Return

*Empty the room behind him, the usual*
*Bach and books, from chairback to chairback flew*
*tense cats, as if myself released from hospital*
*I sat shakily, and it wasn't till my shoe*

*touched something that I thought I saw her*
*there next to me in her armchair,*
*saw her very nearly—peeled, as it were*
*a stick-insect, her long black hair,*

*heavy white half-naked breasts, her blue*
*dressing-gown, from the pink-flowered chair,*
*and gasped, before I could bite my tongue,* Sue!
I could have sworn you weren't here!

*(opened her eyes, like a child in sleepwear*
*warm and sleepy from the bath, she shone),*
*began to take in her being almost there,*
*just as I had taken her being almost gone.*

D. M. Thomas

# Who was that lady?

## By Reyner Banham

MARVIN TRACHTENBERG:
The Statue of Liberty
224pp. Allen Lane. £8.

It is her armpit which the Statue of Liberty presents first to whoever approaches New York from the sea—if her right sleeve had slipped down any further in the effort of raising the torch on high, Auguste Bartholdi, her creator, would have had the sculptural problem of representing under-arm hair on a scale of nineteen times life size! Make what you like of that symbolically—but you must make something symbolic, because Ms Liberty is one of the great symbols of our world, and one of the most baffling.

If, in the end, her ultimate enigma—why is she so symbolically potent?—eludes Marvin Trachtenberg's relentless art-historical analysis, the vain quest enables him to say almost everything about her that can usefully and truthfully be said, from the first germination of the idea of a colossal statue of "La Liberté éclairant le Monde" as a complexly motivated gift from French republicans to the Republic across the ocean, to her eventual apotheosis as the most durable of all emblems of America.

Professor Trachtenberg exhaustively gathers in all the iconographic and formal precedents that nourished her conception in the early 1870s—a daunting mass-rally of bad paintings and flabby statuary, and an equally daunting demonstration of art-historical methodology deployed with a depth and subtlety in exact inverse ratio to the merit of the works under study. Rarely in the history of human scholarship can so much erudition have been lavished on so little etcetera. . . .

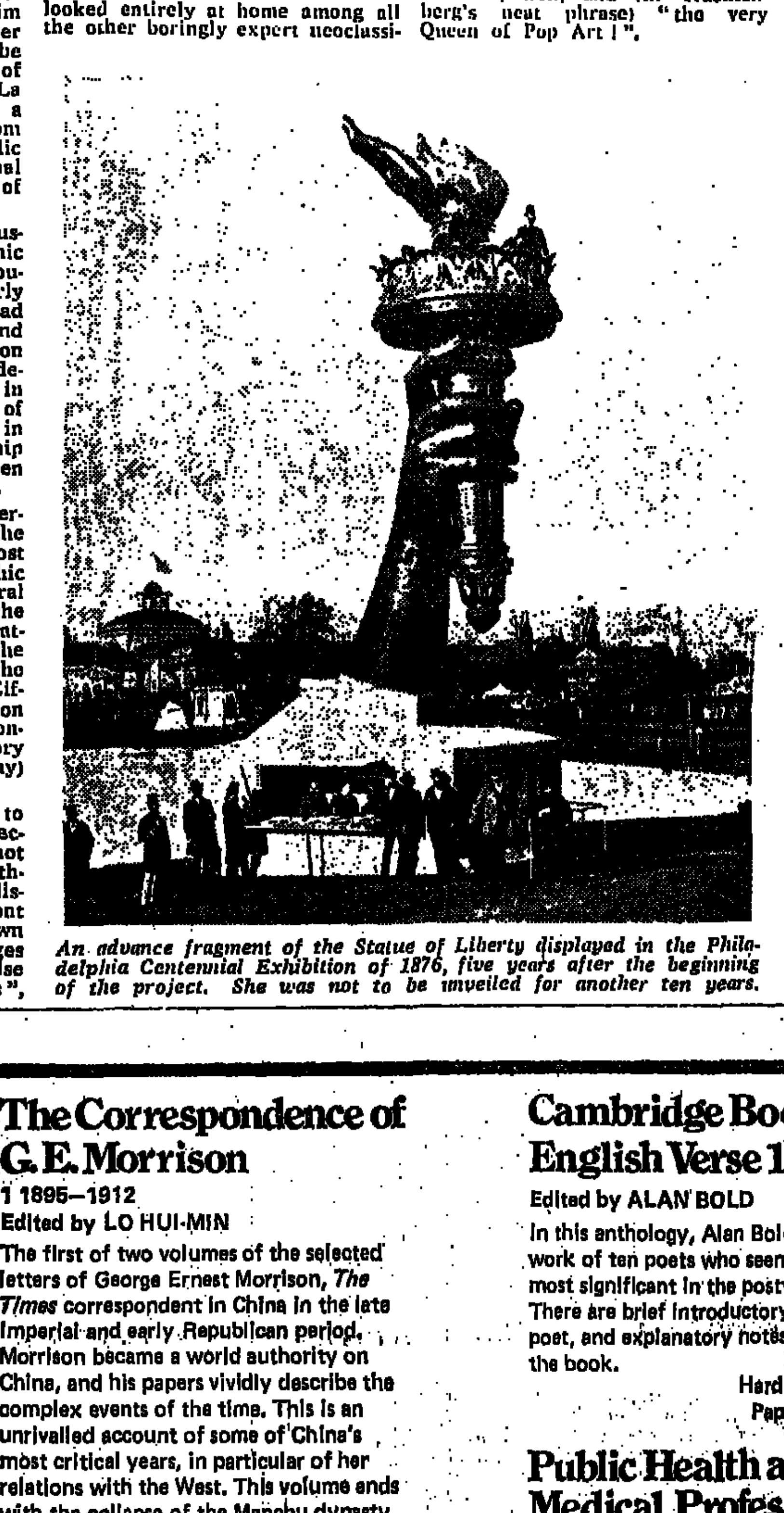
Yet the book is of sustained interest; the art may be boring but the story is fascinating. Much the most interesting of the non-iconographic parts is the account of the structural aspects of the giant statue; the design and construction of the latticed armature that supports the thin copper shell. This was the work of none less than Gustave Eiffel, and Trachtenberg has no option in the end but to compare and contrast (as the rubrics on art-history examination papers persistently say) the sculptor and the engineer.

More significantly, he goes on to compare and contrast their respective colossi, because it really is not possible to discuss late nineteenth-century monumentality without discussing Eiffel's "Tour de Trois-cent Mètres". He seems to come down in favour of Eiffel, whom he judges to have "had his finger on the pulse of the true sensibility of his times", and the tower to have been "the true French sequel to Bartholdi's statue".

He need hardly have done this verbally, however, since one of his illustrations does it so well for him. It shows the quarter-scale model of Liberty set up in 1889 on the Ile des Cygnes in the Seine. Behind, in the compressed enfilade of telephotography are three bridges, some normal-sized Parisian buildings and—overwhelming all—the gigantic legs of the Eiffel Tower bestriding this narrow world like a guess what? Certainly more truly like a colossus in the wonder-of-Rhodes sense than that "fat broad out there on the island", in New York harbour.

So if the Statue of Liberty is poor art and an inadequate colossus, why is she so monstrously effective as a symbol? At least one of the reasons could be geographical, though not in any of the senses essayed by the author. Stylistically, she ought to be somewhere else; to wit, Washington DC, where she would have looked entirely at home among all the other boringly expert neoclassical monuments to this, that, or the other abstract virtue. Conversely, the absolute obelisk of the Washington Monument would look so apt in the context of the Manhattan skyscrapers that one wonders why the all-powerful Commissioner Moses never had it relocated!

At home or not, however, in Washington the statue would have been just another national white elephant, whereas across the water from the Battery, almost in line with Broadway, she is a constant provocation to New York—"I'm Liberty; make a Jewish joke about me!" Put there, ultimately, by a typical Pulitzer press campaign, constantly in full view of the communications industry, she was surely doomed to be "consumed in image . . . by a whole population" (as Roland Barthes said about something completely different), pulped, denatured, homogenized and regurgitated as an instant emblem. In Washington she would have died a monument, but in New York she is alive, well, and (in Trachtenberg's neat phrase) "the very Queen of Pop Art!".


*An advance fragment of the Statue of Liberty displayed in the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876, five years after the beginning of the project. She was not to be unveiled for another ten years.*

# New England gothic

## By Ursula Le Guin

L. SPRAGUE de CAMP:
Lovecraft
510pp. New English Library. £5.75.

H. P. Lovecraft of Providence, Rhode Island, the author of such works as "The Dunwich Horror" and "Fungi from Yuggoth", is the object of a small but tenacious cult. It would be fun for anyone allergic to cultism to go through Lovecraft's works selecting a nosegay of fungi, collecting bigotries and infelicities, perhaps enlisting a computer to determine how many times he used the word "eldritch". Fun, but far too easy. One could quote almost at random. Lovecraft was an exceptionally, almost impeccably, bad writer. He was not even originally bad. He imitated the worst bits of Poe quite accurately, but his efforts to catch Dunsany's sonorous rhythms show an ear of solid tin. Derivative, inept, and callow, his tales can satisfy only those who believe that a capital letter, some words, and a full stop make a sentence.

But though dissatisfied, one may be fascinated, as by any extreme psychological oddity. There cannot have been many writers who surrendered themselves so helplessly, so unprotestingly, to their daemon. Lovecraft dangles like a rabbit from the jaws of his unconscious. Seldom in his life and never in his writing did he try to fight back, to summon up a shred of coherent reasoning, a scrap of authentic prose, as a bulwark against the terrors and compulsions that tyrannized his mind. But Lovecraft's feebleness gave his writing its one strength: his tales can be frightening. Read late at night alone, they give the genuine chill. The house creaks; the cat stares fixedly at something about three feet tall which you cannot quite see, there behind the armchair. Is there, perhaps, a webfooted person in the basement?

Indeed, there was, in Lovecraft's basement. His works beg for psychiatric analysis. They probably would not give a Jungian much scope of the kind that Rider Haggard gave Jung himself: Lovecraft's was a case of arrested development, and Freudian repression-hunting is what is called for. It might, however, be good hunting. At six, the gifted, coddled child of a syphilitic father and a hysterically protective mother wrote down his dream of "a boy who overheard some horrible conclave of subterranean beings in a cave . . .". He went on writing it down for the next forty years.

There was wit and intelligence in him, which went mostly to waste. He said: "All my tales are based on the fundamental premise that common human laws and emotions have no validity or significance in the cosmos-at-large." His effort was "to achieve the essence of real externality". That is no mean ambition, and the phrase provides a useful clue about the nature of the "horror story". For if we seek to be horrified, now and then, by stories, it is surely worth asking why, and how, and what it is that we are afraid of.

L. Sprague de Camp's biography does not, however, engage in any speculations of this kind. It is a solid, painstaking book, surely the "definitive life", readable and well-proportioned despite its length. Mr de Camp seeks neither to glorify nor to debunk—though from time to time he does a bit of each—and he plays none of the dreadful in-group games which the cultists imitate from the master's letters. He does, however, seek to justify, sometimes at length, Lovecraft's period of antisemitic, anti-black, anti-everything-but-pure Aryan ranting, but this sort of blither does not need to be "explained" as a prejudice quite common in the early twentieth century, nor do "explanations" of the unreasonableness of racial prejudice help at all. It is enough to point out, as Mr de Camp does, that the rabid antisemite married a Jewish woman; and that his pure-Aryan phase coincided exactly with a period of suicidal depression. I wish Mr de Camp had let his well-marshalled facts stand alone, allowing the reader to perceive for himself the weird, the appalling, the positively eldritch continuity and wholeness of Lovecraft's life, opinions, and writings, from beginning to end, birth to death. Mr de Camp's own opinions are sane and moderate, far too sane and moderate to suit his demented subject; and so his book keeps running aground on shallows.

When he attempts to praise Lovecraft's style, his argument comes down to the usual dreary, defensive dichotomy between art and entertainment, a red herring if ever there was one. Once he loses his good nature and inveighs against "free verse"—"lazy man's poetry . . . . Anybody, even a child or a computer, can do it . . .". But in general he is sensible, good-natured, and not defensive. He quotes from an early Lovecraft story, "The Crawling Chaos":

> On either side of the house there fell a newly washed-out precipice of red earth, whilst ahead of me the hideous waves were still rolling frightfully, eating away the land with ghastly monotony and deliberation.

"The narrator", continues Mr de Camp, "flees inland, taking his adjectives with him."

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# Love among the artists

## By Joanna Richardson

**LINDA KELLY :**
The Young Romantics
Paris 1827-37
146pp. Bodley Head. £3.75.

To study one of the French Romantics is to make a study of them all. They are linked not only by profession and by influence, but by their rivalries and partnerships, their enmities and, not least, by their reverberating love affairs. George Sand was the mistress of Musset (some said that she was also the lover of Marie Dorval). Marie Dorval was the mistress of Vigny. Alphonse Karr was once the lover of *Juliette Drouet—for fifty years the mistress of Victor Hugo. As for Mme Victor Hugo, she found consolation with Sainte-Beuve. Examine one of these love affairs, and you can hardly help making a* survey of Romanticism. This is what Linda Kelly has done. She begins with Sainte-Beuve's arrival on Victor Hugo's doorstep; she ends with the two men bitterly sharing a carriage, ten years later, at the funeral of Gabrielle, the daughter of Marie Dorval. This choice of decade allows Miss Kelly to chart much of the relationship between Sainte-Beuve and Hugo and Adèle. It also allows her to touch on Romantic poetry, the Romantic theatre, and on most of the notable figures of the age: the heroic figures sculpted in bronze by David d'Angers. David's medallions—as the jacket reminds us—are a superbly Romantic record of the Romantic age. It was right and proper that he gave a complete collection of them to Victor Hugo.

It was on January 12, 1827, that Sainte-Beuve left his modest apartment in the rue de Vaugirard, and paid a momentous call at No 90. He did so at the invitation of Hugo, whose *Odes et Ballades* he had just reviewed. Years later, he remembered this first meeting. "Victor [illegible] conversation opened new perspectives to me. . . . The neighbourly relations soon changed into intimacy, and thenceforward, every day, I felt myself straying, quite happily, from the rather forbidding shores of *Le Globe* towards the enchanted Island of Poetry."

Sainte-Beuve was twenty-two, but he already had an oldish air. He was small and plain, pallid and sandy-haired, and his head was too large for his body. His face was lit up only by his penetrating blue eyes. Women were drawn to him by his frailness, by his solitude and melancholy; men and women alike were charmed by his dazzling mind and conversation. Hugo—who was twenty-four—was flattered by such an admirer. Sainte-Beuve was delighted to find such acceptance. "I have always lived in other *people's houses. I have always sought my nest in their souls."*

*Sainte-Beuve, predictably, fell in love with domesticity, and with Hugo's wife. In time, Adèle responded to his love. Hugo was the Romantic god, handsome and triumphant*; but he was already an intolerable egotist. He had never troubled to understand his wife; and (like his father with Sophie Hugo) he had made excessive demands on her. Adèle was not sensual. Marriage had brought her, above all, the obligations of maternity. Her five pregnancies had been difficult, and the five births had been painful. She longed for a respite; and—presumably after the birth of their last child in 1830—she refused Hugo his marital rights. One suspects that her refusal was not determined only by physical reasons. Perhaps Sainte-Beuve better understood her sexual and emotional needs.

Whether or not she was the mistress of Sainte-Beuve has long been debated; and the debate will always continue. More than 300 letters which she wrote to him were destroyed by his relation, Paul Chéron, after both the Hugos and Sainte-Beuve had died. As Louis Barthou wrote in 1920: "This love will always remain an enigma, not in its reality, which is incontestable, but in its nature and its extent." Whatever the degree of intimacy may have been, this love affair with Adèle was the one great love of the critic's life. "I have had neither spring nor autumn", he wrote. "I have had only a dry and parching summer . . . a summer which devoured everything." The love affair brought Adèle some compensation for Hugo's tyranny; and, inevitably, it led him to accept the marvellous devotion of Juliette Drouet. Juliette bore with his ruthlessness, his egotism, and his constant, increasing, blatant infidelity, for half a century. She died in 1883; he survived her by only two years.

I have dwelt on the relationship between the Hugos and Sainte-Beuve because it is the framework of this book. "Basically we are enemies, mortal enemies", Sainte-Beuve wrote of Victor Hugo. "We *have only to observe what is digni*fied and correct." At the end of Linda Kelly's book they are both correct and dignified—or at least they are not violently rude. But Miss Kelly does not take us to the end of the story. In 1845—the event lies outside her scope—protocol decreed that Hugo should formally receive Sainte-Beuve into the Académie Française. Alphonse Karr, well aware of their relationship, recorded that Sainte-Beuve was "all spruce and elegant. He had brushed his scanty hair forward over his forehead." As for Hugo's speech, it had "something more than elevation".

In public they were still correct; in private, Sainte-Beuve recorded his hostility in the notebooks later published as *Mes Poisons*. He had his account of his love affair privately printed as *Le Livre d'amour*. In 1885, when Sainte-Beuve and Hugo and Adèle were dead, Léon Daudet and the poet's grandson, Georges, went to Guernsey; and there, in Hugo's library, they found an envelope which was sealed with three black seals and inscribed, in Hugo's hand, *Pudenda*. It contained letters from Adèle to Sainte-Beuve. "We knew", added Daudet, "that these significant letters had been sent to Hugo by Sainte-Beuve himself. He wanted—apart from *Le Livre d'amour*—to make him understand the extent of 'his Adèle's' betrayal."

*Happy days in bohemia—poet, painter, musician and sculptor working together in harmony in an engraving by Tony Johannot, which for many years served as a title vignette for the French periodical* L'Artiste, *founded in 1831. It is reproduced in an account of* L'Artiste *by Anthony Burton in the current number of* The Connoisseur *(£1.25, from booksellers or from the National Magazine Co Ltd, Chestergate House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1), which is chiefly devoted to the history of art periodicals and also includes articles on the* Burlington Magazine, *English art magazines of the nineteenth century and art periodicals in America, as well as a fascinating inside history of* The Connoisseur *itself by the outgoing editor, Bevis Hillier. If a note of mild self-felicitation is allowed to creep in the end of Mr Hillier's article, it is well justified. Not only has* The Connoisseur *been notably livelier during his regime, but 1976 marks the seventy-fifth birthday, which is one reason for the special number. Another is the international conference on art periodicals sponsored by the Art Libraries Society, which is being held in London and Brighton from April 8 to 11 and which coincides with the opening of an exhibition called "The Art Press" at the Victoria and Albert Museum.*

The French Romantics still remain larger than life, endlessly tangled and endlessly absorbing. I am not surprised that someone has made this collective study. But it must be said that Miss Kelly has been unequal to the task. She has consulted no documents. She adds nothing new. Occasionally she makes an error (Sainte-Beuve had had a medical, not a scientific, training). Perhaps she dwells too long on George Sand's relationship with Marie Dorval. An angry comment by Vigny and a paragraph in Houssaye's *Confessions* (so often fictional) are no evidence of a lesbian attachment. Personally I should have welcomed a deeper, more original, more stimulating study, written with more of the Romantic fire. Perhaps that may come. In the meanwhile, this is a competent popular introduction.

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THOMAS HARDY

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[illegible] duction and Notes by James Gibson, a new reference system which gives each poem a number, and some thirty pieces, including the songs from *The Dynasts* and *Domicilium*, not in the old *Collected Poems*.

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1,044 pages 4 illustrations £6.50

# French without ennui

## By John Weightman

Lexis
Dictionnaire de la langue française
1,950pp. Paris : Librairie Larousse. £15.90.

Why, it may be asked, should a new French dictionary be called *Lexis*? The preface does not provide any explanation of this novel form of naming, and it may be that the Greek term for "word", "speech" or "enunciation" is being used simply as a convenient means of distinguishing this particular Larousse dictionary from the same publisher's one-volume lexicons with which it might be confused, such as the *Nouveau petit Larousse illustré* or the *Dictionnaire du français contemporain*. Greek words, however, or neologisms based on Greek, abound in the linguistico-philosophical vocabulary of recent Parisian speculation and, on consulting *Lexis* about its own name, we find that *une lexis* has been in use in French since 1960 as a term in logic: "Énoncé logique, considéré indépendamment de la vérité ou de la fausseté de son [illegible]." Whether or not the compilers had this definition in mind while they were at work (actually, they refer to their book as *le Lexis*, perhaps for the same reasons as the transatlantic liner is called *le* and not *la France*), it is clear from the tone and style of their preface that they are very conscious of the whole post-Saussurian trend which sees language as a system of structures with no substantive content, but only a complex and fluctuating referential function.

Language, in its external aspect, consists of "signifiers"—these are the words on the page or the sounds in the air, and they have an objective reality—but, internally, the "signifieds" exist only in the organic uncertainties of living brains, where they are never fixed, but always in process of decay or development. The task of the lexicographer, like that of the language teacher or the translator, is to try to grasp the [illegible] without neglecting either diachronic echoes of past meanings which may be interfering with the present, or the ideolectal peculiarities of a particular speaker or writer, which may be simple misapprehensions of the statistical norm or, more interestingly, inventive modifications of it, contributing to the development of the language.

This linguistic approach makes *Lexis* an excellent piece of work, and probably the best one-volume French dictionary in existence. It recognizes the extraordinary richness of present-day French, with its colloquial, philosophical and scientific ramifications, by including more than 70,000 terms; thus the reader who consults it can be sure of elucidating a modern novel or a sophisticated newspaper article, which is by no means the case with the shorter lexicons, such as the *Dictionnaire du français contemporain*; in fact, *Lexis* will no doubt render the *Dictionnaire* obsolete. Also, it weighs exactly six and a half pounds, so that the average male reader can pick it up conveniently with one hand, although more tender reader-persons may, as usual, have to use two. The presentation is clear and as logical as it can be, given the degree of arbitrariness which must enter into any classification of vocabulary. Pronunciation is transcribed according to the international phonetic alphabet; etymologies, whether certain or hypothetical, are briefly indicated; the date of the first ascertainable emergence of each meaning is mentioned, and the meanings themselves are laid out with examples, and as far as possible according to their chronological development, or according to their associative progression from the literal to the figurative.

Colloquial, argotic or obsolescent uses are carefully distinguished and, where necessary, there is an additional entry, in different type, covering the archaic senses which were current in the neoclassical style of pre-Revolutionary France. In short, this is an all-purpose working instrument, which the user can rely upon most of the time, without having also to refer to slang dictionaries or specialist vocabularies. After keeping it by me for three [illegible] to quibble about. True, in the preliminary remarks on pronunciation it perpetuates the widespread belief that, in ordinary neutral speech, the accent falls on the last syllable, whereas I have always thought it would be truer to say that, compared with most other languages, French makes no accentual distinction between the syllables, except for emotional or intellectual/[illegible] tional reasons. The slang meaning of *les valseuses*, made prominent by the recent film of that name, is missing, whereas it is to be found in the two-volume Harrap New *Standard French-English*. *Boucler*, in the journalistic sense of "to put to bed", *boucler le journal*, un [illegible] *de bouclage*, is not given, but it is not in the Harrap either.

*Lexis* goes one better than Harrap in distinguishing between the two pronunciations of *le sas*: *sa* when it is the sieve, and *sas* when it is the air-pressure or a water-pressure hatch, and, unlike Harrap, it points out, in connection with "software", that the French term preferred by the authorities is *logiciel*. The useful practice of distinguishing between different principal meanings by having a succession of separate entries (*génie*, for example, is given four headings: divine being, exceptional ability, general characteristics and engineering) is, perhaps, not always carried out as rigorously as it might be. It would, for instance, have been worthwhile to draw a more definite line between the two main meanings of *ennui*, namely boredom and active worry or molestation, which foreigners at least frequently confuse. When Gide wrote: "Je ne suis qu'un garçon qui s'amuse, doublé d'un pasteur protestant qui l'ennuie", the last part of the sentence did not mean, as some Anglo-American critics have assumed, "who bores him", but "who nags away at him", "won't leave him alone". One can even have a play on words in French: "Mes ennuis me préservent de l'ennui"—"My worries prevent me being bored." But perhaps this is the sort of point which becomes clearer when one adopts a bilingual, rather than a unilingual approach. On the whole, as a French dictionary, *Lexis* can be warmly recommended.

# The multiple Taylor

## By J. R. Vincent

**ALAN SKED and CHRIS COOK (Editors) :**
Crisis and Controversy
Essays in Honour of A. J. P. Taylor
198pp. Macmillan. £10.

A. J. P. Taylor is the representative historian of our century, as Macaulay was of the last. Of names that can stand comparison, Namier may surpass him as an obsessed scholar, and Butterfield as an exquisite historical thinker; and of the nameless losers in the race, one might vanquish him in the short polemical sprint, and not a few in mellowness of tone and judgment. For all that, Taylor wins the pentathlon. He has done more (very much more), and across all kinds of terrain. He is a historian *sans phrase*, not a man using history as the vehicle for other gifts. On his seventieth birthday, March 25, 1976, he deserves our respect.

What he deserves rather less is the curate's egg of a festschrift with which his epigoni have now presented him. It is not his first ordeal of this kind. His sixtieth birthday saw a volume edited by Martin Gilbert, *A Century of Conflict, 1850-1950* (1966). Neither book has given us that opiate of the scholar, a proper bibliography of Taylor's writings (more necessary now than ten years ago). Neither has anything to say about Taylor beyond conventional obeisances, which in the present case amount to less than a page. Taylor's academic journey from the groves of the Manchester History School in its pre-war glory to his creative achievement at the late Beaverbrook Library must have had its moments of interest; a pity that no pen was found competent and hardy enough to set down a chronicle for this occasion. No bibliography, then, and no historiographical study, no waxwork for the hall of fame, but a few significant errors that show we are indeed on what one may politely call the frontiers of scholarship. Donald Watt writes of Taylor being increasingly "disinterested" in Europe (page 125) and we learn that Stephen Koss has written an "interpretive" account of something (page ix). Two contributors use subheadings, and several employ the portentous term "revisionism" to convey the notion that different people have different ideas.

The main objection to the book is that it is a *réchauffé*. Three of the contributors, Chris Cook, John Stevenson and Paul Addison, appeared a few months ago in *The Politics of Reappraisal, 1918-1939* (edited by G. Peele and Chris Cook, Macmillan, £10). Stevenson's contribution now bears a family resemblance to his piece then. Cook's able piece on local government results before 1914 is closely related to his equally able recent piece on the same data between the wars. Both may to some extent be previews of his forthcoming history of the Liberal Party in the twentieth century, in which case the impecunious librarian may well think hard before allowing three purchases to do the work of one. Paul Addison is in a different category. He repeats, not a previous snippet, but his own book of last autumn, *The Road To 1945* (which neither Addison's text, nor the notes on contributors, mention). It may be that Addison's contribution was written earlier, and published later, than his book, because of the wish to delay the festschrift to coincide with Taylor's birthday. It hardly matters, for it is hard to distinguish matter that is not common to both, and there is more than a hint of repetition of whole passages. (Moreover, Cape sell Addison's book at £6.50, which makes Macmillan's price of £10 look a bit steep for a shorter work.) The Basingstoke style of publishing, based on the idea that monographs do not sell, consists of manufacturing omnibus volumes by divers hands which can be given an air of spurious generality. Librarians, students, authors, and standards alike suffer from this triumph of marketing policy.

Two of the essays are specialist studies on "abroad", the other seven being on English topics. Alan Sked argues that Metternich was not, as some hold, a federalist manqué who would have liked to solve Austria's problems by liberal grants of local autonomy. On the contrary, Metternich was more concerned with the devolution of paper than the devolution of power. Vienna was to rule; the provinces were welcome to their bits of local colour. Metternich's federalism was a wise form of centralism. This is exactly what anyone over thirty would expect, and the merits of Mr Sked's not very well-arranged views depend almost entirely on his having a Professor Haas to hand who conveniently takes an opposite line. The other overseas specialist, Ian Nish, looks at Japan's entry into war in 1941, "one of the most complex of all the wars of history", and concludes that the Japanese were out of their depth in China, knew what they were doing in their search for a colonial empire in South-East Asia, and that Pearl Harbour was a reckless miscalculation.

John Grigg provides a straightforward student essay on the Liberal Government of 1905-14, chiefly unusual for the details it gives of the sales, and initial neglect, of Dangerfield's influential *The Strange Death of Liberal England*. On one point he stands open to correction, in that he calls Conservative support for Ulster "a grave constitutional lapse". This is mere Liberal platform rhetoric and will hardly do nowadays. Asquith introduced legislation in the spring of 1912 providing for civil war in Ireland. Presumably, as a civilized man, he did not want this, and he needed some excuse for backing down. This it was the duty of a responsible and politically intelligent Opposition to provide. The worst thing that could possibly have happened in 1912-14 would have been for Asquith's original policies to have been allowed to take their course. The "crisis" of 1912-14 is a highly stylized and moral piece of collusion, turned into a black legend by liberal journalism.

Chris Cook's study of municipal elections before 1914 is powerful and important, and a useful corrective to the patchy by-election evidence. Labour gained ground, but only in a few limited areas. In fourteen major industrial towns, Labour had 11 per cent of the seats. Elsewhere it hardly existed. The only Labour council of any importance before the war was West Ham. In 1913, the Conservatives had rarely been stronger in municipal politics; theirs was the flowing tide. Cook's chapter is required reading for any student of party history.

Stephen Koss, in "Asquith versus Lloyd George", offers a hybrid. We get ten pages on their conflict in the years 1918-26; nine pages on the way posterity has treated their reputations; and a sort of programme note on Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, in which both politicians appear. One's doubts about the research are divided between wondering whether it can be done in the space, wondering whether it has not been done as well elsewhere, and wondering whether the story should be told so narrowly in terms of Liberal internal affairs.

John Stevenson's survey of the 1930s starts as a panorama, makes some good points about the progressive side of the decade, and then veers off to look at the politics of the unemployed. (He notes that in the five years before the war, over 350,000 houses were completed annually, a figure exceeded only once between 1945 and 1964—Chamberlain's Conservatism was the language of priorities.) The Labour Party apparently organized only one demonstration on behalf of the unemployed during the decade. The Jarrow marchers expelled one man from the march for being a communist. The largest demonstration over unemployment brought out perhaps 30,000—a mere fifth or so of the numbers who turned out on one occasion against Mr Heath's Industrial Relations Act.

In a characteristic bibliographical essay on the historians and appeasement, Donald Watt ruminates interestingly, from the inside, but without ever reaching the point to which he perpetually seems to be leading up, on other scholars in his field (eighty-six footnotes, with accompanying text, so to say). As a booklist spiced with comment, it is splendid, and its portrayal of Professor W. N. Medlicott and the training given by the LSE in modern international history happily combines loyalty and truth. There is, perhaps, one curious omission concerning Taylor's place in the story. The early post-war Taylor was magnificently confident of the eternal and innate character of German aggression. There was nobody, one would have thought (unless one knew Taylor), less likely to produce *The Origins of The Second World War* (1961). That Taylor liberated this whole area for real historical discussion, one gratefully accepts. What produced his conversion, I think we have never been told, and Watt perhaps neglects the efforts of Irish scholars with an interest in rationalizing Irish neutrality (I refer to T. Desmond Williams's early articles, which are not mentioned).

Paul Addison and Arthur Marwick offer complementary views of Britain in wartime. Marwick samples public opinion through Mass Observation, and through the diaries of ordinary people in the Imperial War Museum. The result is to show that glimpses through a peephole rarely constitute a basis for close argument. Addison explains why the Conservatives lost touch with the consensus during the war years. His essay is as astute as the book on which it is based. Two comments may be made. The 1944 White Paper on Employment Policy was hardly "one of the great landmarks in recent history". It is chiefly remarkable for its lack of resemblance to post-war policy; in calculating its examples, it takes an 8 per cent unemployment rate as the post-war average. The great landmark was rather the unexpected continuity of full employment after the war at levels much lower than envisaged. And A. V. Alexander's socializing with Beaverbrook, cited as an example of wartime amity, probably originated in the early 1930s. The social promiscuity of political opponents always goes back further than expected, and Beaverbrook had started buying a connection on the left in the early 1930s when prices were low. But no matter: Addison has the true Taylorian sparkle and flair. His chapter, and his alone, rivals the compact intelligence of a Taylor review.

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# A tenacious life

## By Anne Duchêne

**HILDEGARD KNEF :**
**The Verdict**
**Translated by David Palastanga**
**377pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5.50.**

"Unsuitable for those of nervous disposition": television's warning to the squeamish might also apply to this second volume of memoirs by Hildegard Knef, the blonde Berlin actress and cabaret singer with what Tennessee Williams called "haunted eyes".

> He completes the operation and orders peritoneal drainage: antibiotics in liquid form are infused by means of a tube into one side of the peritoneum and drained off by another on the other side. He also orders a vena-cava catheter, a tube inserted into the heart which causes direct control of the blood and the level of artificial nourishment. The slim tube is inserted at the wrist and carefully pushed along the vein to the heart.

This is, for the sake of the squeamish, a very subdued extract. Many more could be found in which Miss Knef, waking to find such tubes around her bed like jungle creeper, jerks some of them out and has them replaced by nurses who are often, in all senses, unfeeling.

In the past five or six years Miss Knef appears to have had five or six major operations; undergone fifty-six anaesthetics; suffered from acute hepatitis and a great many other things beyond this reviewer's competence to report; underwent mastectomy when a lump in her breast, which she often calls "the cherry", was found cancerous—the "verdict" of the title—and was also subjected to cobalt rays. Not surprisingly, she is unusually fluent about treatments, allergies, drugs and their side-effects, doctors and their contradictory diagnoses, and all the other chemical and human hazards of modern medicine.

Even when she digresses, as mercifully she sometimes does, her account of her English husband's [illegible] in genteel poverty in Dulwich includes a spell in a sanatorium and something which sounds particularly nasty called a "phrenic crush". Even their little daughter has to expiate in hospitals the negligence of those at her birth. One incidental result of all this may be to make some readers shun their doctor like the plague for a long time; but many of the doctors and nurses Miss Knef describes are compassionate and competent, though many are not, and the book is in no sense written as an indictment of their profession (though when a carpenter, who had worked for Miss Knef and her husband, dies of cancer after being treated for sciatica, Miss Knef observes that "his doctor need not answer to anybody—everyone makes mistakes, it's only human. Not like pilots. If they are lucky enough to live through their mistakes, they face a jury").

Nor is the book essentially one of those serene messages of comfort and enlightenment from one who has looked closely at death to those of us who have not: Miss Knef confesses to a terror of cancer and a "panic-filled mania for life". Serenity, to be sure, has never been her longest suit. Readers of *The Gift Horse*, about her survival in wartime Germany, will remember this; admirers of her talent will hardly need to be reminded of it.

Miss Knef's reality, and her responses to it, have always tended to be more lurid than most people's nightmares. This is naturally reflected in her prose. In this book, for instance, an account of a millionaire's party at St Moritz has the cruel, black lines of an Expressionist cartoon. When Miss Knef says how much she and her husband long for a quiet, sheltered life, she says, among many other things, that "more and more they abhor the thumbscrews of public malice, the butcher's hook on to which libel, envy and greed slip so easily" (surely it is the victims who are slipped on to the hook). A passing Swiss lawyer has eyeballs that "fairly spin around in their sockets as though freshly greased".

As this is a very long book, and as Miss Knef's husband, who translated it, is himself a stage and film director, one sometimes wonders if he ought not to have advised a little more editing. It would be irrelevant, though, to wish that someone of Miss Knef's temperament had concentrated her talent. And when all is said and done, this book, hewing undaunted through so much pain, is a huge achievement for a sick woman—rather like felling a tree. The sheer chemistry of the nature behind it demands awe. To praise Miss Knef's guts would be misplaced (opened for inspection, these reveal, she relates, "abcesses, necrosis, ileus or obstructed intestine, decomposition of the bowel lining, and acute peritonitis"): one has to come back to that other manifestation of what we call guts—the spirit.

# Return ticket

## By Joseph Hone

**DERVLA MURPHY :**
**On a Shoestring to Coorg**
**261pp. John Murray. £4.95.**

Timbuctoo seems closer to us now than the local post office. And because of this something more is required of a travel book today than a diary of events, thoughts and comments, however good these may be. An obsession or a passion or a high originality of some sort is needed from the author: not simply a landscape, however unusual—but a unique point of view.

In her first book about going to India on a bicycle—*Full Tilt*—Dervla Murphy gave us this individual quality joyously. Here she returns, older and wiser, with her daughter Rachel, to the little known province of Coorg, halfway to the Malabar coast—a paradise, obviously:

> Blue mountains . . . long pale valley lying between the green of the forested ridges; magic lakes of gold: with [illegible] trope covering the open scrub like a pale purple mist; acres of coffee fringed with of slim silver oaks and shade trees of an awesome height; some dwellings marked by red-brown tiles, gleaming white walls, groves of palms and plantains and cascades of bougainvillaea and poinsettia.

Having chanced to stay in Coorg with a very agreeable family of old Indian landowners (it is a very feudal province), she then set up house for herself for two months. Miss Murphy's description of all this could not but make an engaging story: the trials, the fun, the great freshness she brings to her tale of housekeeping with a log stove, two knives and forks and a sparky, indomitable five-year among a people largely cut off by the rest of India, outgoing, ho and very friendly, not pove stricken and tumbling into the gutter. Here is a new vision of the sub-continent: a solace for anyone who has only experienced India's sweltering, crowded death-traps.

Yet the book is not entirely satisfying as a book. It is more like a series of leisurely, percipient letters home from a maiden aunt seventy years ago. Miss Murphy, despite being Irish, with Western talk of "liberation" and a strong liking for Indian beer, gives an impression of reticence and equivocation—about herself and her experiences. She moves along like a butterfly collector, nailing up one little case after another. But we are not made to feel any real shock of recognition, because Miss Murphy gives us no firm base-line in her own character against which we may measure her experiences. Nothing is left out: indeed, there is a trifle much on topics we have had too much of recently, from Indian hippies to the Kathakali dancers though she describes these marvellously well. Fifteen years ago we might have found a lot of this book rather surprising: today it is not enough, even for so skilled a writer as Miss Murphy, simply to travel—or even travel unusually, as she does here, with her daughter and a rucksack. The traveller must also carry along some strange imagination, or better still, a selective, incisive even contentious literary gift. We must travel adventurously, rashly, in the mind as well as on the local buses.

*A bespectacled monk reading the Bible: a fifteenth-century misericord from the foundation of St Chamant in the Auvergne (now in the church of St Saturnin at St Cernin). One of 169 photographs of misericord carvings discussed by Dorothy and Henry Kraus in their book* The Hidden World of Misericords *(191pp. Michael Joseph. £10).*

# Far west of Eden

## By Nesta Roberts

**MARK VONNEGUT :**
**The Eden Express**
**214pp. Cape. £3.50.**

> So now when most anything is possible, we really don't know what we want to do. And so we find all these little contemplative experiments being started. . . . They start and they evaporate. Kids who have come through a traumatic experience . . . buy themselves a farm and set themselves up in a farmhouse, and suddenly realize that they either have [illegible] to find a better way of their own (which they don't have). Then come the meetings and the dialogues, and it becomes an interminable yak session. And it evaporates.

There are many less precise, if more prolix, summaries of the hippie phenomenon than that paragraph, though its subject is the situation prevailing in many religious orders in the new freedom that followed the aggiornamento, and the author is Thomas Merton. Its aptness is less surprising when one considers that monasticism is often held to attract those who are temperamentally schizophrenic and that the call of the hippie paradise is heard most insistently during adolescence, which is far more mildly schizophrenic [illegible] of the Act and an adolescent (a stage of development which is not necessarily to be equated with "teen-age"). His book works as an account of both states, and to say that the second is the more interesting is not to undervalue the authenticity and perception of his description of the mental breakdown which gave him three spells in a Vancouver mental hospital—and he, like most of his contemporaries, a devout Laingian, who believed that schizophrenia was not a disease but "a sane response to an insane society". The final irony was that he owed his recovery to biochemistry, including vitamin therapy, supplemented by electric shock treatment.

When he was well again, Mr Vonnegut learnt what he had never [illegible] that his parents and [illegible] had worked out such good ways of dealing with it that [he] had effectively turned a sow's ear into a purse" though they feared he would not be able to keep it up; and, indeed, nothing in Mr Vonnegut's story is more remarkable than the way he continued to function when his contact with reality had become tenuous almost to the point of non-existence.

Which brings one to the second aspect of his book, the character of the society in which he was required to function. The group of friends, most of them, like himself, Swarthmore graduates with whom he set out to build an Eden in remotest British Columbia, was reasonably typical of those hippies who, during the late 1960s and early 1970s, tried to settle down in communities along the western side of the American continent. [illegible] acres from a real-estate agent and headed westward in automobiles which had been graduation or birthday presents from fond parents. Almost all had adopted a life-style in which drugs—grass, mescalin, acid—had an accepted part. The genesis of the groups was often quite fortuitous. The Buffalo tribe, for instance, was born of a party where its members "all took MDA and, predictably, fell in love with each other". The bond between the members of Mr Vonnegut's group was that most of them were graduates who felt "terribly educated" and that a liberal arts education is a pile of shit", which, on the evidence, leaves you with a vocabulary akin to that of Holden Caulfield. Given all that, one [illegible] believes Mr Vonnegut when he tells us that the group [illegible] have a farm, but a [illegible] little vegetable garden and a lot of land that needed lots of work. Our house was a bad joke, and our goats were shitty goats".

In the mid-1970s, where have all the flowers gone? Back, most of them, to the "American nightmare" they fled, the "apocalyptic vision" that drove them to their various Edens having softened as time failed to bear them out. At the time of writing, Mr Vonnegut was trying to get into medical school, and hoping that

> the fact that no one wants to be a good hippie any more means the whole thing worked, that the world is slightly less the desperate, [illegible] less, cruel nightmare of unawareness that gave birth to hippiedom. Maybe everyone's part hippie so [illegible] really good full-time hippies like what I tried to be [illegible] needed any more.

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# Mutual enemies

## By D. A. N. Jones

**PAUL THEROUX :**
**The Family Arsenal**
**319pp. £3.75.**
**Fong and the Indians**
**199pp. £3.50.**
**Hamish Hamilton.**

*The Family Arsenal* is a story about terrorists in present-day London, and described by the publishers as "one of the most memorable novels about urban violence since *Brighton Rock*". The resemblance is not a strong one, though efforts have been made to work up a sinister atmosphere in Graham Greene's manner. The comparison is damaging, since Paul Theroux's characters seem extraordinary without being interesting. For the same reason, *Fong and the Indians*, an earlier novel published here for the first time, suffers from the obvious comparison with Waugh's *Black Mischief*—obvious, because it is a satirical comedy about an imaginary African state, independent and mismanaged. The African dictator in Mr Theroux's novel recalls what one has read of General Amin; but, since *Fong and the Indians* was completed in 1968, it is probable that the author had someone else in mind.

Mr Theroux, an American from Massachusetts, has taught in Nyasaland (as was), Uganda and Singapore. This experience gives him, at least, a chance to succeed in the difficult task he has set himself in *Fong and the Indians*, a novel about a Chinese grocer in an imaginary East African state: Sam Fong is not a stereotype Chinese, since he is very stupid, an incompetent businessman, and a Roman Catholic, but he remains implausible and uninteresting. It is strange that the publishers should describe him as "gentle", "innocent" and a "lovable non-hero", since the book shows him beating up his wife for no reason, while being afraid of everybody else. She imagines her husband torturing her, and there are many other depressing fantasies of physical cruelty. Equally lowering is the sensation of dislike that informs the book. Everyone dislikes everyone else, especially people of other races. Almost everyone: there *is* an Indian idealist who wants to befriend and protect Africans—and suffers for this deviation.

In another novel of East Africa, *Girls at Play* (1969), Paul Theroux had an English schoolmistress asking: "What does a Yank know about the lower classes and peasants? We English know they're different, but these Yanks—it really irks me—they think every bod in the world from top to bottom is the same." An American schoolmistress refutes this charge: "Africans don't like Indians, neither do white people. We all know that, so why don't we just come out and say so, huh?" In *Fong and the Indians*, a couple of clownish American agents (one black, one white) affect airs of interracial good fellowship, but that is because they take Sam Fong to be representative of the communist threat in Africa, and they wish to suborn him. Fong also has to contend with snobbish English, thuggish Africans and fraudulent Indians. Few readers will care. The "unsentimental" way in which the deportation of Indians is handled is particularly depressing.

The quality of "unsentimentality" is equally in evidence in *The Family Arsenal*. What is effective is the atmosphere of menace conjured up, in places like Peckham and Catford, through the eyes of an opium-smoking American: this man, Hood, has served as a consul in Vietnam, and may be thought of as a package from Greeneland. He discovers that the wall-slogan "Arsenal rule" is a boast about a terrorists' arsenal, not about football; he thinks church spires look like daggers and that the smelly river is like "a blocked sink holding a dead serpent". But Hood is given little personality. Disillusioned and embittered about something, he is employed to produce a fake passport for an Irish terrorist and he wants to become more deeply involved. There is no obvious reason for this, and his movie-star, tough-talking mannerisms offer little scope for speculation about his motives.

The caricatures of English and Irish people—the decadent leftist aristocrat, the Trotskyite (?)-actress, the suburban accountant who dreams of the Queen—all seem out of true, though Mr Theroux has made great efforts with colloquial English. The effect, as with his African book, is of an alien observer, guessing wildly, and trying to seem knowing. It is dispiriting to find so little merit in a novelist whose earlier work has been highly praised. If Mr Theroux were to treat his characters with more respect and closer observation, the comparison with Graham Greene would be more justifiable, since he does have something of that author's skill in making the normal seem exotic. But, in these two novels, Mr Theroux is colder than Waugh at his most cynical.

# Poor Edward

**DEREK MARLOWE :**
**Nightshade**
**192pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.75.**

Edward and Amy Lytton, a virginal English couple, take a holiday in the Caribbean to try to forget a very nasty incident that happened in Tewkesbury. As they travel from island to island strange and disquieting events occur, reaching a climax in their last stop, Haiti. Derek Marlowe's novel, written in a coolly oblique style which yet at times flowers as lushly as bougainvillea, is more than enigmatic, strewn with clues that seem to lead nowhere: why, for instance, does the sinister and bisexual Azevedo read Pushkin and Lermontov? More to the point, perhaps, is the belief of the voodoo priest Jean-Dantor that those who die in accidents may sometimes return to demand the deaths of others, loved ones who have abandoned them. Does this explain the apparent presence of the dead Blanche, Amy's nymphomaniac sister, in the Clark Gable Suite of the Lyttons' hotel in Port-au-Prince? The reader eventually comes to understand more than poor Edward ever does, as he stumbles through the sunlit streets in his blazer and flannels, pursued by [illegible]

T. J. Binyon

# The surreal thing

## By Gabriele Annan

**GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE :**
**Les onze mille verges**
**Translated by Nina Rootes**
**127pp. Peter Owen. £4.75.**

Guillaume Apollinaire was famous for his jokes, an *enfant terrible* at a time of heavy competition in the field. The illegitimate child of an Italian-Swiss aristocrat and a Polish lady, he pretended to be her son by a prince of the Church: an anticlerical jest which makes it possible to identify him (up to a point) with the Romanian hero of *Les onze mille verges* who calls himself a prince although he is only a hospodar. Virginia Woolf and her friends sent up the establishment with the Dreadnought hoax: Apollinaire sent up the French literary world and himself with it by giving them bit parts in this pornographic novel. He wrote it and another in 1907 because he needed the money; he might have worked in a café, perhaps, or read proofs, but he had a friendly interest in erotic literature; in 1900 he had already written *Mirely ou le petit trou pas cher*, and he was shortly to edit and write the introductions for two collections of licentious writings by authors ranging from Pietro Aretino through John Cleland to Sade.

*Les onze mille verges* was edited and moved up on to the counter in 1973 by Michel Décaudin who had brought out the collected official works in 1966. The English translation contains cuts, but the reader is still offered every conceivable combination of buggery, pederasty, coprophily, necrophily, incest and sexual murder. Perversions and bodies, dead and alive, pile up like a huge gâteau St Honoré. The book seems to inspire culinary metaphors. Richard N. Coe, in his introduction, talks about "indigestible erotic hunks [dissolving] in the pungent broth of their own inherent absurdity". He takes up twenty-seven of the book's 127 pages: the lashings (literally) of sex crammed into the remaining hundred, printed in nice big type with wide margins, mean that the tempo has to be lightning picaresque: but then so it is in most pornographic novels.

The cuts must have been a headache for the editor. But who was he? Professor Coe is not credited with the role. "A Note to the Reader" explains that "certain passages . . . could be considered exceptionally violent" and were omitted "in order not to jeopardise the publication of the book as a whole". "Violent" is a grey and unemotive word for these unspeakably gruesome episodes. One could argue that the serious student of Apollinaire's personality and work needs to know all his writings (many of them still untranslated): even this marginal and originally anonymous piece. But then the value of publishing it would depend on publishing it as it was written. Besides, the serious student would surely be able to manage the original French.

"Fucking is always much the same", Steven Marcus glumly observed in his book on Victorian pornography. But even with the cuts this is fucking with a difference—a cheerful sadistic romp. Pornographic romps are common, with or without flagellation, but serious sadism has to be taken seriously and most sadistic novels are joke-free *romans noirs*. This was a new genre: a surrealist farce. (Apollinaire after all invented the term "surrealist"; could he also be the inventor of the bad taste joke?)

Another new genre emerging at the time was social realist pornography: in the famous Austrian novel *Josephine Mutzenbacher* you can smell the sauerkraut on the staircase of the tenement where the heroine lives. Apollinaire's novel has no elements of social or psychological realism whatsoever, but it has links with real history: the murder of the Yugoslav Obrenovic dynasty comes into it, and the hero fights and dies in the Russo-Japanese War. But these events serve only to undermine the reality of the fantasy world where the streets are peopled with girls called Culculine. Apollinaire is playing with reality-unreality and using a collage technique to do it. He pastes in historical events as Braque pastes in newspaper cuttings. He also pastes in the names of real though obscure people, bestowing them on his fictional characters. Professor Coe has traced some of these "intermediate characters", as he calls them, with the help of the librarian of the School of Slavonic Studies and by consulting old Russian army staff lists. "A quand *Les onze mille verges* dans les programmes universitaires?" asks M Décaudin. Any time now.

The "intermediates" from remote pockets of the Slav world are a very recondite and therefore safe joke. Apollinaire went further and used the attributes, with barely disguised names, of people from his own milieu: two Symbolist poets keep a brothel in Port Arthur and an actress from the Comédie Française joins in a sleeping-car orgy. In addition to these *Private Eye* antics the book is riddled with private jokes and joking allusions to gossip and literature (a line from Corneille, for instance, is embedded in a sexy sonnet by the Romanian prince). The very title of the book is a pun: *verge* means rod as well as prick, and the 11,000 refers to St Ursula and her virgins (or *vierges*).

This is untranslatable of course, and it was courageous even to undertake such a difficult text. Nina Rootes gets the breezy sparkle of the original. But as always one can find things to quarrel with. "Love nest" sounds weak and camp compared to *foutoir*; and "to adjust their clothing" packs an irony—or is it a cliché?—which *se rajuster* does not. Many jokes die under the lash of translation. Many survive. "Where are the Japanese girls?" asks a client at the brothel in Port Arthur. "They cost fifty roubles extra. They are the enemy, you understand."

# Round the block

## By Ferdinand Mount

**CALDER WILLINGHAM :**
**The Big Nickel**
**286pp. Hart-Davis, MacGibbon. £3.95.**

After the great success of his first novel, *End as a Man*, Calder Willingham set out to write a trilogy about success in America to be called *The Big Nickel*. The first two volumes, *Geraldine Bradshaw* (1950) and *Reach to the Stars* (1951), were published in quick succession. The former was republished later in a shortened and revised form; the latter came to be poormouthed by its author as "a literary exercise". Now, twenty-five years later, comes what appears to be the third and crowning volume. Hero, title and theme all accord with the original intention. Yet nowhere in or around the book does the author say that it is part of a trilogy. The long interval between books, the second thoughts about the first two volumes and now the unexplained silence seem to indicate that something has gone adrift with the project. "It was a peculiarly American thing, the paradox of success that destroys." Is that the trouble?

The hero is Dick Davenport, a Southern boy with Indian blood who "makes it". He has pocketed the Big Nickel with his first novel. Now he has writer's block, a wife, a baby, and a girlfriend down at the Lower East Side school where he teaches to fill in the time he cannot fill with writing. But while his pen may be clogged, his imagination isn't. Night after night, he dreams a pornogothic epic about a huge pneumatic Southern honey, assorted sugar-daddies, a dwarfish ratfink and a giant coal-black psychopath "with a whork on him beyond belief". This cod-epic is very funny, Rabelaisian in its mixture of the gigantic and the colloquial. Improbable couplings are interspersed with intentionally pedestrian details about the dimensions of New York sewers and the social history of seedy hotels.

The trouble is that chapters from this epic have to be woven into the narrative of Dick Davenport's daytime life: his meetings with other young literary bullocks jostling for supremacy, his scruples about taking up the schoolteacher's come-hithers, harassment by his envious sister and a now-decayed old school friend. The blurb claims that these various elements fuse. Unfortunately, they do not. The pornogothic stream makes the day narrative seem bloodless, while the exact social comedy of Dick's literary and amorous tangle makes the crudity of the pornogothic seem not so much exhilarating as puerile; the total effect is awkward, unsatisfying, as though Alison Lurie were linking episodes in a fantasy by James Purdy.

Most damaging of all, the "real" characters seem just as unreal as the pornogothic grotesques. Dick Davenport himself is a nothing with a frozen pen, like Omar Sharif acting Dr Zhivago writing poetry. Mr Willingham is a successful writer of screenplays (*The Graduate, One-Eyed Jacks*) and he sometimes gives the impression that he needs the physical presence of actors to flesh out his characters. His inventive zest and his mastery of dialogue make it easy for him to tell a story but not to embody a predicament. Getting on with it takes priority, and he cannot allow any sustained or intense exploration of his theme if it will interfere with the flow of incident.

The tortured history of *The Big Nickel* is the history of its author's rebellion against his native competence. Again and again, he tries to launch out on riskier, less commercial enterprises. He is splendidly ready to capsize in public. Yet his irrepressible competence time and again tugs him back safely to harbour. The heroic exploration of creativity somehow turns into a well-made story—a dab of sentiment here, a wry twist there and the job is done. Mr Willingham really suffers not from writer's block but from craftsman's ceiling.

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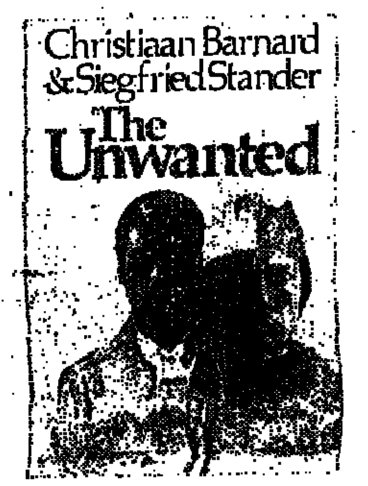

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**MARCH 1 - APRIL 5**

# Freudian loyalties

## By Richard Wollheim

PAUL ROAZEN:
Freud and his Followers
613pp. Allen Lane. £10.

*Freud and his Followers* is the fruit of a formidable project of inquiry begun twelve years ago. Paul Roazen is by training and profession a political scientist, and the project that he has brought to completion started, surprisingly enough, as the off-shoot of a book he was then writing on Freud's social and political thought. Wanting an answer to the question, What was Freud really like?, Professor Roazen set out to interview those of Freud's pupils, patients, and friends who were still alive and to work his way through the mass of extant testimony, some of which had already been assembled and some not. In addition he spoke to people who, though they might never have met Freud, had good secondhand knowledge of events touching him or his followers. That he acted opportunely, and that history is in his debt, is borne out by the melancholy fact, which he records, that by the time he came to write the preface to the present book, which could not have been less than two years ago, of the 118 people he had talked with forty-three were already dead.

In the course of collecting and assimilating this rich body of material Professor Roazen came to the conclusion, or the conclusion was forced upon him, that there was a group to whom the kind of free inquiry to which he felt committed did not commend itself. To this group, a self-appointed bodyguard of Freudian respectability, it was essential that nothing that could in any way be construed as derogatory of Freud should see the light of day: and that he should be presented as having been, on each and every occasion, judicious, responsible, aloof, solemn—as, indeed, the kind of Olympian figure that in many respects he was.

Some years before Professor Roazen himself appeared on the scene the Old Guard, as he calls them, secured their first and in effect their most notable triumph. It is no disparagement either of Ernest Jones's personal achievement or of the monumentality of the work itself to say that his three-volume biography of Freud is an idealized portrait. It represents Freud as the great intellectual pioneer, as the thinker engaged in struggle: struggling for the most part against the world, though sometimes against his own inner infirmities and then invariably overcoming them. This representation, of course, has a very large measure of truth in it, and if, here and there, Professor Roazen points to discrepancies—not of major significance perhaps, nevertheless significant—between the evidence that Jones had at his disposal and the likeness he offers, it must in all fairness be said that he is able to do this only because he was allowed free access to the Jones archive. Professor Roazen says that it was only through a "piece of luck" that he gained such access, but, luck or no luck, some of the plentiful material Jones had assembled for his own purpose was made available for alternative interpretation, and there is no reason why the process should not go on.

More disturbing from the point of view of free inquiry is the attitude seemingly adopted by the Sigmund Freud Archive, deposited in [illegible] secretary [illegible] psychoanalyst Kurt Eissler. The seriousness with which Dr Eissler views the role in which he has cast himself, that of hammer of the critics, can be gauged from two of his comparatively recent works. In 1956 the art-historian Meyer Schapiro, who had long expressed admiration for Freud's work, published a paper on the Leonardo essay in which he drew attention to certain false factual premises that Freud had assumed, and also to some interesting but comparatively minor misapplications of his own method. In 1961 Dr Eissler replied with a long book on Leonardo, in the first part of which he attempted to obliterate Freud's critics and their sympathizers. When in 1969 Roazen published *Brother Animal*, a slim book and by-product of the present work, on the relations between Freud and Victor Tausk, [illegible] projected himself into Freud's circle before the First World War and whose life ended tragically in suicide just after it, Dr Eissler again thought it incumbent upon him to reply with an over-sized volume. This propensity to massive retaliation could be regarded—at any rate, if one were not oneself the victim of one of these attacks—as a personal foible, were it not that, as Professor Roazen pointed out in an article which appeared in *The Human Context* under the title "Reflections on Ethos and Authenticity in Psychoanalysis", Dr Eissler combines express polemic with more direct, and necessarily more effective, forms of control over the evidence. This he does as archivist. For whatever reason, Dr Eissler has laid down that the material he has assembled—and, if the text of *Reich Speaks of Freud*, the original of which lies in the Freud archive, is reliable and anything to go by, Dr Eissler's manner of eliciting testimony from his informants is itself objectionable, ranging as it does from the aggressive to the prurient, a matter on which Professor Roazen, surprisingly, does not comment—shall remain sealed for from fifty to a hundred years. Meanwhile Dr Eissler himself is not inhibited from drawing on this material when it suits his book.

There remains the further suspicion, for which the evidence is not conclusive, that in behaving thus protectively towards Freud's reputation the Old Guard has been acting under direct orders from the remaining family. In one particular case, that of the Freud correspondence with Lou Andreas-Salomé, where a passage in which Freud expresses something close to relief at Tausk's death was reinstated between the sending out of the original review copies and eventual publication, it seems clear that, whatever her motivation, Anna Freud was responsible for the original deletion. And it seems no less clear that the text would not have been restored if Professor Roazen had not around this time printed the offending passage in *Brother Animal*.

There is then little doubt that in the literary work that has engaged him since 1963, Professor Roazen has soldiered in the cause of free inquiry, and that the forces against which he has struggled have been not only influential but in a high-minded way relatively unscrupulous. Nevertheless, no one could maintain—nor, I am sure, would Professor Roazen want anyone to—that *Freud and his Followers* is to be estimated for the moral cause it espouses, nor can its value depend on the textual emendations it promotes or the interesting but ultimately miscellaneous facts it brings to light. It must, for instance, be a shock for many adherents of orthodoxy to read that Freud undertook his daughter's analysis; but even that does not make a book. Two questions therefore need to be raised: What aim has Roazen in mind in disinterring the material that Ernest Jones, say, left undisturbed? And, How far does he succeed in organizing the material he disinters so as to satisfy this aim?

To the first question there are two answers that find some support in the text of *Freud and his Followers*. One is that Professor Roazen wishes to enlarge our knowledge of Freud's character because, according to him, Freud's theory, or certain fragments of it, can best be explained by reference to that character. Although Professor Roazen [illegible] major difficulties in the way of seeing his book as the implementation of that aim. Since these difficulties also have a wider relevance for the reading of Professor Roazen's book, they are worth rehearsing.

The first difficulty is that for all its 600 pages the book provides no overall account of Freud's theory. And lest this remark is taken on too sophisticated a level, let me enumerate constituents of the theory that are mentioned either fleetingly or not at all: the chronology of the sexual phases, the death-instinct, the substitution of the structural for the topographical account of the mind, introjection, primary narcissism, the bodily ego.

The second difficulty is that Professor Roazen nowhere states his own attitude to psychoanalytic theory, and though this is by no means mandatory for anyone writing about Freud, someone who is to provide an explanation of theory in terms of personality may be expected to indicate what parts of the theory he thinks it right to accept, and what parts appear to him evidently unreasonable. Professor Roazen, it is true, often seems in discussing a view of Freud's to side with Freud's critics, but this is because he seems to feel that the more ideas there are around, the livelier the scene.

And the third difficulty is that Professor Roazen has only the most simple-minded conception of how a theory might reflect, or be explained by reference to, personality. He equates this with the theory being autobiographical. And from this it is for Professor Roazen only a short step to regarding the theory as unscientific, for he evidently cannot conceive of a science that is based on, *inter alia*, the evidence of the scientist's own experience. One passage in which Professor Roazen makes this leap deserves quotation. He is discussing factors that made for conflict within the psychoanalytic community, and he writes:

> For one thing psychoanalysis was a "science" and grounded in objective evidence, and yet at times Freud would point to the autobiographical nature of his discoveries. How was a follower to keep clear which part of Freud's work represented a contribution to neutral science and which merely reflected personal idiosyncrasies?

Another answer to the question, what aim Professor Roazen has set himself, is that his concern is not so much with psychoanalytic theory and how this might be reinterpreted in the light of fresh biographical material as with the psychoanalytic movement, and that it is in order to understand this that he recruits new facts about Freud's life. There is reason to accept this answer.

In his mammoth *The Discovery of the Unconscious* Henri Ellenberger propounded the view that Freud's major achievement was not his contribution to theory nor his contribution to method, important though both these might be, but his institutional triumph—that is to say the founding of a "school", a movement. It is not altogether clear that Professor Roazen accepts this estimate, but, more significantly, he attributes some such estimate to Freud himself. This emerges very forcefully when we look, even casually, at Professor Roazen's accounts of the various ruptures within Freud's circle, a topic which is bound to be of cardinal importance to anyone who puts the history of the psychoanalytic movement in the forefront of his attention, and which, incidentally, takes pride of place in *Freud and his Followers*. In each case Professor Roazen, in explaining the break, demotes the role played by consideration for theory in Freud's behaviour and elevates the role played by concern for the movement and its discipline. Normally in his explanation Professor Roazen allows that there were theoretical considerations at stake but claims that these were exaggerated; he quotes Freud's famous phrase "the narcissism of small differences" against him. Sometimes he presents the theoretical differences as if they were rationalizations of a more pertinent conflict. And on at least one occasion he regards the rupture (with Jung) as an attack upon theory in the interests of [illegible]. "If it was to remain Freud's movement, if he was to impose his will on history, paradoxically Freud had to reduce psychoanalysis in talent as well as in numbers." Having invoked the analogy of the church and the army to understand the movement, Professor Roazen here assimilates it to the totalitarian party.

The question arises, With what justice? On the assumption that Professor Roazen's concern is with the history of the psychoanalytic movement rather than with the nature of psychoanalytic theory, it must be asked how effectively he employs the material at his disposal, old and new, in the reconstruction of this history. And it is on the answer to this question that the value of *Freud and his Followers* must finally depend.

It is customary to treat the history of the psychoanalytic movement, as primarily the history of Freud's dissensions with a number of erstwhile collaborators and followers: Breuer, Jung, Adler, Stekel, and Rank. This is how Freud himself treated it, in his brief *History* of 1914, and Professor Roazen follows the custom, though he also has chapters on "the loyal movement" and "the women". A critical estimate of his book must take as primary his treatment of these dissensions.

It must be said at the outset that Professor Roazen is surely correct in thinking that in all these discussions we observe the same two themes constantly recurring: the question of what the core of psychoanalysis consists in, and the issue of what Professor Roazen calls "priority", by which he means "plagiarism". I do not think that Professor Roazen is altogether just in the relative weight that he attaches to these two themes, in that the first would seem to be rather more, the second to be rather less, important than he suggests. But this point pales in significance beside the fact that he totally fails to grasp the relevance of either in the disputes they precipitated: even though in his own text he cites testimony—for instance, from Erik Erikson—which brings this out fairly clearly.

It is an observable fact, and to some a highly embarrassing fact, that anyone who has a moderate psychological awareness and an acquaintance with the vocabulary of the subject can generate psychoanalytical insights readily and profusely. Such insights may sometimes seem, indeed sometimes be, profound.

From the point of view of science, however, they are quite worthless until they have been set within a system or structure of thought. For then, but not until then, they can receive explanation and be conjoined with existing findings so as to give rise to further insights. Now it is only against such a background that Freud's concern, on the one hand, with the proper core of psychoanalysis and, on the other hand, with plagiarism can have a serious significance assigned to them. That which seen in isolation looks like a trivial preoccupation with nomenclature or an exercise in gross human vanity now emerges as the expression of a legitimate determination to identify and conserve a programme of research for a new and threatened science. How the first of these two concerns fits in with this pattern may seem evident, but my suggestion is that Freud's concern with plagiarism also expresses the desire that hypotheses of his whose potential force he could recognize should not be trivialized by being appropriated for some very different and quite unorganized body of general reflection. (Incidentally Professor Roazen exhibits to perfection how a theoretical proposition, snatched from the context of its own theory, can be made to seem contentless, when he calls Ruth Mack Brunswick's prognosis that the Wolf Man's future health depended on "the degree of sublimation of which he proves capable" a "tautology".)

Of course, vanity as well as more infantile reserves of rivalry may well have fuelled Freud's behaviour once he had made his decision to break with a follower whom he had come to think of as a liability to psychoanalytic theory. It would be rare to find a man of genius without vanity, and obscure why we should expect to. But the question that must be answered first is whether the reasons that Freud had, in each case, for making the decision were of a kind that justified it.

To answer such a question it is not enough to appreciate Freud's general strategy as the guardian of psychoanalysis. It is also necessary to scrutinize the particular issues of theory involved: and though in a book of the size of *Freud and his Followers* it should have been easy enough for Professor Roazen to do this, to bring out the deficiencies or distortions in his presentation is hard within the scope of a review. Two examples must suffice.

In recounting the rupture with Jung, Professor Roazen gives the impression that Jung recognized, and Freud denied, the way in which a patient in analysis might bring up an infantile conflict and use this defensively, and that "psychoanalytic orthodoxy" nowadays would agree with Jung on this point. But this is not the issue at stake. For to show that certain archaic material may be used defensively is not to deny—nor does it bear upon the fact—that it may also have a causal influence on the present or be involved in the aetiology of current problems. If anything, the argument goes the other way round. For, after all, the influence of the past upon the present is for Freud most regularly secured through regression: and regression is a form of defence.

Or, again and more puzzlingly, Professor Roazen altogether misrepresents the very significant disagreements that broke out over the years between Freud and, successively, Jung, Ferenczi and Rank on the issue of how "active" or "supportive" therapy should be. For he attributes to Freud, either directly or by implication, the view that the therapeutic process proceeds by the transmission of knowledge, through the medium of the interpretation, from analyst to patient, on the basis of which the patient might then rid himself of the offending element. It is in keeping with this view of Freud's method that Roazen assigns to him the conception of psychoanalysis as "mental surgery": a phrase which, on the second occasion of its use, we learn derives from no less an authority on psychoanalysis than the great Anaïs Nin. Professor Roazen's presentation is all the more surprising since in a famous ironical passage Freud compares such an intellectualized imparting of information with someone offering starving diners a menu instead of a meal.

And in misrepresenting the theoretical issues at stake in the different dissensions, Roazen also misrepresents the emotional significance they had for Freud. His picture of Freud is of a man who demanded total compliance from his followers and could tolerate disagreement only on minor points. But this picture is not substantiated by the evidence we have. So in the most heavily documented of all Freud's relations with a follower—that with Jung—it is clear that, at least in the early stages, what Freud expected of the younger man was comment and criticism, and it is a reflection upon Jung's singularly unimaginative nature that he could not respond to this invitation. Initially he would plead caution, then he would be exaggeratedly deferential, and it was when the deference gave way once too often to defiance that the rupture came. Then Freud displayed the remorselessness characteristic of him in such circumstances.

In reviewing *Brother Animal* I made the suggestion that, if one really wanted to study the relations of Freud with his followers or what one might call the "inner structure" of the psychoanalytic movement, one should also consider Freud's relations with someone whom he respected and who, indeed, deserved such respect, and I instanced Karl Abraham. Professor Roazen's reply was that Abraham was neither particularly gifted nor particularly original, and in the present book just under three half-pages are specifically devoted to him—one of which is given over to the "fanaticism" with which he "hunted" Rank. It is indeed only in this latter context that his scientific correspondence with Freud is drawn upon.

There are two points here, one general, one particular. The general point is that the suspicion grows throughout *Freud and his Followers* that Professor Roazen's estimate of Freud's co-workers is not independent of whether he intends to call them as witnesses for the prosecution. For who comes out of this book well? Helene Deutsch (the chief source for *Brother Animal*), Mark Brunswick, Franz Alexander, Otto Rank, and to some degree Adler.

The particular point is simply Professor Roazen's depreciation of Abraham: besides being fanatical, he was (it seems) rigid, sound, stalwart, and a good organizer. But the truth is that in at least four distinct fields Abraham innovated inquiry which subsequent theory has, sometimes with alacrity, sometimes reluctantly, pushed forward.

These areas are: the pre-genital phases of sexuality, the mechanisms of internalization and the creation of an inner world, aggression and its relation to sexuality, and the structure of the psychoses. Although he died at the age of forty-eight, he made a contribution to psychoanalysis which a historian of the movement can ignore only to the impoverishment of his study.

I may have given the impression that *Freud and his Followers*, in so far as it adds to our image of Freud, paints him black. This is patently not so. Professor Roazen has many criticisms to make of Freud. Freud, he tells us on different occasions, was cold, snobbish, excessively interested in money, indifferent to his family: he never fed his children bottles nor did he once change their diapers: he was a respecter of persons but not of the truth, over-controlled, resentful, narrow-minded, authoritarian. Yet alongside all these different criticisms, and there are few that do not surface on one page or another, there is one reiterated eulogy: Freud was a great man, we must not forget to praise him for his bravery and his genius. Freud has as good a friend in Professor Roazen as ever Brutus found in Mark Antony.

The fascinating photographs that embellished the American edition have been reduced in size and number, the price has been increased, and the bibliographical references are unrevised.

*Freud with Oscar Nemon and his bust of Freud, 1931: an illustration from* Freud and his Followers.

# The condition of widowhood

## By Geoffrey Gorer

LILY PINCUS:
Death and the Family
The Importance of Mourning
278pp. Faber and Faber. £4.50.

When Lily Pincus started to write this book she was seventy-five years old and had been widowed twelve years. She emerges as a tender and understanding woman, apparently of Austrian origin, who has profited by a Kleinian psychoanalysis and who has a lively appreciation of literature, especially poetry. In *Death and the Family* she has attempted to add to the growing literature on bereavement and mourning by writing a few pages of autobiography, but predominantly by drawing on her experience as a therapist in the Institute for Marital Studies (of which she was one of the founders and in several of its published studies has been co-author) at the Tavistock Institute for Human Relations.

Sadly, when one has written that, it is almost unnecessary to enlarge on the theoretical ideas on which the book is based or on much of its evidence. During and immediately after the last war the Tavistock Institute was perhaps the most innovative group in the Western world for applying the insights of psychoanalysis to "real life" problems, such as the selection of officers, the rehabilitation of prisoners, difficulties in industrial production, the effects of hospitalization on infants and young children, and many others. But over the years the innovative aspect of its work has continuously decreased (it is difficult to point to any novel developments in the last decade which are not continuations of "work in progress") and it has become more and more ingrown. In nearly all the publications arising from work done at the Institute, as in the book under review, almost every scientific quotation, apart from those from the founding grandfather, Sigmund Freud, and the Great Mother, Melanie Klein, will be from fellow workers in the Institute.

One can be sure that a book dealing with personal problems will have yet another exposition of the concepts of the internalized "good" and "bad" mothers and elaborations of the psychical mechanisms of projection, introjection and identification, as if they were sacred texts which need to be expounded once again to reinforce the belief of adherents and convert the heathen. One can be sure that the case-histories will nearly all deal with polyglot middle-class and/or academic people who have come for help. (*Death and the Family* has a few pages devoted to a taxi-driver, whom Mrs Pincus often employed, to break this generalization).

In this book, as in her and her colleagues' work on marital problems, Mrs Pincus divides the marriages of her clients who sought help into those based on projection and those based on identification. In marriages based on projection one or both the partners make the other the recipient of their fantasies, whether of good or bad traits; in marriages based on identification the partners seek mirror-images of each other. Mrs Pincus makes the very interesting suggestion, based on only a few cases but probably worth further research, that the surviving partner in a marriage based on projection is much more likely to complete mourning satisfactorily and be able to resume a new and full life than the survivor of a marriage based on identification, when there is a high probability that the surviving partner will die within a short time after the death of the spouse. The survivor of a marriage based on projection needs to "withdraw" what was projected on to the dead partner into her or himself so that the dead can "live inside her" (or him); if this is successfully accomplished the survivor may well make a second marriage with a person of different character from the dead spouse.

*Death and the Family* is predominantly concerned with widowhood—one of the most important chapters is entitled "Widows in Our Time: Social and Personal Implications", in which Mrs Pincus drops the interesting suggestion that widows are shunned in the contemporary scene of north-west London because they have the "touch of death"; but she does have one chapter on the loss of parents. In this she states that whereas mourners for the loss of a spouse have a need for temporary regression (childish behaviour), children mourning for the loss of a parent do not:

> In looking at the responses of sons and daughters to the loss of a parent . . . . I could observe none of this need for regression, rather the opposite: there was a need for self-assertion . . . the need to progress, to mature, to be potent.

This does not accord with my observations of bereaved children and would certainly need far more systematic research before it could be accepted.

Mrs Pincus's emphasis on the ego-syntonic necessity for a period of regression, with numerous and vivid examples, in the days immediately after bereavement, is probably the most novel aspect of her discussion of the process of mourning, for which she draws heavily on the work of her former colleagues in the Tavistock Institute, John Bowlby and James Parkes. The illustrative case-histories are well and clearly written; and this book might be helpful to middle-class and academic widows and to the friends and neighbours who wish to help and comfort the bereaved. Mrs Pincus does not deal with the financial and social problems which usually accompany widowing.

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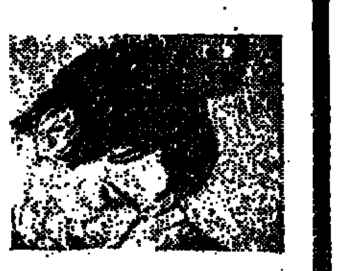

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# Hound and quarry

### By Christopher Sykes

RAYMOND CARR :
English Fox Hunting
A History
273pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.50.

In a brief paragraph introducing the last section of this book Raymond Carr sums up the odd position occupied by fox-hunting in our life:

> Foxhunting has always lived with—and survived—acres of bad argument. It has almost consistently been attacked and defended for the wrong reasons. Ignorant objection has been met with arrogant refutation; ill-founded disapproval with contempt for those who *have* dared to disapprove at all.

*In more senses than one Mr Jorrocks was right to describe it as "the image of war".*

We presumably inherited the hunting instinct from savage, perhaps pre-human ancestors, certainly remote ones, and certainly more practical people than ourselves. They hunted for their preservation from danger, and for food. When the need vanished, they and we continued the practice for enjoyment.

Hunting in its present form reached England from France in late Saxon and Norman times, and was for long practised only by the court and the nobility. The main reason for this exclusiveness was not so much snobbish as economic, for in those times hunting took place in parks designed for the purpose, and most people cannot afford to buy or maintain large parks: contrary to popular belief, there was never a time when hunting in England was forbidden to all except royalty and courtiers. For centuries the only game considered worthy of such noble exertion was the deer. So it remained until, under the rule of Oliver Cromwell, himself an enthusiastic hunting man, the [illegible] royal and royalist deer parks, and the temporary abolishing of the game laws. Charles II tried to restore the damage, but he never tried very hard in an unpopular cause. Thus with the hunt-loving Protector, deer-hunting decayed to give way to fox-hunting. The process occupied more than a hundred years and was not direct.

Professor Carr traces this change with an exact historian's eye. Up to Stuart times and almost beyond, fox-hunting remained a plebeian sport, its only purpose being to gratify a loathsome delight in cruelty. It was classed with badger-digging with which it remained closely associated until very recently (and probably still is in secret). Until the eighteenth century the sport was followed on foot so that the only fun to be had was gloating over the baiting and slaughter of the dug-out animals; the more acceptable joys of the chase came late, remarkably late, into fox-hunting. This is not altogether surprising. Professor Carr faces the awkward fact, evaded by most fox-hunters, that the pleasures of all hunting are rooted in cruelty. It is true that the pleasure of most fox-hunters today lies in the incomparable joy of a fast run over good grass country, but if that is the sole or even main pleasure of hunting, why not stick to drag-hunts or paper-chases? The answer is that these blameless amusements lack excitement, are without the warlike element that fixes attention and stirs deep instincts.

*Why foxes? There is a practical answer, in that foxes are very destructive to poultry-keeping, but modern invention has long made reduction of foxes by dog-hunting old-fashioned and inefficient.* Most practical defences of fox-hunting and its conventions are absurd and contrived; it is said that red coats are worn to enable the followers to see the huntsman from afar: not a convincing explanation of the Beaufort huntsman's green coat, or the Beaufort follower's blue coat, or indeed of the more usual red coat, not easily visible in the shade. In fact red is worn because it is the colour of blood and, as Dr Johnson might have said, "there's an end on't".

When the deer came to be in short supply and the facilities for its hunting were destroyed, hunters clearly had to turn to some other animal for quarry. Snobbishness influenced the choice. The fox was regarded as repulsive vermin, fit sport only for the lower orders, and so an alternative was found in the elegant hare, a worthy object, it was believed, for pursuit by gentlemen. Professor Carr recalls one very odd reason for the preference: namely that the fox gives off a disagreeable stench (which is why it provides good sport) while a hare is "sweet-smelling". It was soon found, however, that hares tend to a circular course and are very rarely such adventurous runners as deer. Foxes usually are. So gradually, from the first quarter of the eighteenth century, harriers were transformed into packs of foxhounds. It was a long process. The West Street Hounds, so frequently mentioned in Stanhope's *Conversations with Wellington*, and now one of the leading hunts in the south-east, were harriers in the duke's time and so remained till 1914.

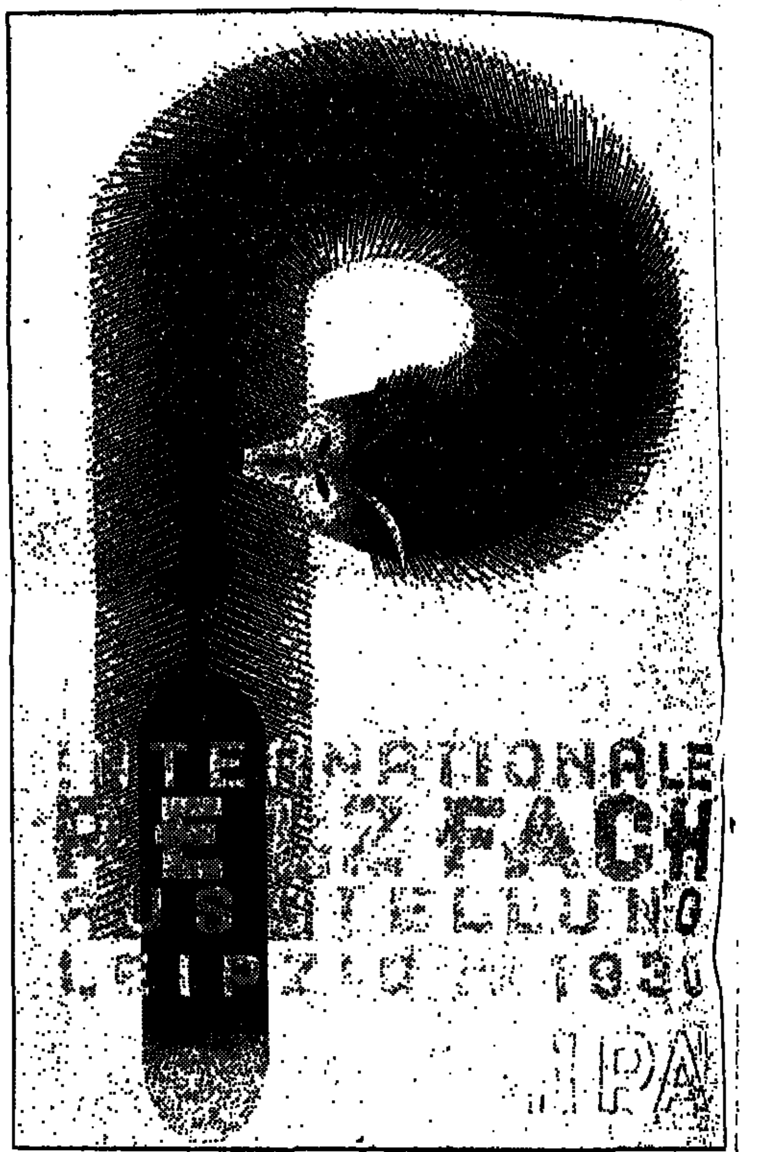
There is nothing surprising in the fact that the change-over from hare to fox was a gradual process, given the conservatism of country life. What is surprising is that the sheer joy of riding across country was but slowly appreciated. A distinction was made between those who "rode to hunt", the true sportsmen, and the lesser breed who "hunted to ride". Masters and huntsmen who provided a fast twenty minutes, often without a kill, were frowned on as pandering to meretricious taste. The long, slow hunt ending in a kill in the open was the ideal of the golden age which began to sink as the motor-car rose.

For those who are interested in fox-hunting or those who like exploring the oddities of our history *English Fox Hunting* is an extremely enjoyable book. It is written with knowledge and sense, and without the sentimentality which usually informs both sides of the argument as to whether fox-hunting should be allowed. Professor Carr seems to take the view that the only sound defence of hunting (apart from the enjoyment) is that it provides an effective *inducement to preserve foxes which would otherwise be extinct* (as many city-dwellers and all non-hunting farmers would like them to be). He strangely omits to mention the strongest argument for their preservation: that foxes, badgers, stoats and weasels are the supreme rat-catchers, far outdoing cats and dogs. If they got what they wanted, farmers, most of whom would like all wild life destroyed, would find themselves in a great mess.

Professor Carr makes one point which will be widely unwelcome: Women's Lib had nineteenth-century origins in the utterly anachronistic hunting field. If in doubt, look at Leech or read *The Eustace Diamonds*. And in his concluding section he remarks on the odd fact that, from being encouraged as the way to build a cavalry, riding and hunting have become a predominantly female interest.

Surprisingly, he does not notice an obvious anatomical reason: it is impossible to develop sensitive hands in the management of a horse without a firm seat; the female shape allows the early development of a "seat", and thus "hands", and without both riding is merely torture. Hence girls quickly come to enjoy riding, boys not till they are nearly fully grown. Little girls are tempted to master the art and explore it; boys to give it up as a painful bore.

One amazing exception to this feminization of a once totally masculine cult is found in the communist world. Equality of the sexes is taken much further in the Soviet Union than anywhere else in the world. There you meet female soldiers, sailors, engine-drivers, builders, road-makers and those whom Max Beerbohm once called steeple-jills, but not apparently equestriennes. No women have been seen in riding teams sent by Russia or her satellites to international horse shows, and very few communist women can ride, even for fun. Very odd.



*The fox advertises a furriers' exhibition in Leipzig in 1930 and, like the liner on our cover and the Ford car on page 344, comes from* Advertising Art in the Art Deco Style *compiled by Theodore Menten (Unnumbered pp. Constable. Paperback, £3.25), a collection of 363 Art Deco posters, advertisements and trademarks from Europe and America in the years 1924-1940. There is a preponderance of material advertising cars, fashions, shipping and air-lines; travel ads tended to feature stylized flying birds—an up-market version perhaps of the china ducks on the wall. The men and women are drawn in profile, or silhouetted; the men are chunky, hard-edged, with square hands, chins and knees, whether advertising sportswear by Austin Reed or a consumer cooperative in Graz. The women are sharp-profiled, narrow-eyed, thin as rails. The absence of children in the ads is in marked contrast to today—the only ones illustrated are in German drink-more-milk and eat-more-fish campaigns: For these are ladies and gentlemen of leisure—Hupmobile advertises its metalwork as being "shaped and tailored as carefully as a dinner jacket". Wine-glasses, cigars, cigarette-holders are ubiquitous (in 1926 a German firm was marketing—surely unwisely—a cigarette called "Problem"); they are also functional to the design, which is characterized by emphatic diagonals. Figures lunge or lounge across the picture, and when they do not, the lettering does. Cylindrical tubes, abstract steel girders and neckties all make the same aggressive thrust. The trademarks and logos are squat and black; considered in this company, the Nazi swastika seems a neat choice in terms of contemporary design. This is the "hard" Art Deco, squared-off and geometric; the book also includes examples of "soft" Art Deco, echoing the swirls of Art Nouveau in fashion and perfume ads; altogether a very impressive selection which would have been even more valuable if Mr Menten had also provided some introduction or commentary.*

# NEW FROM YALE

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# Playbacks for puritans

### By Paul Bailey

JEREMY SEABROOK :
A Lasting Relationship: Homosexuals and Society
232pp. Allen Lane. £4.50.

Jeremy Seabrook's depressingly trivial compilation — tape-recorded interviews mixed with passages of gaseous moralizing—purports to be a serious study of the social life of homosexual men and women in England today. It will be greeted, I suspect, with the word reviewers usually bring out for works of its kind: "compassionate". I have some observations to make on the nature of the compassion displayed in *A Lasting Relationship*.

Like many sociologists, Mr Seabrook is in possession of a theory about the society we live in. On close inspection, this theory turns out to be none other than the one Malcolm Muggeridge has found so congenial in recent years. I shall not spell it out, because I am confident that everyone is familiar with its burden. Let me concern myself instead with its application to homosexuality: "gay" people, the theorizing Mr Seabrook asserts, are the victims of a permissiveness indistinguishable from acquisitiveness; of a "consumer-oriented" economic system. They have "come out of the closets and into the boutiques", where—wicked creatures—they buy clothes. In the past, they were persecuted; nowadays, they are exploited. What—he asks, circuitously—is the difference?

A quite substantial one, I should have thought. Persecution is imposed; exploitation can be resisted. I am roughly the same age as Mr Seabrook, and have vivid memories of the dear dead days he chooses not to recall. I remember the appalling John Gordon—the John Knox of the street of shame—thundering on in the *Sunday Express*: "Flog them! Whip them! Shoot them! Gas them!" Happy times! I remember, too, that policemen *used to act as agents provocateurs*: a friend of mine put his hand on a copper's proffered member one night, and appeared in court the following morning. He heard a magistrate tell him he was unclean. He was fined £5, and warned that a second offence would not be treated so tolerantly. The case was written up in a local newspaper. He lost his job as a result. No—to be young and homosexual twenty years ago was not always very heaven.

It still isn't (I think of the Bishop of Llandaff, hounded into resignation; of the trainee manager in a branch of a chain store who was made redundant for kissing his lover in a television documentary), but only a fool would argue that things haven't changed for the better. Mr Seabrook, referring to the "high proportion of homosexuals among people released from the working class by the education process", paints a gloomier picture: "Such people", he declares, "are haunted by the absence of the kind of certainty and security that used to be found in working class culture." He continues, lyrically: "Many people from the working class carry a strong sense of having been bereaved, and walk sadly around absolute creeds and dogmas for a whole lifetime, like those souls outside Elysium." Personally, I should say that the ability to walk around an absolute dogma—when is a dogma not absolute?—sadly or otherwise, is a measure of sanity, an accomplishment to be celebrated rather than wept over. As one of that "high proportion" etc, I am not convinced by Mr Seabrook. I don't yearn for the working-class culture I can never reclaim. Mr Seabrook can stuff it up his jumper. Working-class puritanism did no one any good, least of all me. I was brought up to believe that sex, per se, was dirty: women suffered it; men were drawn to it because they were made that way. Sex was an endurance test that took place when the lights were out. "I was married to Bert for forty years", an old charwoman told me. "I gave him five children, and I never once caught a glimpse of his whatsit." *Culture*?

Mr Seabrook, advancing his theory with zest, seems to prefer the chilly certainties and dusty answers of that vanished "culture" to the horrors attendant upon "Consuming Man" in these dark times. The life of pleasure sickens this earnest puritan. The upward progress of the homosexual from the back streets of Wigan or Crewe is really, in his eyes, a descent into hell:

> You're gay, you've got no dependants, you tend to be upwardly mobile, the image of the aristocratic ideal seems to be very much in evidence; the idea of middle-aged men in baroque interiors drinking Liebfraumilch out of crystal goblets, calling each other by the feminine gender. . . .

I can only report that it's no "aristocratic ideal" I've ever aspired to. I don't like Liebfraumilch myself (Mr Seabrook twice mentions that fiendish potion, and shudders) and I don't possess a single crystal goblet. Most of my glassware comes from Woolworth, and I don't feel particularly aristocratic when I'm drinking the young wines of Alsace. I don't call my male friends by the feminine gender either—but if I did I can't see that there would be any harm in it.

Mr Seabrook sees opulence everywhere, and it oppresses him. He talks of the "baroque and fanciful eccentricities of gay life-style":

> I have always been struck by the interiors of many homosexual households (again the model for the consuming life-style might have been born in one of those elegant and gilded salons, among the *chaise-longues* and canterburies, *escritoires*; *chiffoniers*; the pelts, brocades, carpets, *tapisseries*, drapes; decanters, crystal drinking vessels [*sic*], goblets and glasses, china; paintings, *objets d'art*, *tabatières* . . .).

Where *have* I been living all these years? I do have a rather battered chaise-longue in my not very gilded salon, and I have a few paintings, and there is a carpet on the floor—but no pelts, no brocades, no crystal drinking vessels. And as for an escritoire! Still, there's usually a welcome on the mat for those who can bear the squalor.

Puritans have always disapproved of beautiful objects, and Mr Seabrook is no exception. In his view, high art and decadence are inextricably linked. At one point he tells us why homosexuals go to the opera. Well, why do they? The man with the omnipresent tape-recorder puts us wise: they don't go to hear the music. They sit through *Tristan* because it gives *them* a "certain degree of shelter from the threat of expanding and all-engulfing exigencies of sex" (*sic*—again). I have news for him: when I see and hear a good performance of *Otello* or *Così* (my own favourites) I experience a satisfaction equal to, and often surpassing, the joy I have sometimes attained in the bedroom. I only think of Adonis when the singing is lousy.

Not surprisingly, Mr Seabrook's puritanism, combined with a need to make the theory sound convincing, leads him into half-truth and distortion. Does a tape-recording always tell the truth? Not when it's edited. His conversations with homosexuals of all ages are too short for comfort. A bit of scene-setting, a few sad revelations—the machine gets switched off and it's time to moralize. It's an aspect of contemporary "compassion" I find extremely distasteful: you sniff out the appropriate victim (lonely old masturbator, frantic cruiser) and then you fit his very particular misery into your theory about society. The effect of this is to turn real people into case-histories. It is a belittling pity that can offer up such snippets and attempt to pass them off as the truth. We are more, far more, than what we care to tell the tape-recorder.

Mr Seabrook's "serious social document", the blurb announces, "has the impetus and poetry of a novel". Try this for poetry: "Books tantalizing and inaccessibly wrapped in cellophane are on sale everywhere." And this: "His friends are literary, theatrical, television." If Mr Seabrook has a lasting relationship with his proof-reader, he should end it immediately: their mutual passion for inaccuracy is matched only by their disrespect for syntax. Neither of them knows the difference between "who" and "whom"—someone at Allen Lane could have told them. And why does "Keith" on page 125 become "Frank" on page 127? A crisis of identity, perhaps? Such sloppiness is typical of the whole half-baked enterprise. Towards the end of *A Lasting Relationship*, Mr Seabrook is harshly—and ungrammatically—critical of "gay" literature. He mentions no names, no titles. Was he, I wonder, thinking of Marcel Proust?

# Object of the lesson

### By Sarah Curtis

N. B. C. LUCAS :
An Experience of Teaching
196pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.

One term during the twenty-nine years that N. B. C. Lucas was headmaster of Midhurst Grammar School in Sussex, the litter problem was worse than usual. How do most heads treat this tedious perennial of the school calendar? They give a sharp reminder at prayers, perhaps, institute stiffer punishments for offenders, and organize fatigue parties to clear up the mess. Mr Lucas at the end of morning assembly stood quite still for some moments and said nothing while the school stood silent and looked at him anxiously:

> I strolled across the stage, took two wrapped sweets from my pocket and then unrolled them and flicked the bits of paper over my shoulder. When I had had time to swallow the sweets I strolled back and took a cigarette packet from my other pocket, lit the one cigarette it contained and threw the match end on the floor. Meanwhile I had dropped the empty packet and kicked it with the side of my foot across the stage. I just said, "A pity that chap does not realize the mess he is making" and walked off.

A trivial example, maybe, but it shows the imaginative, humorous and flexible approach that clearly made Mr Lucas such an effective headmaster, able on the one hand to spur his intellectual boys on to Oxford and Cambridge and on the other hand to nurse near-delinquents, rejected by other schools, to take their part again in society. With his wife Vera, he transformed, over the years, a small boys' grammar school whose sixth form numbered seven into a coeducational comprehensive school, sending over 300 pupils on to university while fostering a reputation for success with difficult children.

In *An Experience of Teaching*, his attempt to distil and pass on his experience, Mr Lucas tells us that at one time he taught under J. H. Simpson of Rendcomb College, who in turn had been much influenced by Homer Lane. As might therefore be expected, Midhurst was essentially a humane, therapeutic community. "What I tried to avoid", Mr Lucas says, "was the impression that authority was exacting moral retribution." Although it is not new to hear of a headmaster who operated an "open door" policy before it was fashionable, who was accessible to pupils and staff and who tried himself to establish a relationship with those of his pupils who were difficult, it is not often that such progressive policies were put into practice within the conventional framework of state secondary education. Not that Midhurst was a Summerhill: Mr Lucas clearly believes in the value of discipline.

Teachers will find no simple answers to their problems through reading this complex, discursive book, the product of a cultivated and wide-ranging mind, and indeed Mr Lucas is at pains to point out that the increased size of schools today makes it a formidable task to organize them in a personal way. But all concerned with the young will learn much from his intellectual awareness and his sensitive approach. They will also enjoy reading a book about education which is totally free of jargon: Mr Lucas deserves a loud cheer for writing a whole informative chapter on the way members of groups affect each other in communities without once using that dreadful word, beloved of educational theorists, sociometry.

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# Upper classmates

### By Alastair Forbes

**SUSAN MARY ALSOP:**
To Marietta from Paris 1945-1960
370pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.

"Americans like you and me, Marietta, have been the most deep-dyed of Anglophiles since childhood", writes the author of these letters to their principal recipient (a number are addressed either to her husband or her mother). Marietta is the descendant of a dozen or so generations of Salem Peabodys (a name which in the field of Anglophile charity is still enshrined in London's many Peabody Buildings), married first to a prominent wartime OSS and peacetime CIA executive, the late Desmond Fitzgerald, from *whom she secured a divorce, much to the shock and chagrin of her father, an Episcopalian bishop who took many years to become reconciled to her later marriage to the* Anglo-American multi-millionaire Ronnie Tree. From summer vaca*tions in Bar Harbor, Maine, a lifelong friendship* had been forged with Susan Mary Jay, a New York girl whose first Huguenot ancestor had had the good sense, almost as soon as he set foot on New Amsterdam soil, to marry a daughter of Peter Stuyvesant.

A hundred years later, Mrs John Jay had become the first social arbiter of American society. Her "Dinner and Supper List from 1787 to 1788", which incidentally already had an Alsop on it, was to prove the innocent harbinger of those dreadful Social Registers and society pages which have for too long sought to lay minefields in the path of America's ever newly rising outrepreneurs and arrivistes. Sarah Jay herself, however, was according to contemporary accounts unspoilt by her eminence, "preserving unimpaired her gentleness, amiability and simplicity" and always fulfilling "with fidelity and womanly affection the duties of a daughter, wife and mother", virtues destined to [illegible] in the author of the let[illegible] Sarah and John Jay [illegible]panied Benjamin Franklin on his mission there, and had had, like Talleyrand, who became their friend, the chance to taste the true pre-Revolution *plaisir de vivre*. The author's grandfather and father also served in Paris as diplomats, though her grandmother had a very different reputation from that of Mrs John Jay; among her many other rather fast habits she was said to rouge her nipples.

In the last pre-war summer, the summer of the New York World's Fair, after a stint as a receptionist and model at the Condé Nast offices (though she would rather have been on *Vogue*'s editorial staff), Susan Mary fell in love—at first sight, in the St Regis—with William S. Patten, whom she married after a brief engagement. Bill Patten (Groton School '24-'28 and Harvard, class of '32) came from a milieu which Oliver Wendell Holmes once well described as "the harmless, inoffensive, untitled aristocracy of New England". Intelligent, handsome, charming and with a natural sportsman's eye, he was nevertheless appallingly handicapped by emphysema, which made his almost every breath a painful struggle and eventually killed him at the age of fifty-one, just as it had killed his father-in-law in his early forties. Only once in their twenty years of marriage, the author tells us, did this gallant and likable man ever complain of his cruel lot. Frustrated by his unfitness for war duty, Patten found his way into the Foreign Service by a very respectable back door. His mother-in-law, from her Bar Harbor porch, spotted FDR's influential Under-Secretary of State, Sumner Welles, strolling *along the shore path and called out: "Sumner, come up here, I think you need a cup of tea and I want you to meet my brilliant son-in-law." The meeting was to secure him a desk in Welles's office in the* State Department from 1942 to 1944.

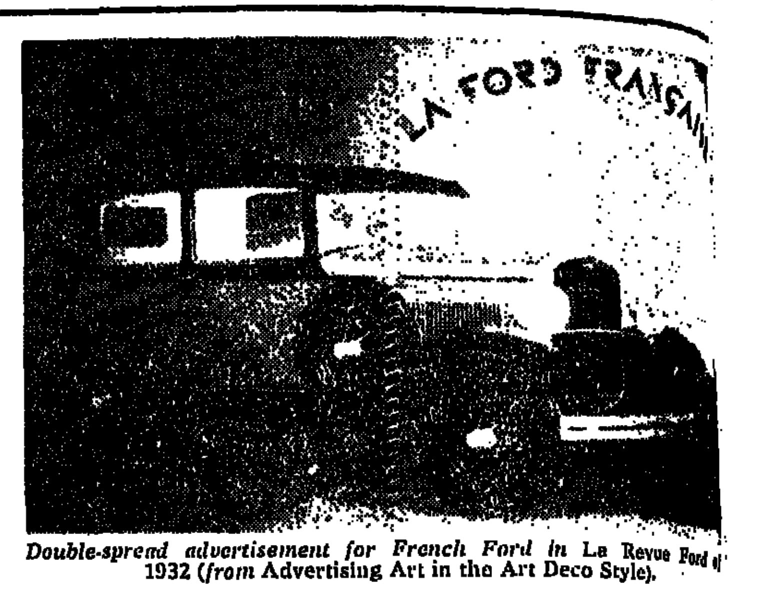
The young couple's social background kept them pretty well in the swim. They sang the Eton Boating Song with Lord Halifax at the British embassy, which saw the beginnings of many of their closest and most lasting friendships, not least that with Isaiah Berlin. With their American friends they "used to sit around our house in Georgetown talking about post-war Europe and never heard anyone say he looked forward to Pax Americana . . . in fact we feared that we might find ourselves biting off more than we could chew . . . there may be American Imperialists but I never met one in my life". They were also in and out of the White House, where they drank the president's awful Martinis and listened to his dreadful old sea stories: "Thank God he could relax, but each time was a shock of disappointment. I could not be impressed by FDR and I wanted so terribly to have him as I imagined."

Perhaps because their Anglophilia was so pronounced (they cared for Alice Duer Miller rather than Kitty Gilbert Miller and thought [illegible] of her "White Cliffs of Dover": "In a world where England is finished and dead, I do not wish to live") they were sent off to Paris, where they *knew nobody*, and where their *collègues de carrière* were, at the outset at least, singularly uncosy. Though they had the use of a grand house on the Avenue Foch belonging to rich American cousins, they only had two letters of introduction to French people, one of which proved to be a dud.

Fortunately the other was to change their lives. This was to the Duchesse de Mouchy, a Rochefoucauld married to a Noailles, a delightful lady who was also, despite her disclaimers on this score, quite *gratin* enough for the Pattens to be going on with. Henri de Mouchy told Susan Mary with admirable candour "not to believe for a second that the French are hospitable; they are simply bored with four years of their own society". (The same opening of doors which were usually closed had earlier taken place in Rome on the arrival of the Allies.) In fact she found the duke a bit hard on his compatriots when he said that they would go anywhere for a free cutlet but practically never entertain in return, though there was much truth in his condemnation of the "Vieille France" families who "crouch in their apartments discussing marriage settlements and degrees of consanguinity . . . they do not travel, their silver is dirty and their bronzes unshined, and their servants hate them for their meanness". But "Vieille France" was to come her way as little as it did Nancy Mitford's. The Mouchys introduced her to the dashing *de Ganays*, rich, Anglophile *aristos with outstanding war records and plentiful Argentine and American money*. She picked her two principal girl friends from "The Wallace Collection", as the beautiful descendants of Richard Wallace, Madame Pol Roger, Madame Vernes and their sister were known. (Odette Pol Roger was soon to become Winston Churchill's "Last Attachment"—as the author says, "a beautiful December-May relationship, quite harmless and smiled on by Mrs Churchill, who much admired Odette".)

It was some months after her arrival in Paris that the author herself became a *stammgast* at the British embassy where, after the phoneyness of Louise de Vilmorin's showing-off had been rumbled, she soon became the apple of Duff Cooper's autumnal eye and the dear friend of his wife, whom she called "the only really glamorous woman one has ever met" and whom she rightly found to be "as good as she is beautiful and as practical as she is wise". By this time she had established a reputation of her own as a hostess by organizing Paris's first post-war charity do, a highly successful *bal masqué* in aid of refugee children from Lorraine at the Pré Catalan. She had also secured a ticket for daily attendance at Pétain's trial, which made her "physically sick . . . yet one wouldn't miss it—it's morbidly fas*cinating*".

This is as far, alas, as her descriptive powers took her. One recalls what wonders Madame de Sevigné managed, without even a ticket, in her memorable letters to Monsieur de Pomponne about Fouquet's disgrace and trial. Nor can I quite bring myself to accept Marietta Tree's loyal but surely over-indulgent judgment of her old buddy when she writes in her foreword that "Madame de la Tour du Pin and Princess Lieven are her epistolary cousins". To be sure there is a lot for social historians in these letters, too, though their author is a great deal less worldly than Princess Lieven, but it often needs digging for in a mass of stodge which one feels the platoon of editors might have done better to have jettisoned (incidentally giving themselves more time to deal with the often fearful bloomers in both French and English that occur throughout the book and have been left uncorrected).



*Double-spread advertisement for French Ford in* La Revue Ford *of* 1932 (*from* Advertising Art in the Art Deco Style).

Like her famous ancestor, Mrs John Jay, Susan Mary is an obvious "Friday's child—loving and giving", and the snobbery to which she early on and repeatedly confesses is distinctly disarming, even endearing. Christopher Sykes found her and Marietta too "like Henry James's American women . . . fresh, gay, beautiful, yet high-minded", and she herself writes that "I confess to a strong Lambert Struthers side—you will remember him from *The Ambassadors*—one comes to Europe to see the sights". And in one of her explanatory passages, linking the letters, she is evidently tickled to death to tell us that Nancy Mitford "caricatured me in *Don't Tell Alfred* (published by Hamish Hamilton) as the idiot American sentimentalist I probably was and am". She goes on to reveal to any readers not already aware of the fact that she is Mildred Jungfleisch, and that Hector Dexter had sprung from the imaginative memory of a Nancy anxious to get her own back on some of the neighbours whose long-windedness she had had to suffer at the Pattens' dinner table.

Certainly in these letters she sometimes even out-Jungfleischs Mildred, as when, on holiday in Greece, she understandably alarms a rather gone-native former Athens correspondent of the *New York Times* by asking the poor man, "Do tell me, is there any news yet about the President's Press Conference on Zwicker-McCarthy?" Yet she makes up for this with a very jolly description of the British embassy in Athens under that delightful and surprising couple, the late Sir Charles Peake and his wife Catherine, whose mission to the Greeks was gratuitously wrecked by an Anthony Eden at his most inept and arrogant:

> They seem busy enough, but it is always possible to drop everything for a day's picnic if someone describes some new wild flowers out near Delphi: one runs into the Ambassador in the hall, a volume of Keats in his hand. (Diana [Cooper] said "the only nice embassies are the ones in which the Ambassador is always hanging about in the hall.")

The jacket of *To Marietta from Paris*, which has the "heaviest" of the names dropped in the text bedded out in its border, two by two like the animals except for Christian Dior who gets a triple planting and mere Royals who rate only a [illegible] speaks of "an intimate . . . extremely candid correspondence" but this turns out to be rather a deceptive come-on. For instance, a letter dated January 3, 1946, Susan Mary tells how she has "made an ass of myself" by accepting "a perfectly safe invitation—tea at the home with some mutual friends" from "X", a man at de Gaulle's right hand, whom she has met on Christmas night at the British embassy and who has called her up several times to propose a meeting. Her husband has with even more astonishing naivety gone to the trouble of setting her homework so that she will be sure to ask the right political question. [illegible] chance of asking them. Instead of the hoped-for tutorial session, there ensues a brisk Tosca-Scarpia rush in front of a turned-down double bed, and some old Bar Harbor [illegible]age Kung-Fu-moi-la-paix comes in handy.

Our heroine exits *au galop* downstairs and across the Pont Royal and the Tuileries to arrive panting at her husband's office in the United States embassy, her hat, coat and gloves to follow her next day. "X" was in fact (and it *would have been* more "intimate" and "*candid*" to have admitted it) Nancy Mitford's old friend Gaston Palewski, who was later indeed to occupy Scarpia's own lair in the *Farnese* and to whom another lady once sighed in reply when he had offered her a lift home, "No, thanks, Gaston. Not tonight, I'm far too tired. I'd rather walk." Yet, much credit all round: a month later she tells Marietta "We are getting fonder and fonder of Palewski."

Her letters accurately remind us how slowly life returned to anything like a pre-war normal, how cold and uncomfortable people were outside the houses of black marketeers and similarly privileged Paris residents like the Windsors. Of the latter she has some rather pathetic glimpses, though in the end she and her husband were to judge them to be knaves as well as fools. Early on she has "an awful evening at the Windsors', the Duchess determined to play word games, despite her complete lack of education . . . the Duke couldn't remember Metternich and Castlereagh, and the Duchess to help him screamed 'your turn, David, now take someone we all know', the last had been the fatal Castlereagh". Not that the author herself was then anything of a bluestocking, though she had aspirations and was even to end up following a course at the *Sciences Po*. Her early letters contain phrases like "way above my head, but it's educational", and she admits to asking, in her beguiling lisp, such questions of her ducal guides as "when was Fragonard and why do you admire him?".

A member of the Paris staff of *Harper's Bazaar* helping to set up a photograph of her in a décolleté dress pronounced her "très David, mais très ladylike en même temps". Certainly for mere peanuts she was able to collect a wonderful wardrobe, which I recall her always wearing with great distinction. Balenciaga made her two dresses for only $108, Christian Dior dressed her in his New Look, the impact of which can hardly now be guessed at by those who do not recall it, entirely for free (one of her dresses can be seen in the V and A), though he was gentleman enough to bow to her and say "That is one of the greatest dresses I have ever seen and I wish it were mine", when he found her in a Schiaparelli number "made of stripes of mauve satin and heavy ivory grosgrain, with an enormous bustle, very *Lady Windermere's Fan*" (she meant Cecil Beaton's lovely designs for a contemporary production of that play), and his perfect manners "made me feel badly as he has been so generous to me".

When the dear Dior days were no more, Pierre Balmain (who during the war had run up tailored dresses in the Savoie for the much homelier Misses Stein and Toklas) and his famous manager Madame Spanier took the author over and kept her bandbox-spick for the rest of her Paris days. There is a great deal of millinery in these letters, though this too must have considerable historic interest for many others besides Dr and Mrs Roy Strong. The author and her chums are constantly popping out to get new hats from Madame Reboux, who was also by appointment to them purveyor of ostrich feathers, masks, dominoes and other such furbelows. It is easy to detect that she is from New York and not Boston where, as the lady in the story said, "we already have a hat".

"The letters", we are assured by the author, "are printed as I wrote them." So what are we to make of a letter of November 1953 which tells us that "in Paris we talk only of the two British diplomats who seem to have defected to the Soviet Union" and goes on to query the motives for Melinda McLean joining her husband there? In fact months and months elapsed, during which she and her children were hotly defended from press intrusion and speculation by Violet Bonham-Carter and others, before she did so.

In her letters as in her life, Susan Mary's lighter touches are her most successful, though perhaps she played them down too much out of deference to the increasing high seriousness of her correspondent, already pointed in the direction of a political career. Her description of the Bestegui Ball in Venice and its principal participants is delightful and comic and almost worth the price of a Covent Garden opera stall, which is about what her book costs. On another occasion she is not quite so kindly disposed towards Charlie Bestegui, that anomalous Old Etonian from Mexico (as Edward Lear might have dubbed him), when he horns in on her brief tête-à-tête with General George Marshall, Truman's great Secretary of State and rightly one of her idols. Faced with such heroes she anyway rather touchingly tends to go all of a twitter, reminding one of Boswell alone in the presence of Goldsmith and Johnson: "I felt a completion of happiness. I just sat and hugged myself in my own mind." Bestegui looked Marshall up and down and afterwards took Bill Patten aside to ask "Est-ce qu'il est de bonne famille?"

The white cliffs of Dover continued to dazzle her. She was drawn by the "charm, love of life and uncertainty" of Kathleen "Kick" Kennedy, then living in London as the war widow of Lord Hartington. She lunched there with "the brothers Sykes, Evelyn Waugh and a brilliant priest whose name I missed" but which I can fill in as Father Martin d'Arcy. She clearly did not cotton on to the fact that all these gentry were anxious in their fashion to save Kick's soul, which she might already be said to have put at risk by marrying an anti-papist Cavendish outside her church, from the eternal damnation which they were convinced would be her lot were she to run off with a second Protestant nobleman—this time one who was already married, Peter Fitzwilliam. It was with this same lord that she was shortly afterwards to meet her death when the plane they had chartered crashed in bad weather over France. I can still see the stricken face of old Joe Kennedy as he stood alone, unloved and despised, behind the coffin of his eldest daughter amid the hundreds of British friends who had adored her and now mourned her.

But, as for many other Americans, the apogee of a social ascent of the White Cliffs was represented for her, perhaps not without some justification, by Hatfield or any other Cecil residence. (She never made Buckingham Palace and preferred her obligatory *grasses matinées* chez Philippe and Pauline de Rothschild at Mouton to what she heard from Lady Alexander of Tunis about the drill at Sandringham, where "in the morning the men leave for shooting: if you get dressed and go downstairs early, in case the Queen wants you, she stays in bed till lunchtime. If you thankfully stay in bed, reading, you get a message at nine-thirty that the Queen would like you downstairs at nine-forty-five".) The Pattens hoped that Bobbety Salisbury would become Prime Minister, an office which, had he been born plain Mr Wilson or Mr Heath, he might indeed have carried out with more distinction than either. Not on the social ladder but on the Salisbury's slippery and uncarpeted staircase in Swan Walk the author took a dangerous Humpty-Dumpty tumble. "The doctor" (Horace Evans?) "said he would cut me out of my dress, adding that he had often done it for the Queen and the Queen Mother. Do they fall downstairs all the time, do you suppose?"

By English people of lesser rank she is sometimes puzzled. "Bill and I cannot decide what we feel about Evelyn Waugh who is a strange man. He is friendly to us and comes to the house and has asked us to stay. Perhaps some day we will know him." Not if he could help it. At Coronation time he mounted an elaborate deadpan tease on the author (who describes it all equally deadpan), from which she emerged utterly unscathed, perfect innocence like perfect love casting out fear and turning delicate skin to armadillo carapace.

She got on better with Randolph Churchill than with his father, who insisted on taking her for a lesser Frog than Odette Pol Roger and one he did not particularly want in his Chartwell pond. Like Randolph at about the same late age, we find her in 1956 "at home reading the Bible, which I am determined to do, cover *to* cover, at last. I find the Old Testament horrifying, though instructive in many ways." I prefer Randolph's comment, "God, what a shit God is." It must have been a relief for her to get back to a Balzac which, she tells us, her father had taught her always to keep by her bed.

The only fresh light her letters throw on de Gaulle comes via Lord Gladwyn, who got on with him better than any other British ambassador (not surprising when one recalls that the general actually summoned Duff Cooper in 1945 to tell him formally that only a shortage of men and munitions prevented him from handing him France's—ie *his*—declaration of war on Britain and her still existing empire). Gladwyn, who had already wormed out of de Gaulle the fact that he once wrote a lot of poetry, received a long letter from him in his own hand on his favourite daughter's marriage. The general was given to such sudden accesses of sentimentality, though never in politics. From the author of these letters, however, he gets little indulgence, and no wonder in view of his adamant opposition to every American initiative designed to help Europe help herself by promoting political and economic unity.

The Frenchmen she most admires, and justly, are Jean Monnet and the reticent, ascetic Robert Schuman, who together made such a constructive partnership. Indeed, the sad serious theme running through these letters is that while these men, ably and wholeheartedly supported by such noble American figures as the ubiquitous ambassador-of-all-work David Bruce, strove to create effective unity out of outdated diversity, other Frenchmen, and de Gaulle foremost among them, were ready to run the risk of anarchy and revolution in order to prevent it.

The author's Anglophilia seems to have quite blinded her to Britain's heavy responsibility in all this. Ernest Bevin, of whom she has some pleasant vignettes, though her ear dismally fails to catch his accent or transcribe it, rose magnificently to Marshall's Harvard offer and with much help from the Pattens' Tory banking friends and even some drafting by Isaiah Berlin, turned it into the Marshall Plan for European Recovery. He was also to prove, with Dean Acheson, the foremost architect of NATO. But he was absolutely blind to the need for full British participation in Europe and handed down to his successors at the Foreign Office a blueprint for stonewalling against it.

After Bill Patten's death, his widow returned with her son and daughter to America, where she *married the journalist Joe Alsop and brilliantly presided* over his Washington table during the Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon administrations, leaving him shortly before Nixon gave way to Ford to settle down as a liberated single American female in—of all places—an apartment in the Watergate. From that celebrated address, she put together this scrappy but worthwhile contribution to post-Second World War history. The sloppy editing and the *sottisier* of an index, with its general confusion of names, styles, titles and sexes, as well as multiple misspellings and misreferences, can be attributed to the contagious English disease whose slow strain has now spread across the Atlantic, since the present volume is a reproduction of the American edition, save for the sacrifice of a number of the author's rather less happy snaps.

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# From our own correspondent

### By Cecil Parrott

**IVERACH McDONALD:**
A Man of The Times
220pp. Hamish Hamilton. £5.50.

One of the differences between the memoirs of journalists and diplomats is that, when reading what a journalist writes, one often has the feeling of having read it all before. This is after all only natural, because if a journalist has anything vital to disclose, he is not likely to wait until he retires before unbosoming himself, whereas diplomats are to the very end of their lives reluctant to speak out. That is why, as a distinguished diplomat has said, most diplomatic memoirs are a kind of non-literature.

The gap narrows when it is the ex-foreign editor and the ex-diplomatic correspondent of *The Times* who is writing up his experiences, as Iverach McDonald has done in *A Man of The Times*, because *The Times* was for a long time an institution rather than a newspaper. Northcliffe said that it never wholly got over the handicap of having been established at Blackfriars on the site of a monastery, and Beaverbrook that it was Haley who turned it into a newspaper. During some of the author's service it was a black Foreign Office, supporting No 10 and appeasement against the white Foreign Office, traditionally suspicious of Germany.

One wonders how a man who spent his formative years in a paper run by eccentrics like Geoffrey Dawson and Robin Barrington Ward could have remained unbrainwashed. Immediately after Munich, Dawson asked the author: "But I don't understand. You mean—the Czechs are not grateful to us for saving them from war?" When the news of the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact broke he "laughed loud and long". Barrington Ward told the author more than once that Germany "was ordained to exert influence over Central and Eastern Europe" ("exert influence" possibly, but certainly not swallow it up). The author probably owes his sanity to his assignments to Russia, where he was able to avoid degenerating into a Printing House Square robot.

Although some of the events in this book are familiar—particularly the appeasement of Munich, where *The Times* stood behind No 10, and the anti-appeasement of Suez when it changed sides mid-stream—there are many rewarding episodes. A particularly delectable one is Mr McDonald's account of how he was received by Pope Pius XII:

> At a table in the corner [of the private throne-room] an official in purplish robes was muttering as he wrote one or two brief letters, blotting them with an oval pad in a dissatisfied way, holding them up to the window to see if they were dry, blotting them again even more despondently, still muttering. Every so often a buzzer would sound, evidently from the Pope's study. The secretary would fling down his blotter, and, with other purple-robed officials, rush at the farther door, where they cannoned off one another before sorting out who should go first. . . . Suddenly the door opened and the *monsignori* and other officials dropped, with a remarkably heavy thump to their knees. . . .

But the terrible climax of the scene comes when the Pope, who "speaks English better than he understands it", interprets everything the author says in a contrary sense. He wished to console the Pope by telling him that behind the Iron Curtain there was now more freedom for religion. "Alas, alas, I am grieved to hear it", was His Holiness's reply, and the conversation went on in this topsy-turvy strain until the audience was at an end.

The author found Khrushchev a more responsive listener, mainly because he could address him in Russian. But during interviews he wisely asked for an interpreter. Khrushchev agreed: "I can tell you that I know Ukrainian pretty well, but I also want people to slow down when they speak too fast. One naturally finds it easier to speak one's native tongue." In this too Khrushchev has been outflanked by Brezhnev, whose guttural Russian (*khorod* for *gorod*) at once betrays his Ukrainian origins.

The author has some good stories to tell about Russia. Perhaps the best is his three weeks "marital" journey with the agreeable blonde Russian interpreter in the same sleeping compartment, where the conjugal demands of the "wife" are limited to telling her "husband" not to forget to open the window before going to sleep, or to lend her another book to read in bed. This was a relief for the author, who half suspected a KGB provocation. But no, in Russia men and women sleep together in the same railway sleepers. My wife once found herself sharing a compartment with three officers of the Soviet army.

The special position of a "Man of *The Times*" emerges particularly clearly from the lunches and dinners which the author frequently gave to the Foreign Secretary and other members of the Cabinet. From his confidential talks with Eden it is clear that, unlike other correspondents, he did not have to depend too much on what the Head of News Department told him. He could drink directly from the fountain-head.

One further point: has Czechoslovakia become such a *guberniya* of Russia that the name *Beneš* must now be spelled "Benesh"? If so, we had better go the whole hog and start calling the author of *Švejk* "Gashek".

David & Charles
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BODLEY HEAD

# TLS Commentary

## Second impressions

Since 1970 Graham Greene has been writing a second volume of autobiography in piecemeal form through the introductions to his Collected Edition, of which volumes 15, 16 and 17 (the numbering is only on the dust-jackets) have just appeared from Heinemann and Bodley Head—*The Man Within* and *The Third Man/Loser Take All* at £3.50 each, *The Comedians* at £4.25. These little essays are shorter and slighter than their models, the introductions of *Conrad and James, but they all contain little revelations and ironic, well-turned reminiscences. For instance, we learn that the models for Mr and Mrs Smith, the vegetarian missionaries in The Comedians*, were a charmingly naive American couple who had come to teach Haitian artists silk-screen printing. Greene recalls visiting an unfrequented brothel in a tourist-deserted Port-au-Prince with "Mr Smith", who proceeded to make drawings of the unemployed whores as a pair of astonished Tontons Macoute looked on. For years after his last visit to Papa Doc's paradise Greene was haunted by dreams that he had returned there incognito, and not without good reason for Duvalier circulated a document around the world denouncing the author of *The Comedians* as "a liar, a *crétin*, a stool-pigeon . . . unbalanced, sadistic, perverted . . .".

*The Man Within* was Greene's first published novel and the only one before *Stamboul Train* he is prepared to see reprinted. It was conceived in hospital and written while recuperating at home, and followed two rejected works (one heavily influenced by James, the other by Conrad). Why did he decide on a historical novel about Sussex smugglers? Perhaps, he feels, because he didn't know enough about the contemporary world. The 1929 dedication read "For Vivien My Wife in Wonder" followed by a verse from Thomas Hardy; it now reads "For Vivien". Greene's most pleasant memory of the book is that Jacques Maritain chose it for a series he was editing and asked Greene to tone down a sex scene in the French translation. His least pleasant memory is of having assigned the film rights for a token sum to a documentary director who wanted to use it to break into feature film production. This "friend" sold the book to Sidney Box who turned it into a crude sado-masochistic costume movie of the *Man in Grey-Wicked Lady-Fanny by Gaslight* type that was all the vogue in the mid-1940s. "In a way I was hurt by this treachery to my first-born more than by the later treachery of Mr Mankiewicz to *The Quiet American*", he writes. As a collector of ironic coincidences he might well have recalled that Michael Redgrave starred in both films.

The third addition to the Collected Edition combines Greene's happiest and most painful experiences with the movies. Greene's involvement with the filming of *Loser Take All* occasioned an essay announcing his decision never to become caught up with the film industry again. The introduction reminds us that Greene has not yet drawn on his visit to Malaya during the communist insurgency or to Kenya in the Mau Mau period, and that no one else has written any serious fiction against these backgrounds. It also relates the mildly amusing experience with Alexander Korda that prompted the novel and discloses that the character of the business tycoon Dreuther was based on Korda, the first and last time that Greene drew a major fictional figure from life. One also notes that the deliberately commonplace narrator is called Bertram—the same name as the scatty mother in *The End of the Affair* and Aunt Augusta in *Travels with my Aunt*.

*Loser Take All* is accompanied by *The Third Man*, the novel-scenario for Greene's most successful venture into the cinema. He has here reproduced his introduction to the 1950 edition with a few omissions and additions. He has added a nice little anecdote about enlivening Elizabeth Bowen's British Council visit to Vienna in 1948 by having the police raid a night-club where he was entertaining her. He also tells us how at a single lunch with a young intelligence officer he learnt about the local penicillin racket and discovered that the "Underground Police" were responsible for the Viennese sewers. Omitted however, and rather oddly, is Greene's attribution of Harry Lime's speech about the Swiss cuckoo clocks to its true author, Orson Welles. There remains in the *Third Man* introduction the sympathetic reference to Joseph Cotten's request that the name of Rollo Martins be changed. In 1950 Greene wrote: "Mr Joseph Cotten quite reasonably objected to the name Rollo." In the new introduction Greene says: "Joseph Cotten quite reasonably objected to the name Rollo which to an American ear apparently involved homosexuality." Between these two comments Greene wrote another introduction—to his play *Carving a Statue*—in which he recalls somewhat less sympathetically the problems of names in *The Third Man*: "As for Holly, my first choice of name had not met with the approval of the American 'star' who considered that the name had (by God knows what association of ideas) a homosexual ring."

*John Flaxman*: Two girls dancing, 1792, *inscribed "from Nature"*.

## Entering the lists

When the Society of Indexers was founded in 1957 its aim was "to safeguard and promote indexing standards and the professional interests of indexers". The society now has a membership of about 350; American members have started their own affiliated society, and a similar body is being set up in Australia. The group is small but active and has held many meetings in the past; but until last Saturday, when over sixty people packed into a small room in a Bloomsbury hotel, it had never held a national conference.

Two themes recurred throughout the day: the economics of providing an index, and whether a professional indexer or the author should produce it. A good index takes time and skill to prepare, and these must be paid for. Unfortunately, in the majority of cases the bill falls on the lap of the author who is contractually obliged to provide his book with an index, by whatever means; and as the bill, which may run into several hundred pounds, can eat a large hole in his royalties, he may be tempted to produce the index himself, or ask his wife or secretary to do so, often with disastrous results. The first speaker, Robert L. Collison, and several members from the floor, felt strongly that the publisher should carry the burden of the cost of the index as they do with all other aspects of a book apart from its text. In their view this would only marginally affect the cost of the book, and once the principle had been established, the standard of indexes would rise.

But Bruce Wilcock of Oxford University Press, who presented a paper on the publisher's view of indexing, was very doubtful whether this could be achieved in the near future. Publishing costs are rising all the time and publishers would be unlikely to welcome proposals that would lead to further increases. Good indexes are desirable but are not something which readers demand and as such have little effect on sales.

The problem of who should produce the index is easily stated: indexers usually have skill and experience to commend them, but not necessarily a detailed knowledge of the subject involved; while the author may not possess the skills (or even the tenacity) needed to produce an effective index. Mr Collison and the floor generally felt that a professional indexer, possibly working with the author, was the best solution, but Mr Wilcock, though sympathetic to this view, explained that in his field—he is concerned with post-graduate scientific texts—the authors were often working at the frontiers of knowledge, and were the only people capable of dealing with the subject.

The afternoon session was enlivened by a spirited paper from Cecilia Gordon on the state of indexing in children's books. Unlike earlier speakers, she had compunction in singling out specific titles and publishers for her attack, and, in a few cases, praise. The impression she gave was that the level of index provision was very poor.

It is a pity that more publishers and even authors were not present, for on the whole what was said at the conference had been said many times before by indexers. Perhaps an open conference or a joint conference with people concerned with other aspects of book production would be more useful.

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The illustrations opposite are from Edgar M. Howell's *United States Army Headgear 1855-1902* (109pp. Smithsonian Institution. $5.90), the second in a projected series on Regular Army dress based on the collections of the National Museum of History and Technology of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, DC.

## Archangel makes good

"You, O dear Flaxman, are a Sublime Archangel, My Friend & Companion from Eternity; in the divine Bosom is our dwelling place" wrote Blake, from rural Felpham, to his friend Flaxman in 1800. Those who think of Flaxman chiefly in association with Blake will be reminded by the exhibition of his drawings at the Heim Gallery (until April 9) that in his day he was admired for his successful sculpture, his strict neoclassicism and his pious principles by no lesser figures than David, Ingres, and even Goethe; and that Walter Savage Landor declared him greater than Michelangelo. To J. T. Smith, biographer of Nollekens, small-scale Boswell, he w "the Phidias of our times" althou Little Nolly himself seems to h been jealous of his rival and lost chance of putting in a spiteful wo about him. Although Flaxman wa the son of a sculptor's castmaker, he became not only successful and admired but entirely the gentleman, as we see from Smith's comparison of Flaxman's and Nollekens's deportment towards a "fashionable party": Nollekens, who was "never known to expatiate upon Art", handing out a remedy for sore throats to a lady of fashion, and Flaxman "modestly discoursing with a select circle upon the exquisite productions of Greece". Flaxman was one of the artists called to give evidence to a House of Commons Committee that the Elgin Marbles should become public property for the elevation of taste and artistic standards in Britain.

It is just Flaxman's neoclassicism that disappoints today, and make the sketches for illustrations to Dante, Homer and Aeschylus seem slight, lifeless and one-dimensional. The handful of life drawings on the contrary—all done during his seven-year stay in Italy, *perhaps because* he saw the classical graces still embodied in modern Italians—combine his abstract, sculptural quality with a beautifully tender touch. The influence of Greek vases, a collection of which was brought to England in the 1770s, is visible in both groups of drawings; before he became a sculptor and illustrator, Flaxman worked as designer for the Wedgwood factory.

In his earnest belief that classical purity of line was in itself an embodiment of spiritual renewal, Flaxman is a link both with Blake and the Swedenborgians, and, through the Nazarenes, with the Pre-Raphaelites (Rossetti placed him among the "immortal artists"). It is curious to see, within one man's work, something so Blakean as "The Creation of the Heaven", which he drew as a Bible illustration, and so Pre-Raphaelite as the study for the monument "Maternal Affection".

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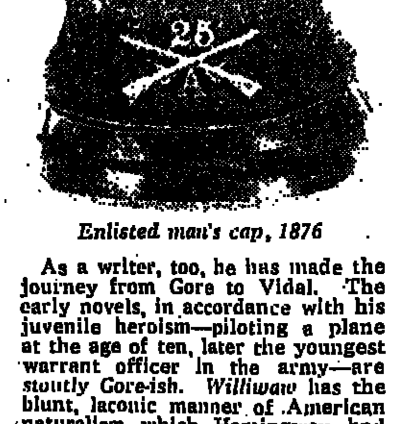
# Re-inventing America

### By Peter Conrad

GORE VIDAL:
1876
340pp. Heinemann. £4.10.

Although the array of Gore Vidal's personae is bemusing, they tend to come in pairs: the American and the Roman, the historian and the formalist, the candidate for political office and the propagandist for bisexuality. Even his name bifurcates—Gore is the caption attached to him by populist America (he inherits it from his maternal grandfather, the Oklahoma senator Thomas Pryor Gore); Vidal has become the badge of his elegant Italian exile. He has had faces to fit each name: he recalls that as a child he looked like a Gore, "blond and pig-nosed, but growing older, I've grown more Vidal". Photographs confirm his account of the dandy's pilgrimage: the child is eager and porcine; the young man is spry; the fifty-year-old of today has composed his face into the likeness, as he himself admits, "of one of the later, briefer Roman Emperors", even down to the sculptural details of a few dignified seismic cracks for wrinkles.



*Enlisted man's cap, 1876*

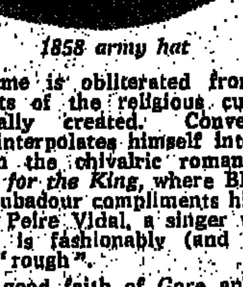
As a writer, too, he has made the journey from Gore to Vidal. The early novels, in accordance with his juvenile heroism—piloting a plane at the age of ten, later the youngest warrant officer in the army—are stoutly Gore-ish. *Williwaw* has the blunt, laconic manner of American naturalism which Hemingway had made the style of hearty masculinity. Even the homosexual novel *The City and the Pillar* derives its originality from this tight-lipped, muscular manner: the hero is not an empurpled aesthete but a tennis champion whose sexual preference is determined by the conviviality of the locker-room. This novel, written in sanctimonious earnest by Gore, can now be read as an adroit parody by Vidal, treating a love which defies nature in the bluff, nonchalant style of naturalism, bending Hemingway to a defence of sexual subversion. The more recent fictions have been the impudent inventions of Vidal, who is represented by the lavishly fecund Aaron Burr and the cellulose phantom of Myra Breckinridge—though she has lately had to fight down a reincarnation of Gore, the repressively conventional Myron, proprietor of a Chinese laundry in the San Fernando Valley.

But the more extreme the enmity between these different roles, the closer together they draw. The quarrelsome personages are secretly identical, as they are for Gore Vidal's dandified forbears—the misanthropy of Childe Harold has relaxed into the promiscuous indifference of Don Juan; the moral outrage of Jokanaan has been prissily inverted and epigrammatized by Jack Worthing; the political heritage and military distinctions of Gore (born at that granite shrine of callow masculinity, West Point) unfold into the witty perversities of Vidal, who has retired from the American world of power, but in order to write its history. He has renounced the collaborative power of the legislator (he was a congressional candidate in 1960) so as to enjoy the omnipotence of the satirist. Rather than making history, he writes it—or invents it. The distinction is crucial. Gore conscientiously writes history; Vidal unscrupulously invents it—although he has said that Truman Capote has made lying into an art form ("a minor one"), Vidal himself has made the falsification of historical record into a major art.

The trilogy of political novels now completed—*Burr*, *1876* and *Washington, D.C.*—is the result of a precarious, dazzling partnership between Gore the researcher and Vidal, the frivolous meddler with history. The latter disparages the former in the afterword to *1876*: "Although I have always had a deep distrust of writers who produce trilogies (tetralogists are beyond the pale), I have done exactly that." The polyphiloprogenitive fiction, spawning sequels, is the work of Gore, disowned by Vidal who is suspicious not only of trilogies but of novels, since they offend his notions of compulsory population control. The novel is a reproduction of life and thus a danger to an already wrecked and overcrowded world; Vidal has a seditious habit of tampering with the novels of Gore, formalistically sterilizing them, converting the products of re-creative research into demonstrations of technique delighting in its own skill. His agent in *1876* as in *Burr* is the narrator, Charles Schermerhorn Schuyler, who unmakes history in writing it down, treating the nation's revered past as a chaos of mismanagement and incompleteness which is as shoddy and disreputable as the present.

As a surrogate for Vidal, Schuyler writes a historical novel which is an insult to history. *1876* is Vidal's offering to the bicentennial, his reminder, in a year when the United States is anxiously fabricating a history for itself, that the past is as sullied as the present. Equally it is a denial of history. Since history is a labour of justification, assembling the evidence backwards so as to plead a self-interested case, *1876* disperses history into hectic, improvisatory journalism; Schuyler scribbles down notes for articles on the Philadelphia centennial exhibition or the presidential election. Journalism records things in the random order of their happening; history arranges them in explanatory retrospect. Vidal both ridicules the past and comically actualizes it by treating it as if it were the present. Gore, however, with his familial piety, has his own revenge: Schuyler finds himself written into the history he derides when Aaron Burr is revealed to be his father. And from Gore's point of view Vidal's escape to Rome has given him the authority of a universal historical conscience, brooding over the mischances of time between Julian and Nixon, noting the likeness between the transformation of the Roman and American republics into bellicose world-states and foreseeing their collapse; he resembles his own sibylline Clarissa in *Messiah*, who has survived two thousand years and is at liberty to correct history, restoring, in her inventions, a "forgotten reality".

Schuyler's disconcertedness at being enveloped in history, and his resentment at its imposition (in *1876* he keeps his parentage a secret from his daughter), are qualified by Vidal in a recent review of Tennessee Williams's memoirs, which concentrates on fastidious correction and loving expansion of every reference to himself in the book: those whom history preserves pay for their immortality by becoming victims of its errors and arbitrary combinations. This attitude of vain irritability is beautifully evinced by the Gore-ish annoyance of Eugene Luther in *Messiah*, who finds himself written out of history as alarmingly as Schuyler or Vidal are written into it by Burr or Tennessee Williams: a dangerous revisionist, his name is obliterated from all accounts of the religious cult he personally created. Conversely, Vidal interpolates himself into history in the chivalric romance *A Search for the King*, where Blondel the troubadour compliments his colleague Peire Vidal, a singer whose diction is fashionably (and Gore-ishly) "rough".



*1858 army hat*

The good faith of Gore and the irresponsibility of Vidal have different motives for doing the same thing. Vidal's booby-trapped contribution to a bicentennial which is primarily a festival of industrial consumption, marketing patriotic beer cans and historical (but disposable) paper towels, is also Gore's earnest attempt to equip Americans with a past which will arm them against the present. America abolished history, which in practice has left history free to repeat itself rapaciously: Nixon could rig up a replica of the corrupt administration of Grant, which is described in *1876*, because Grant had been forgotten. In *An Evening with Richard Nixon*, Gore Vidal argues that Nixon was made possible by this American amnesia: because the voters collectively ignore a man's record, the politician "can reinvent himself every morning. Edward Kennedy's Presidential campaign will doubtless feature him as the Hero of Chappaquiddick—the man who swam 20 miles with a wounded secretary under one arm." Fidelity to historical sources in this case—the victims convict themselves by exact, annotated self-quotation, Nixon, for instance, amiably likening his invasion of Cambodia to the

*The Custer helmet, 1872*

Soviet assault on Czechoslovakia—serves the same purpose as the interferences with history in *Burr* and *1876*, because both methods reveal the past to be a sorry, shaming caricature. Since the function of official history is to conceal the truth, the more scandalous one's fantasy about the past, the more chance it has of coinciding with what happened: hence the validity of Clarissa's gossip about Julian or Gibbon, or of the indiscretions in *Washington, D.C.*, about the sexual activities of Presidents Roosevelt and (by innuendo) Kennedy. History thus becomes what has never been recorded, but can be recovered by malicious conjecture; and even the bumbling semi-literate Eisenhower of *An Evening with Richard Nixon* has the wit to protest, when traduced, that "what I did *not* do is history". From Gore's point of view, all fiction is history, and must justify itself by cautionary attachment to fact; from Vidal's point of view all history is fiction, a tissue of mendacity and evasion. In the present trilogy Gore is following Mailer and Capote in writing non-fiction novels; but simultaneously Vidal is inverting the form and writing anti-historical novels.

Mailer's pretension, in attending presidential conventions or commenting on the moonshot, has been to promote journalism to history by force of ego: happenings become events because they have the good fortune to be observed by the sovereign intelligence of the reporter. Vidal's method is the opposite. He discomposes history, passing off his laboured reconstruction of America in 1876 as the erratic and hasty impressionism of a journalist. Because the past does not know itself to be the past, and is as messily inchoate as the present, history is nothing more than gossip about our grandfathers. The ideal historian would be the undying Clarissa, who has known everyone and has a limitless repertory of embarrassing disclosures to make. Schuyler complains about the research he has been required to do—"my magpie brain retains from the thousands of lines of newspaper print I feed it with each day all sorts of odd useful facts"—and wherever possible exults in his disqualifications as a historian, proudly noting that he has no notion of the purpose of the Corliss engine exhibited in Philadelphia: "mercifully, the directors of the Fair are providing us journalists with elaborate descriptions of the various exhibits".

The historian turns into the enemy of history. As *Washington, D.C.* develops, the political ambition of Clay Overbury is controverted by the irony of Peter Sanford the journalist, who recoils from the exertions of politics into listless pampering of his body, overeating and lying in bed. Peter is the historian, whose vocation is to observe Clay and learn to hate him. In his renunciation he has the ironist's sour consolation of knowing that the dishonest men will win, but knowing as well how to use slander, subterfuge and caricature to see that they do not win easily. The writing of history becomes the revenge of the weak against those who make history. Schuyler, rejoicing in having irritated Grant, remarks to Garfield that it is the privilege of the historian to get a politician on the defensive.

There is a further subtle perversity to Vidal's form: his historical novel is not only anti-historical; it is also anti-novelistic. Peter Sanford in *Washington, D.C.* considers the unfolding and inter-implication of social acquaintance as "a vast novel-in-progress with numerous chapters one had to skim or guess at since only a few pages at a time could ever be carefully studied"; but Schuyler vigilantly maintains the difference between his record and the novel. When Baron Jacobi proposes making a bonfire of all historians, and learning about the past instead from Dante, Shakespeare and Scott, Schuyler agrees that there can be no absolute record but protests, "thinking of those dreadful novels by Dumas", that he still wants to know the truth. Peter thinks the present is like a novel, but specifies that it is a novel only patchily read: the novelist's work of substantiation must be overtaken by the reader's impatient guesses. Schuyler denies that the past can be a novel, because the novelist is an apologist for his subject, tenderly filling in and protectively covering up, rather than its antagonist. On several occasions he indignantly prides himself on never having written a novel. Nor does he read novels, except for those of Turgenev, which he admires for their very lack of imagination;

With uncommon passion he writes only of politics and so is able to create living men and women on the page, unlike all the other novelists who are so intent on rendering in words the people they think they know or have read about that they end up with a kind of chatter not so good as the sort we hear every day of our lives.

The deadly irony of *1876* is that the scribbled journal Schuyler keeps during the campaign is published, after his death, as a fiction. He dies, indeed, at the point where history and fiction change places. Attending the unveiling of a statue in Central Park, he sees the fraudulent new

*The "Burnside" pattern, 1858*

President Hayes: "I stared at him with some fascination for he is, after all, my creation, a major character in the book that I am writing. It is not often that writers are actually able to see their fictional creatures made flesh." He dies after he has written this sentence; his fiction has materialized as unprepossessing fact in the person of Hayes; his factual record is now transformed into fiction as *1876*. Where a novelist would be gratified to awake and find his dream a truth, to meet a character he believes himself to have created, Schuyler is alarmed—and does not, perhaps, recover from the shock. In the afterword, which follows a mock-obituary of Schuyler by William Cullen Bryant, and is itself a devious fictional construction, Vidal adopts Schuyler's attitude towards Hayes to describe his own attitude towards Schuyler; listing the characters he has had the temerity actually to invent, he says—

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"Charles Schermerhorn Schuyler and his daughter Emma are invented (though by now Charlie seems very real to me)." A novelist would be pleased to have created a character; Vidal, with ironic grace, begs to be forgiven for having done so, and pleads in extenuation that his invention has become almost indistinguishable from a real person. Schuyler's efflorescence as a character is used to slight history: rather than conducting a diagnosis of the pestilential body politic, he is preoccupied by the malfunctions of his own ailing body, his cardiac arrests, toothache, cramps, fainting-fits and hay fever, his halting sexual performance, double vision and racing pulse. Gluttony is Peter Sanford's alternative to politics; hypochondria is Schuyler's. The one attends to his body's greedy cravings, the other to its maladies. Schuyler's certainty of the closeness of his own extinction is another denial of history—anxious for the completion of his own life, he *is indifferent to the continuing life of the adolescent republic. Though Vidal takes advantage of Schuyler's self-pity, he slyly punishes him for the offence of becoming a character by having* Bryant, at the *end of his* obituary, again mistake the title of Schuyler's study *Paris Under the Commune*, which is rechristened throughout the novel by everyone who refers to it. Schuyler may have sneaked into immortality as a character, but Vidal sees to it that his works do not share the privilege.

Vidal refuses to allow the past to become a novel because that form justifies the past by envisioning its characters enclosed in time, summed up and redeemed by it. For him, history is not a novel but a play. His people are not characters but actors, and history for them is not action but performance; they are not generous puritans, endeavouring and accomplishing, but cynical hedonists who aspire to high office because it provides them with a stage for the exhibition of themselves. Senator Burden in *Washington, D.C.* retires "because he felt that the time had come for him to cease to be an actor and to join the audience". In *1876* Conkling gestures towards a committee room "like Edwin Forrest as Othello confronting Iago"; Abram S. Hewit collapses and is carried from the Congress chamber like Hamlet in the last act; the horse-whipped Jamie goes into exile like Coriolanus. Observers treat politics not as government in process but as theatre, as Emma applauds the procession of justices, generals, admirals and congressional leaders at the Philadelphia exhibition. The participants may mimic the gestures of tragedy, but they belong in a different genre: Schuyler regards American politics as "an ongoing comedy" which is liable to veer "into wildest farce". Marx's epigram about the double *plot of history has been amended, for in America at least it happens first as comedy, then again as farce.* This perception gives shape to *Vidal's notion of Nixon's career*: the convenient forgetfulness of the electorate allowed him to repeat the comedy of the 1950s—baiting Reds and taking tearful inventory of his wife's wardrobe—as bungling technological farce in the 1970s.

The vicissitudes of Burr in the course of the trilogy follow a similar pattern. His jovial libertinism undergoes a first comic metamorphosis in *1876*, turning into the sleek aptitude for intrigue which Schuyler senses in his daughter, and which he attributes to the "curious blood" of Burr. Emma has Burr's eyes, "absolutely intense and entirely resolute —the eyes of a world conqueror", but now, as a Jamesian princess, she conquers not politically or even amorously but by the astute manipulation of social nuance. By the time of *Washington, D.C.*, Burr has withered into a sad ghost, the victim of successive farcical indignities: a graduate thesis is written about him (Peter Sanford considers making him the excuse for doing a master's degree), his portrait suffers physical violence (an eye is put out by a bullet during a domestic quarrel), and he is at last consigned to redundancy by fashion (the new tenants of Laurel House replace the portrait with "an elaborate collage of old newspapers").

The language of politics is also theatrical, a high diction of resonant inanity, innocent of content. As Nixon's obfuscations show, the politician despises language and needs it only for purposes of display or camouflage: "the thing not spoken in politics", as Burden perceives in *Washington D.C.*, "is invariably the essential", and Schuyler, too, notices that political deals are atmospheric rather than crassly verbal. This is one of the junctions between politics and sex, an alliance which fascinates Vidal: seduction and political persuasion are both arranged by gesture and intimation, winks, glances, overtones, silent signals, since a relationship between people is, in both cases, being altered in a way too fugitive and dangerous to survive translation into verbal propositioning. When a politician condescends to the use of language, the ephemeral spoken word is more to be trusted than anything he writes down: Schuyler remarks of Tilden that so serpentine a lawyer "can never make a written agreement without arranging for himself, amongst the qualifying clauses, an escape hatch", whereas in speech he can permit himself a hint (in this case, promising Schuyler a job in payment for his campaign biography) which acquires [illegible]

The model for Vidal's political theatre is Shakespeare—perhaps because, as Garfield says in *1876*, his "history is always wrong". In *Washington, D.C.*, the corpulent Peter plays a sceptical, pusillanimous Falstaff to Clay's thrusting, energetic Hal; similarly, Schuyler takes "the part of foolish elder sage, of Falstaff" to the Hal of Jamie, his "exquisite athlete, yachtsman, equestrian, millionaire publisher", a princeling who leads Schuyler on tours of dissipation through the brothels of New York. Vidal's two Falstaffs confront not only glacial Lancastrians like Clay but the noble, marmoreal Romans of Shakespeare's classical history plays. Burden, who "at crucial moments . . . saw life as a Shakespeare play", stops to consult with "several citizens of the Republic" at the door of the Senate, and in his office salutes a bust of Cicero. Like Shakespeare's actors, who are always complaining of the disparity between their unheroic selves and the roles allotted to them, Vidal's politicians know they are travestying history while they play at making it. When Roosevelt dies, Burden repairs directly to the Senate from the barber's shop, "still wearing the barber's white cloth about his neck" and resembling "some toga-ed Senator, arrived too late at the Theatre of Pompey". In *1876* the Congressmen deport themselves "like the very worst sort of actors trying to look like Roman Senators while sounding like country Jonathans".

The neoclassical fiction so incompetently acted out by Vidal's provincials is one of those untruths which, Schuyler and Baron Jacobi agree, constitute history, for Washington is based, constitutionally and architecturally, on the same absurd Roman metaphor. Bumpkins and venal fat cats play at being Brutus and Cicero; steel masquerades as marble, and domes and obelisks cast improbable shadows over the *African* jungle of tenements in which the pullulating and unclassical life of the city is actually proceeding. Americans adhere to the Roman style because it is so implausible, so nonsensically unsuited to the rude, anarchic, gothic liveliness of their society. The most extravagant of their stylistic misconceptions is their fondness for neoclassical railway stations: buildings which demand gothic, being temples of motion and aspiring restlessness, are made to resemble the Baths of Caracalla and to conform to an architectural ethic of stasis and repose. But although the Roman style is burlesqued by this brawling demotic republic, it is a fiction in which Vidal perceives a truth. To him, America is Rome reborn: the decadent comedy of ancient history happens a second time as coarse, uncultivated farce.

The analogy between the two elephantine world-states connects the separate parts of Gore Vidal's literary existence as the biographer of Julian and Caligula and as the biographer of Burr, as the explorer of apostasy, inversion and the thirsty evils of a corrupt, dying world and as the political campaigner and satirist. Shakespeare's Roman plays demonstrate the fatal expansion of republic into empire, with the tribal rivalries of *Coriolanus* giving way to the urban politics of *Julius Caesar*, which in turn deliquesce into the oriental indolence and satiety of *Antony and Cleopatra*. Austere republicans ripen into the sensual profiteers of empire. Vidal takes these plays as his model because he finds the same demoralizing calamity in American history. Washington catches Kennedy using the word "empire" in *An Evening with Richard Nixon*, and warns that "no democracy, no republic, can survive once it aspires to dominion over other people in other lands against their will". *1876* and *Washington, D.C.*, conspire to snub history and discount any possibilities it might contain for education and improvement by revealing the same fatal choices being obtusely made in both periods: the betrayal of Tilden and Grant's armed imposition of a Republican victory recalls, for Schuyler, Caesar's heedless dismissal of the old republic; Peter Sanford charges Roosevelt with the same crime, of rousing an isolationist republic into war-mongering commercial expansion, making it into "what would no doubt be the last empire on earth".

The righteous Gore may regret the transformation of an agrarian republic into an empire ruled by militaristic industrial magnates, but Vidal, who after all has the face of a terminal emperor, can only welcome it. For he is an imperial novelist. He luxuriates imaginatively in the [illegible] stylistically and formally profligate, confidently international. His fictions are expensive and elaborate, ornamental products of a culture in which form is devouring content.

A hundred years ago Henry James described the social empire in *The Portrait of a Lady*, in which the refinement of manners, purchased by wealth, enabled errant Americans in Europe to transform themselves into works of art, glossy, gelid and perfect. Vidal's empire, in which Schuyler courts Napoleonic dowagers in Paris and the gilded vulgarians of the Astorocracy in New York, is that of James, who has a walk-on part in *1876*. Making himself agreeable to Schuyler at the Astor mansion, James confides that he is leaving "to live in Paris, the sort of life *you* have led, Mr Schuyler"; but it is Vidal himself who has gone to Rome to live the sort of life, and to write the sort of novels, that James did.

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# To the Editor

## The Highway to Abstraction

Sir,—I much prefer the role of spectator to player in the time-honoured *TLS* sport of outraged author versus outrageous reviewer. However, John Gage's account of my book, *Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition* (February 27), forces me to step into the vast and bewildering field of windmills that he tilts at so righteously. Unable to recognize my text anywhere in his review, I assume *TLS* readers will have the same problem. They should be helped.

Mr Gage's assaults are general and particular. He finds that my book is timid, that I do not show much aptitude for visual analysis, and that my scholarship is sloppy. But instead of dismissing quickly such an inept work, he strings out over almost two pages a diffuse listing of what he considers the many errors and omissions that discredit my argument. And since he falsely presents my argument as a one-lane highway from German Romanticism to abstraction (would one ever guess from his review that Turner, Blake, and Palmer are as central to my reading of Romanticism as the Germans?), I am hard put to decide whether Mr Gage's warping of my facts or of my ideas is more irresponsible. To have given only the chapter headings of my book would have provided fuller and more accurate information about it than Mr Gage reveals.

His complaints about my treatment of Friedrich are typical of his buckshot strategies. He chides me for citing the "Cross on Rügen" as an example of Friedrich's new, private, and ambiguous religious painting, because he has found that its Christian symbolism already appeared in clearly decipherable form in a Dutch emblem of 1658. Apart from the fact that this contradicts Mr Gage's earlier assertion that iconographic studies should be statistical to carry weight (does a single seventeenth-century precedent in an emblem book counterbalance the frequency of the theme of a humble cross in a landscape in nineteenth and twentieth-century painting?), it ignores both Friedrich's and my point. By presenting a mariner's cross and anchor by the sea as an empirical fact encountered by a wayfarer, Friedrich's painting is distinctly unlike the overtly symbolic statement of a pre-Romantic emblem; for it hovers, like Gauguin's "Yellow Christ," between the public associations of earlier Christian art and the private contemplations of a modern, secular spectator confronted with the material relics of Christian faith in a terrestrial landscape. Moreover, Mr Gage's attempts to discredit me by his simplistic equating of a Romantic painting with a seventeenth-century emblem ignore the probability that Friedrich's painting was intended for a friend (possibly Therese aus dem Winckel) and was not conceived as an impersonal allegory.

Mr Gage again clouds the issue of Friedrich's modernity when he gratuitously pulls out of his academic hat the commonplace vation that Friedrich's lands are prophesied in structure mood by earlier German m. Such connections with ea (especially Dutch) landscape often cited in the Friedrich l ture; but again, the more re point to my argument is locates Friedrich in the nine and not the sixteenth or s teenth century. To the "Monk by the Sea", Mr Gage even more fog. He offers curious apercu that because Friedrich kept altering this painting may finally have abandoned it a of all unlikely things, exhibited unfinished in 1810. Since I h given great weight to Friedr numbing representation of an bounded void, I presume that Gage would like to imply, by implausible speculation, that I foolishly based my argument the deception of an inc work. Indeed, he feebly s this aside by going on to state Friedrich "never returned to a an austere format again", a s ment that can be quickly co dicted only by looking at figs. 19-21 in my book, which illustra three later works that perpetua exactly this austere format whi locates the spectator on the thre old of a world depleted of matter.

Mr Gage *distorts* things e more when he takes me to task my treatment of Munch, wha think of, according to him, only relation to Friedrich. Instead telling his readers what I actu write about Munch, he only forms them that Munch's image the sun in the Oslo Univer murals was not meant to be s in isolation, somehow implying I had mistakenly said it was. Ha done so, however, I would not b bothered identifying in my text figural paintings on the side w nor would I have reproduced in an angle-view of the hall w supplements the illustration of t sun mural alone. Mr Gage th goes on to state that this sym for the sun is found, for ins in Ibsen's *Ghosts*, suggesting th should have looked closer to h for Munch sources rather th back to Friedrich again. But if Gage would trouble to read Munch chapter, he would find only many references to north nature worship in the later nin teenth century—in Scandinavia painters like Balke and Willum in Delius and Mahler, and i Nietzsche—but he would also s that I used Ibsen's and Strindberg dramas for other parallels Munch. The trouble, it seems, that I did not select the partic Ibsen analogy that came to Gage's mind.

This kind of irrelevant g bling typifies, too, Mr Gage's tent implication that I have tually ignored French painting important to northern artists. be sure, since my book plead special case, I usually took granted the platitudes of mod art surveys that explain how foreigners absorbed Parisian vations. But in fact, in order stress how these northern artists tended to use French pictorial means for their own very differ ends, I often discuss the ways which they transformed French. Otherwise, I would not have b ered to compare Van Gogh's sunflowers with Monet's to support my point about the Dutchman's specificity (an idea Mr Gage tries to discredit by taking a landscape example out of context), or contrasted *Cézanne* with Hodler, or spelt out Marc's spiritual reinterpretation of Delaunay and Cubism, or analysed (despite Mr Gage's implication that I did not) Mondrian's drastic transformation of Parisian Cubism for mystical ends, or defined Feininger's Gothic-Cubist style vis-à-vis its French precedents, or commented on Rothko's great debt to Matisse. Who would ever have guessed all of this from Mr Gage's review, or suspected that my book illustrates works by such French artists as David, Regnault, Ingres, Corot, Courbet, Millet, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, and Gleizes? In this context, Mr Gage's oddest counter-attack is the citing of the importance of Edouard Schuré's mystical writings for Mondrian's theosophical interests, in order to prove the northern debt to France. Apart from the fact that Schuré, a passionate Wagnerite, came from that most German of French cities, Strasbourg, this bit of erudition is beside the point. I never suggested that Mondrian was immune to French influence, but rather that he and other northerners generally translated their French sources into an art that had a distinctly un-French look and feeling. Mr Gage might compare Mondrian's theosophy-inspired works with those by the French Rosicrucian artists of the 1890s to test my point.

It is wearisome to follow Mr Gage, quibble for quibble. I recommend that the reader check my discussion of Van Gogh's "Crows over Wheatfields" against his complaints in order to see whether, as he says, I really do ignore the birds as a source of emotional charge or whether the thrust of the three roads, like the forward rush of the crows, does not converge on the beholder, whom Mr Gage would locate well above the level of the field (and who by this reading would become an observer of, rather than a participant in, this no-exit drama). And I recommend, too, that Mr Gage be a bit more temperate and consistent in his slurring remarks about the labours *involved* in the making of my book, which, as the publication of the Slade lectures, inevitably reflects the one-hour art-historical *slide*-lecture format whose restrictions Mr Gage abhors. At one *point*, he claims to learn with dismay *that* my book has been in gestation for ten years; at another, he comments on how these days art-historical lectures can be confected a half-hour beforehand in the slide room. He should first look at what I have written in the past ten years and then check my illustrations against the resources of even the finest slide collections to realize that these malicious and contradictory remarks are unworthy of another art-historian in both human and professional terms.

I will concede one, and only one point to Mr Gage's all-out attack. I was in fact careless when I wrote that "almost any one of Constable's views of Salisbury Cathedral . . . is far too sunny in mood, far too picturesque in vantage point to convey any transcendental message", and Mr Gage was right to call attention to the conspicuous exceptions. Although I doubt that even Constable's late stormy view of Salisbury could be considered transcendental by Friedrich's standards (which were my point of comparison), I should certainly have written "most of" rather than "almost any one of". Had I done so, Mr Gage would have been spared writing yet another paragraph and might have left himself room to give *TLS* readers some glimmer of the actual contents of my book.

ROBERT ROSENBLUM.
Institute of Fine Arts, New York.

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## Casals

Sir,—What Peter Conrad writes (March 5) in his review of H. L. Kirk's *Pablo Casals* is disturbing:

> Mere membership of the human race is not something we have the right to compliment ourselves upon, because it has been conferred on us through no choice of our own. Artistic powers when they are of the order of Casals's have prior rights.

A greater critic than Mr Conrad and a greater artist than Casals wrote of "the search for wisdom being the greatest music" (*Phaedo*, 61A) and of "the imitation of the best life, which we claim is the true and supreme form of tragedy" (*Laws*, 817 B). This was not because he did not feel deeply the fascination of art (see *Republic*, 607 C), but because, like Casals, he was "a man first and an artist second", and because he knew that though "membership of the human race is not something we have a right to compliment ourselves upon", it none the less imposes on us certain duties and offers us certain ideals. Plato did not recognize any "aesthetic" values separate from truth or goodness. In this, not only was he right, he also showed his respect for art. Mr Conrad's artist too, I take it, is meant to heighten our consciousness of what is and what should be; why he should do so, whether he can do so, while selling himself or under that impression, I do not know.

COLIN MACLEOD.
Christ Church, Oxford OX1 1DP.

## 'Operation Menace'

Sir,—It is not often that an author is honoured by *two* reviews in *TLS*—the second, in my case, in the form of a long and curious letter from S. W. Roskill (March 12). No, I did not quote Pound's minute to the First Lord, but merely summarized its essence and cited a PRO reference for the full documentation pertaining to Admiral North's post-Oran letter (page 196). I see no contradiction at all between the First Sea Lord's attitude that the case against North was not strong enough to justify superseding him and his (Pound's) being "hopping mad" over the letter (as reported by Pound's secretary, who retains a vivid recollection of the First Sea Lord's reaction to North's letter). Captain Roskill's inability to "accept as adequate" my statement that the passage of the French squadron through the Gibraltar Straits was the catalytic agent suggests only that he had not read my Chapter 10 with care and an open mind. Let him try again. As for Roskill having shown me "all I have —as indeed I have done for his earlier works", I am mystified. The only papers he ever showed me were a valuable Jutland set, and that was a dozen years and five books ago. But I must apologize to him for not having made a more regular practice of asking "to see any relevant letters or papers" in his possession. It is very naughty of me. On the other hand, one very disagreeable experience, about which the less said the better, hardly encouraged me to seek material from the Captain for my later books. In the present instance, the all-important letter I would have been shown pertains to the deficiencies of Admiral Edward-Collins, who succeeded North at Gibraltar. It is interesting, but really has no bearing on the central issues in the North affair. Finally, Roskill is critical of my referring to the "weakness" of his argument in sidestepping discussion of the possibility of the French squadron going north. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the two positions, the Admiralty's and North's, on this point (I try to summarize both fairly in pages 217-18), I felt that the Official Historian ought to have at least referred to this aspect of the whole argument. It happened to be the crux of the Admiralty's case. As for his specific point about the significance of the air reconnaissance ordered by North, Roskill is *plus royaliste que le roi*: North made very little use of the argument. After the ships had passed the Rock, there was nothing that could be done about them if they went to Brest.

ARTHUR MARDER.
Department of History, University of California, Irvine, California 92717.

## The William Morris Centre

Sir,—Applications for the visiting research fellowship at the William Morris Centre, Kelmscott House, for 1976-77 are now invited from citizens or permanent residents of countries other than the United Kingdom by the trustees of the William Morris Society. They hope to attract a person of assured intellectual ability who is willing: to combine research in London in his or her area of interest in Morris with public presentation of the results of that research; to be consulted by those who evince a serious interest in Morris; and to head the informal scholarly community residing at Kelmscott House.

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The visiting fellow's work each year concentrates on a different aspect of William Morris. The area of research of the present visiting fellow, Dr Richard B. Mathews, is Morris's utopian and fantasy novels.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Administrator, the William Morris Centre, Kelmscott House, 26 Upper Mall, Hammersmith, London W6 9TA. Applications should be submitted by the end of May. The visiting research fellow will be appointed by the trustees, following the recommendation of a selection committee, at the end of June.

R. C. H. BRIGGS.
William Morris Society, 25 Lawn Crescent, Kew, Surrey.

## Lukács

Sir,—J. W. Payne (March 5) has underestimated the force of the *break* in Lukács's development. In his early work (1902-14) the influence of Schopenhauer and the dying embers of German Romanticism is widespread. This mixture of pessimism and nostalgia is still very evident in *The Theory of the Novel*; the central concept of the opening chapter is, significantly, the "transcendent soul".

Then, in 1918-19 there is a fundamental break in his philosophical development; for the first time Lukács considers *political* problems. Contrary to what J. W. Payne writes, Lukács's essay "Old Culture and New Culture" (1920) is not a continuation of his earlier Romantic aestheticism. Here Lukács investigates the *political*, *class* character of culture; he attempts to theoretically integrate (albeit unsuccessfully) cultural activity into a *social* framework (of communist society), instead of considering such activities in their autonomous isolation, as he had previously done. Thus, Lukács makes his earlier viewpoint quite untenable.

Lukács was (as J. W. Payne states) Commissar for Culture in 1919, but held the post for less than three months; with the invasion of Horthy's forces he was appointed Political Commissar of the Fifth Division. His most important contribution to the 1919 Hungarian Uprising was the foundation of the short-lived Research Institute for the Advancement of Historical Materialism. Furthermore, between 1919 and 1932 Lukács wrote only two essays on literary-aesthetic topics.

As to the problem of Lukács and Stalinism. Superficially, Lukács inevitably seems more "Stalinistic" than Brecht: the former was forced to continue his activity from Moscow, directly in the shadow of the trials; Brecht criticized from farther afield! However, I refuse to accept that Lukács was "very close" to mainstream Stalinist thought. "Orthodoxy" in literature was thoroughly expounded by A. A. Zhdanov, the leading figure of the Central Committee. Typical of his doctrinaire proclamations to Soviet intellectuals:

> Some of our men of letters began looking on themselves as not the teachers but the pupils of petty-bourgeois writers, and began to adopt the obsequious and awe-struck attitude towards foreign literature. . . . Is obsequiousness towards the cheap and philistine bourgeois literature of the West becoming in our advanced Soviet literature, the most revolutionary in the world?

It is in this environment that Lukács continued to insist on the merits of the *bourgeois* Western literary tradition, from Fielding and Balzac to Thomas Mann. In opposition to Zhdanov, Lukács firmly placed Tolstoy and Pushkin within a Western, bourgeois line of literary development. Far from being "very close" to Stalinist orthodoxy, Lukács quite openly opposes Zhdanov's politically expedient doctrines.

J. W. Payne overemphasizes the aesthetics of socialist realism, and concentrates too narrowly on the Brecht-Lukács debate. He forgets that as a Marxist, Lukács's fundamental concern was political, the class struggle. Unfortunately for Lukács his opponents of the 1950s, such as József Révai and Hans Koch were much less myopic: both castigated Lukács for the latent political content of his essays, which they correctly saw as a surreptitious continuation of the Blum Theses.

GRAHAME WHITE.
106 Hollingbury Park Avenue, Brighton, Sussex.

## Chester Carlson

Sir,—Alan Bell, in his excellent review of *Obituaries from The Times 1961-70*, named the inventor of xerography as "Carlton". It was, in fact, Chester F. Carlson, an American patent attorney and physicist, who made the first xerographic image on October 22, 1938.

J. MALDWYN THOMAS.
Chairman and Chief Executive, Rank Xerox, London, NW1.

## Among this week's contributors

Rayner Banham's books include *Architecture of the Well-Tempered Environment*, 1969 and *Los Angeles*, 1971.

Giles Barber is the author of *French Letter-Press Printing*, 1969.

Peter Conrad is the author of *The Victorian Treasure House*, 1973.

R. M. Cook's books include *The Greeks till Alexander*, 1962 and *Greek Art*, 1973.

Michael Crawford is the author of *The Roman Republican Coinage*, 1973.

Denis Donoghue is Professor of Modern English and American Literature at University College, Dublin.

Geoffrey Gorer's books include *Death, Grief and Mourning*, 1965 and *Himalayan Village*, 1968.

Antonia Gransden is Reader in Medieval History at the University of Nottingham.

Michael Grant's recent books include *The Army of the Caesars*, 1974 and *Saint Paul* to be published later this year.

R. H. Hilton's books include *The Decline of Serfdom in Medieval England*, 1969.

A. R. A. Hobson's *Apollo and Pegasus* was published earlier this month.

Ursula Le Guin's *The Wind's Twelve Quarters* was published earlier this month.

George Parfitt is Lecturer in English at the University of Nottingham.

Sir Cecil Parrott is Professor of Central and South European Studies at the University of Lancaster.

Joanna Richardson's books include *The Regency*, 1973 and *Stendhal*, 1974.

Roger Scruton is the author of *Art and Imagination*, 1974.

J. P. Sullivan is the author of *The Satyricon of Petronius*, 1968.

Christopher Sykes's *Evelyn Waugh* was published last year.

Richard Wollheim's books include *Art and its Objects*, 1968 and *Freud*, 1971.

Jonathan Wordsworth is the author of *The Music of Humanity*, 1969.

R. J. Knecht's books include *Francis I and Absolute Monarchy*, 1969.

Lucy Mair's most recent book is *African Societies*, 1974.

Vernon Reynolds is the author of *Budongo, a forest and its chimpanzees*, 1965 and *The Apes*, 1967.

John Weightman's most recent book is *The Concept of the Avant-Garde*, 1973.

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# The arbiter of elegance

### By J. P. Sullivan

**MARTIN B. SMITH (Editor) :**
**Petronius Cena Trimalchionis**
233pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £5.

This is a meritorious edition, long needed by university students, but useful also for its summaries of the present state of Petronian textual and historical scholarship. Martin B. Smith's text is based on K. Müller's edition of 1961, but he has improved it in many places in the light of recent research and by the application of common sense. It is a pity, however, that he retained two characteristics of that edition, one *irritating*, and one *misleading*: *the disfiguring practice of recording in the text, instead of the apparatus, minor scribal errors and idiosyncrasies of spelling (eg, cornic(in)es; sc[i]rib[i]lita for scriblita)*, and often leaving far too much blank space on the page for postulated lacunae, when only a few words may be missing (eg, at 60.4, 60.8, 78.1; but compare 64.1). Naturally, there will be disagreements with many of the readings he prints and a few pieces of nonsense still remain. For example, Trimalchio, after boasting that his house has thirty or so rooms, is still saddled with the enormous hotel that Heinsius built for him with accommodation for a hundred visitors (77.4 — the original sentence was a gloss on *hospitium*, fifteen words later). Nevertheless it is still a very superior text, and not just by comparison with that of the earlier Oxford editor, W. B. Sedgwick.

The commentary on the text is frank, generally sensible, particularly on the language, and crisply economical—perhaps too much so. Possibly the exigencies of the publisher, or the taciturnity traditionally associated with Scotland, are responsible. Nevertheless, more comment seems called for at 30.5; 44.16; 45.2; 75.4; and this would have been possible, without requiring additional pages, if Mr Smith had spent less space recording translations and misinterpretations with which he disagrees. It is of little use to the student to learn that in 1943 a scholar in Australia wrongly rendered *codex, non mulier* as "an animated ledger". He is also somewhat prolix when faced with the few still unresolved textual and interpretative problems of the work; then he is prone to adduce, without conviction, rather far-fetched explanations (eg, at 44.9).

The long introduction with an appendix lays out his cautious views on the dating and authorship of the *Satyricon*, of which the *Cena* is the most substantial and interesting fragment extant. There is now widespread agreement that the work was written by Titus Petronius Niger, suffect consul in AD 62, who became arbiter of elegance to that highly literate and artistic emperor, Nero. (The Herculaneum tablet providing this *cognomen* might have been included in the *testimonia*.) The basic identification was made as long ago as the Renaissance, but it found many opponents who could not agree on a satisfactory alternative. Even now the followers of E. V. Marmorale in Italy cling obstinately to a second-century dating.

Of course, the upholders of the Neronian date cannot be 100 per cent certain, but argue that their hypothesis fits all of the facts. Mr Smith is unhappy with this "orthodoxy" and, although he is unwilling to plump outright for a different and earlier date (see page 214 and the notes on 60.7, 77.5), he wishes to return the canny Scot's verdict of "not-proven". Consequently, although he discusses, and eventually discounts, the most striking historical evidence for the work's composition between AD 64 and 66, he does not refer the student to the mass of more circumstantial detail accumulated by K. F. C. Rose, who is listed in the bibliography. (In the commentary he dismisses some of these details as unconvincing evidence.)

He is particularly unhappy with the elaboration of the basic theory that the whole work was written for Nero's court circle and that it incorporates tendentious references to Lucan, Seneca, and Stoic doctrine in general, as well as comment on imperial high life. As for the strong resemblances between parts of the *Satyricon* and Seneca's *Moral Epistles* (written between AD 60-65), he relies on that great scholarly standby, the non-extant "common source". In so doing, he misunderstands his opponents' point of view. Petronius's allusions to Seneca are not made because Petronius was only now learning of some theory or some feature of contemporary life from Seneca; these are introduced precisely *because* Seneca had used them in his writings, and the literate court circle was expected to recognize them in their new and more amusing context.

Similarly, the relationship between Petronius's poem on the civil war and Lucan's *Pharsalia* is complex, but as a composition the poem has little raison d'être unless it is *construed as some sort of attack on Nero's former friend and later bitter enemy*. Mr Smith's *argumentum ex silentio* that the coincidence of subject-matter would impress us less, "if we had a fuller knowledge of the themes chosen by poets who were at work in the first half of the first century AD" (page 215), will hardly do. Among other possible foci of criticism it might be noted that the hero of the *Pharsalia* is Cato, and Lucan's treatment of Julius Caesar is consistently hostile; Petronius quietly restores Caesar to his central heroic place.

Mr Smith's conservatism is also apparent in his gingerly handling of E. Fraenkel's radical theory (adopted by Müller, although he had second thoughts later) that there are numerous interpolations in our received text. The problem is merely glanced at in his introduction; the references will baffle any student, and clearly a separate section on the problem was needed. This is a serious omission, since it must affect editorial principles. As it is, lame references to "an explanatory gloss", "an unlikely gloss", "a gloss borrowed from . . .", "this fatuous reference . . . interpolated by some scribe" seem like a return of the repressed.

A commentary is not perhaps the place for literary criticism and Mr Smith eschews any general evaluation of the literary merits of Petronius and his impact on later literature. He might, however, have guided the student to an important controversy in Petronian studies: that between the proponents of the theory (William Arrowsmith, Bacon and others) that the author is offering a damning indictment of contemporary civilization, somewhat like Eliot's *The Waste Land* or Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* (not, however, like *Fellini Satyricon*) and those who see in the work a highly artistic, but firmly contemporary work, whose satiric postulates are based on literature and taste, not on apocalyptic visions or Nietzschean paganism.

The bibliography is sensibly selective and not overlong, but it is a pity that Mr Smith did not include a reference to G. Schmeling and J. Stuckey's complete bibliography (to be published soon) and Schmeling's *Petronian Newsletter*, which for the past few years has recorded all work on Petronius as it appears.

# Imperial money-making

### By Michael Crawford

**C. H. V. SUTHERLAND and C. M. KRAAY :**
**Catalogue of the Coins of the Roman Empire in the Ashmolean Museum Part 1: Augustus (c 31 BC to AD 14)**
Unnumbered pages. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £20.

The victory over Antony at Actium, in removing the last serious armed opposition to the establishment of sole rule by Octavian, put an end also to the variety of coinages produced by the different contestants in the civil wars which followed the death of Caesar. Apart from a carefully controlled revival of issues at Rome signed by holders of the Republican office of moneyer, only one issue of mainstream coinage produced after 31 BC bore any reference to a servant of the *princeps*; it is the issue of P. Carisius, produced in Spain and deserving to provoke more reflection than it has.

But neither Augustus nor his successors for nearly 300 years presided over an empire which possessed a uniform monetary system; alongside the mainstream imperial coinage there continued to be struck not only coinages produced by the Roman administration of individual provinces, but also coinages of cities in both east and west and of client princes and independent communities within the Roman sphere of influence.

Following the example of Milan in 1938, Oxford has decided to publish a catalogue of its coins of the Roman Empire, mainstream issues and others together; the first volume covers the reign of Augustus. The format is the familiar one used for the *Sylloge* of Greek coins—very full illustrative coverage, brief descriptions with technical details, necessary references. The Oxford coins are in general well preserved and it is good to see them illustrated; the plates are of high quality and in a number of cases it is possible to correct the descriptions of types hitherto known only from imperfectly preserved specimens in other museums.

The hearts of the authors are in the right place; we *do* need to consider the coinage of the Roman world as a whole. But it is doubtful whether the result in this case is a "unified . . . view of Roman imperial coinage". The authors' judgment is sometimes unhappy; it seems to me misleading to treat bronze issues of moneyers at Rome as regional coinages along with issues of Nemausus in Gaul or the procurators of Judaea. There are also in any case serious practical difficulties involved in distinguishing between mainstream coinages, regional coinages, regnal and dynastic coinages and civic coinages. The coinage of independent Lycia is in one sense a regional coinage, in another sense is cognate with the coinages of client kings. Coinages which bear no reference to Rome or the emperor also pose a problem; many which certainly belong to the period of Roman rule can only be dated within very broad limits and this volume gives little indication of how the series proposes to handle such coinages; some of them indeed may as well belong before Augustus as after in the present state of our knowledge.

For the province of Asia, the catalogue adopts divisions into Mysia, Troas, Aeolis, Ionia and so on, originally devised for classical Greek coinages. These divisions, rightly castigated by Louis Robert as ignoring the evidence of geography and history alike, make even less sense for the Roman period, in which (as Strabo remarks), the *conventus* boundaries of the Roman administration ignore pre-existing divisions.

It is no doubt ungracious, but seems necessary, to wonder whether so much exact scholarship as appears in this volume is best employed in the preparation of the catalogue of a single collection. The catalogue of a great collection such as that of the British Museum (for the Roman Empire) or that of Dumbarton Oaks (for the Byzantine Empire) is complete enough to serve as a handbook; but the emulation of the British Museum by Glasgow, now Oxford, soon Paris, seems unwise. Does Oxford propose to pursue its cataloguing to the bitter end, to the barbarous copies of *antoniniani* of the third century and the debased *nummi* of the fourth? What is surely needed is monographs on the coinage used by particular areas, both locally produced and imported; from these it may be possible to build up a unified view of the coinage of the Roman world which is better than the view given from the catalogue of a single collection, inevitably incomplete and in this case neither disclosing nor justifying the arrangement adopted.

# Attic shapes

### By R. M. Cook

**DONNA CAROL KURTZ :**
**Athenian White Lekythoi**
**Patterns and Painters**
254pp and 72pp of illustrations. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £35.

If the title and subtitle of this book had been interchanged, it would have given a fairer idea of the contents. The text is in five parts. The first, which takes nearly half the space, is about the shoulder patterns of Attic white (or white-ground) lekythoi; the second is a short reminder of their shapes; the third deals with the side palmettes of those lekythoi on which palmettes flank central figures; the fourth is about lekythoi of which the bodies are wholly or mainly black below the shoulder; and the fifth considers pattern lekythoi, cheap pots with careless ornaments and no figures on the body. There follow thirty pages of drawings of selected ornaments—with a list of their sources; a list of plates, again with sources but also with notes on the iconography of those which show funerary scenes; and four indexes —of collections, of subjects, of painters, potters and workshops, and of references to ancient literature. Finally there are the plates.

Donna Carol Kurtz has worked on her subject with loving competence and her results are convincing within the limits she set herself; but those limits are constricting. *First*, she took as a principle the sacrosanctity of Sir John Beazley's attributions and though very rarely she suggests that one or another might be modified, I feel that a more independent examination would have been profitable and within Dr Kurtz's capacity. Second, the ornaments of the lekythoi are not of much interest in isolation, except in so far as they help over doubtful attributions (as on the relation of the Bosanquet and Thanatos painters), and there are probably only a couple of dozen specialists to whom the first and third parts, at any rate, will be of much importance, though of course others will refer to them for occasional comparisons. Third, the leisurely exposition does not pay enough attention to the convenience of the reader: for instance, in the second part, which describes the shapes, a set of simple drawings of profiles would have been helpful.

In detail there is not much to fault. On page 11, the influence of wooden plaques with a white ground might have been considered. Is the iconography of funerary scenes (pages 131 and 136) on Attic vases so peculiar? And, if expensive grave monuments were made illegal about 500 BC and white funerary lekythoi were developed as a substitute, why was it not till the 460s? Page 137: are there enough relevant finds in Attica to make the known distribution there of white lekythoi significant and, if so, what is that significance? On page [illegible], note 13 raises the question of whether, if white lekythoi in graves outside Attica and Eretria indicate travelling Athenians, those Athenians took lekythoi with them in case they died abroad? Page 205 (on plate 22.1): might there not have been gravestones with paintings and not carvings?

The illustrations need separate commendation. The figures are both apposite and drawn neatly. Dr Kurtz sensibly has tried to standardize the names of some simpler ornaments, though "Billet (reserved embattled-counter-embattled)" may be found excessive. The plates, as intended, not only illuminate the text but also give much the best conspectus of the range of these lekythoi and by themselves make the book useful to general readers. The production is lavish, though the review copy had loose pages, and the price is proportionate.

# Roman revisions

### By Michael Grant

**M. CARY and H. H. SCULLA**
**A History of Rome**
694pp. Macmillan. £7.95.

It is not often that a new of an old book can be haile major event, but this is the tion. The late M. Cary's A H of Rome down to the Rei Constantine was first publish 1935 and appeared in a se edition without very exte changes in 1954. It has pr extremely valuable to gener of students and teachers, bein prehensive, succinct and But research moves on, and parts of the book had be look seriously out of da

Now this has been remed great thoroughness, by H. H. lard, who, like Cary before Emeritus Professor of Ancie tory in the University of Lo Ancient historians have long a profound debt to Professor lard, whose numerous writing struck a happy balance; the academically impeccable, bu afraid of the sort of generali and summing-up which are u ful to non-specialists. Thus his *Scipio Africanus*, *A History of Roman World 753-146 BC*, R *Politics 220-150 BC*, and From *Gracchi to Nero* have filled gaps in many minds. Professor lard's immense activity has al cluded the joint editorship of the first and second editions of *Oxford Classical Dictionary* and general editorship of the Aspe Greek and Roman Life series which nearly thirty volumes so far appeared.

Now he has turned his ha this very substantial rewriting the *History of Rome* by his Cary, a task which Cary hoped he would one day He has rewritten someth one third of the work, comp or in part, and its length has considerably increased in the cess. In particular the initial tors of the book have been and expanded almost beyond nition, to keep pace with archaeological discoveries. And the end, the reigns of Dio and Constantine are very pr promoted from a mere sectio a whole chapter. Moreover, critical notes are greatly ext and brought splendidly up to There are many more map plans, and those from the old tions which are still included been redrawn. There are al great many more illustrations, lently chosen, because Prof Scullard, as is apparent fro earlier books, is well aware of importance of the visual aspe ancient history.

I could only wish he had ass his own personality, and pers concept of Rome a little more the scheme of the book, wh modestly purports to be on edition of Cary, no doubt preclu this. For example, Cary decid end the narrative portion of *History* with the reign of Con tine, because it "constitutes sharpest break with the past Roman history, and it may be selected as the terminal poi ancient history as a whole". fessor Scullard follows suit, ing Baynes's classic evoc Cambridge Ancient History: " stantine sitting amongst the C tian bishops at the oecume council of Nicaea is in his *person* the beginning of Eu Middle Age." Yet surely a h of ancient Rome becomes more enlightening if it is prol to include the stories of Vale Theodosius and Augustine. Cary touched on the "decl fall" in a final "Retrospect Prospect", which Professor Sc retains, with additions. But about the last century of the w empire would have been wel However, we must indeed be ful for what we have been which is immense. Students not like paying £7.95 — and look back nostalgically at t far less imposing original for but it can confidently be ass that a cheaper edition is on the

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**MICHAEL HUNTER:**
**John Aubrey and the Realm of Learning**
256pp. Duckworth. £12.50.

John Aubrey's convoluted mental world has now been subjected to painstaking and sympathetic analysis. Living in an age when the virtuoso flourished, this idiosyncratic and amiable scholar, at once a universal amateur and dedicated antiquarian, typified a generation of English virtuosi that included Robert Plot, John Evelyn, Sir Robert Southwell, Samuel Pepys, Sir Peter Pett, and Elias Ashmole. These men, all fellows of the newly founded Royal Society, are each worthy of remembrance—even if Southwell merely played Boswell to Sir William Petty's Johnson. Their associations and interests reflect a common pattern in that they all participated in the remarkable development of seventeenth-century English natural philosophy. While it has been argued that they failed to raise the critical standards of contemporary science, or even that they had a malign effect on this science during the last years of the century, it would seem unwise to exclude them from scholarly attention on such grounds; just as it is essential to record the peaks of attainment, which can be characterized here by the work of Newton, Ray or Boyle, so it is necessary to survey the foothills. Any restriction of the history of science, or of the broader history of ideas, to a chronicle of "leading figures" with "correct" attitudes inevitably leads to distortion and anachronism, both characteristics of rationalized hagiography.

Aubrey, in one of many autobiographical notes, highlighted the consuming interest that ruled his life: "Surely my starres impelled me to be an Antiquary, I have the strangest luck at it, that things drop into my mouth". This passion for collecting encompassed a multitude of subjects, and ultimately led to the publication of his delightful *Brief Lives*. While its personalia were sometimes incorrect, Aubrey's energy in searching out accurate information was still remarkable. In some cases he provided details and opinions that, when corroborated by other sources, illuminate the shadowy lives of many figures of the first rank. However, this achievement, traditionally the basis of Aubrey's reputation, does not accurately reflect the breadth of his learning or the nature of his complex and paradoxical viewpoint. It is these lacunae which Michael Hunter has undertaken to fill in his book *John Aubrey and the Realm of Learning*.

Bletchwort Castle from the roade

*Bletchworth Castle sketched by Aubrey in 1673: an illustration from* John Aubrey and the Realm of Learning.

# Curiouser and curiouser

### By Lindsay Sharp

By the time of his death Aubrey's passionate concern for the future of his works had caused him to bequeath most of them to the Ashmolean. Only the unimpressive *Miscellanies* had appeared in print, and the rest were in a state of relative confusion despite feverish attempts in his declining years to transcribe and re-order his manuscripts. Although a number of these works were subsequently published by Canon Jackson, Clark, Britton, Stephens, Buchanan-Brown et al, their editions have at best contained some errata, and at worst have been thoroughly misleading. It is therefore much to Dr Hunter's credit that he has relied almost entirely on the original manuscripts, and his mastery of this jumbled and heterogeneous material shines through in a wealth of apposite quotations. Although Dr Hunter's concern for representing Aubrey in his own words occasionally exhibits his subject's weakness for "mere listing", it does allow Aubrey's vitality and multifuriousness to emerge undistorted. Thus, Aubrey the toponymist, literary scholar, natural historian, astrologer, educationist, research assistant, chorographer, mathematician, artist, and antiquarian are all united in this holistic portrait, which for the first time allows the reader to glimpse the man as an integrated character, replete with all his absorbing traits and failings.

The resultant picture tends to confirm previously held opinions on Aubrey's intellectual stature. Dr Hunter is the first to admit that his "piecemeal rationalizations conflicted both with less natural causes . . . and even with each other". His world-view was composed of a highly personalized blend of predilections and methods (both current and outmoded) in which "almost anything was possible". Even one of his most notable works, the *Naturall Historie of Wiltshire*, was, in comparison with prevailing standards, relatively "haphazard and unsystematic". Consequently, unlike colleagues such as Hooke, Boyle, or Newton, Aubrey "always remained an amateur". Perhaps the fairest contemporary assessment was provided by John Ray, who, as one of the century's outstanding taxonomists, could put Aubrey's work on natural history into the proper perspective:

> I think, (if you can give me leave to be free with you), that you are a little too inclinable to credit strange relations. I have found men that are not skilfull in the History of Nature, very credulous, and apt to impose upon themselves and others; and therefore dare not give a firm assent to any thing they report, upon their own Authority; but are ever suspicious that they may either be deceived themselves, or delight to teratologize . . . and to make shew of knowing strange things.

Although they did little to improve the general level of scientific method, Aubrey's representative, miscellaneous, yet interlocking attitudes have at last become intelligible to anyone concerned with seventeenth-century intellectual history. Newton's profound interest in the *prisca theologia* and *prisca sapientia*, Harvey's Aristotelianism, and Boyle's irenics can be regarded as essential to our understanding of their natural philosophy: similarly, Aubrey's non-mechanistic beliefs and unsystematic writing on natural history now provide important contextual information on which to base instructive comparisons with his contemporaries and with more general developments. In giving an homogeneous account of Aubrey's world-view, Dr Hunter has achieved a great deal.

His careful reconstruction is not, however, flawless. The statement that "Aubrey and others like him were all good Baconians" demands more subtle differentiation between evolutionary types of Baconianism, especially with regard to the second half of the century, than is provided at the beginning of Chapter 2. His connection with Hartlib, Pell and the reform movement during the interregnum would also benefit from more detailed investigation, since didactic theories and wider aspirations for the reform of learning were important, if ambivalent, constituents of Aubrey's general approach.

Equally, the book's assessment of Aubrey's novel contribution to the study of antiquities seems imprecise; while Dr Hunter maintains that "the most strikingly original feature of Aubrey's antiquarianism was its unusual emphasis on relics and traditions collected in the field", he almost immediately acknowledges that there "had been field work before Aubrey, in the form of the century-and-a-half-old tradition of miscellaneous topography stretching from Leland to his own time". The crucial element in favour of Aubrey's originality, we are told, was "the greater detail with which the natural and artificial phenomena of counties were described and arranged in chapters according to type, air, stones, beasts and so on". However, this was exactly the area where Gerard Boate (one of Hartlib's protégés) had made outstanding early progress in *Irelands Naturall History* (1652). Boate's description was based on extensive field research and, although primarily concerned with economic phenomena, was more systematic than Aubrey's subsequent collections.

There can be no doubt that Aubrey was familiar with these efforts since the Bodleian contains his personal copy of the continuation of Boate's work, *[An] Interrogatory Relating . . . to the Husbandry and Naturall History of Ireland*, published by Hartlib in 1652. Therefore, on the basis of Dr Hunter's own statement that Aubrey's "antiquarian originality" was "directly inspired by his natural history", and on his recognition that the processes of field study and surveying were well established by the mid-seventeenth century, it could be suggested that Aubrey's innovations were essentially derivative, and his application of more rigorous empirical methods to antiquarian subjects less effective than has been claimed.

A few problems arise over the book's presentation: unfortunately, its price will deter many who have already enjoyed *Brief Lives* from appreciating this rich and comprehensive portrait. It is also worth pointing out that at times the footnotes become over-discursive, and, more surprisingly, that *there is no bibliography of secondary works*. Notwithstanding such criticism, *Aubrey and the Realm of Learning* is a valuable and stimulating book. Unlike other recent publications, Dr Hunter's intellectual biography serves his subject well and brings Aubrey's fascinating character and beliefs back into correct focus.

# Complete alchemist

### By C. H. Josten

**JOHN REIDY (Editor) :**
**Thomas Norton's Ordinal of Alchemy**
125pp. Oxford University Press, for the Early English Text Society. £3.

The Early English Text Society (whose object it is "to bring unprinted Early English literature within the reach of students" and "to provide sound texts from which the New English Dictionary could quote") may be congratulated on the publication of this volume, No 272 of its series, but the text of Thomas Norton's *Ordinal* is of no less interest to students of alchemy and early chemistry. They, too, have reason to be grateful to John Reidy, who has produced an altogether reliable edition and has added a comprehensive and most useful introduction.

The text of the lost original, dated 1477, has been reconstituted mainly from the two oldest manuscripts extant. Variant readings are given from five others, each of which is the earliest among five groups into which the remaining twenty-one manuscripts examined by Mr Reidy may be divided. The seven manuscripts from which the present edition is thus taken are carefully described, and their relationships are meticulously studied.

An otherwise complete section on old and new printed editions of the text does not mention a facsimile reproduction of E. Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum* (London, 1652) published in 1968 by Georg Olms Verlagsbuchhandlung, Hildesheim. In Ashmole's *Theatrum*, Norton's *Ordinal* was printed for the first time, but the manuscript used by Ashmole is not known to be extant. Two previous modern reprints of Ashmole's text are mentioned.

The spellings and sounds, the grammatical features, and the author's dialect as revealed in the oldest known text (British Library, MS Add 10302, probably of the late fifteenth century) are carefully analysed.

In a paper published in 1957 Mr Reidy had already identified the author of the *Ordinal* as Thomas Norton (?1433-1513 or 1514), an esquire, from a family well known in Bristol in the fifteenth century. He had commonly been misidentified and confused with his uncle, another Thomas, notably by the author of the *DNB* article on him. Mr Reidy's introduction records and discusses at length all details known of the life of the real author.

The last and longest section of the introduction discusses the alchemy of the *Ordinal*. Giving, in twenty-four pages, a survey of Western alchemy from its beginning in Greco-Roman Egypt to Thomas Norton's time which is neither perfunctory nor skimpy, it is a tour de force in that it presents the complex subject and its sources with discernment and real insight.

At the end of the book there is a glossary of twenty-five pages and an index of names and works mentioned in the text which justifies the omission of a general index.

JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY HISTORY

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# The word in the world

### By Roger Scruton

**RAYMOND WILLIAMS :**
*Keywords*
A Vocabulary of Culture and Society
286pp. Fontana/Croom Helm. £5.50 (paperback, 95p).

*Keywords*, the author tells us, is neither a dictionary nor a glossary of any particular academic subject. Nor is it a series of footnotes to dictionary histories, nor even a sequence of definitions. It is "the record of an inquiry into a *vocabulary*: a shared body of words and meanings in our most general discussions, in English, of the practices and institutions which we group as *culture* and *society*". The book is written with one eye on the methods and conclusions of *Culture and Society*, but words are here considered not in their literary but in their everyday senses, and one purpose seems to be to expose the confusions of thought and laxities of argument that lie hidden behind the ambiguities of current intellectual jargon. The book is about words which the author finds "difficult" or "complex", and the words owe these qualities to their occupation of key positions in fashionable controversies, being compelled to bear the burden of conflicting currents of thought. There are over a hundred entries, and each one is as compact as it could be without being obscure.

There is no doubt that *Keywords* represents a great amount of patient industry, considerable breadth of reading, and a gift for clear and concise presentation. The author has a serious and characteristic point of view which retains some of the original freshness even here, in its fifth or sixth reincarnation. The book will prove popular not only among students of English, but also (no doubt to Raymond Williams's dismay) among those anxious to equip themselves with the language of contemporary debate without troubling to understand its origins. And it will prove [illegible] popular [illegible] account of its ideology, an ideology which Professor Williams feels himself under no obligation to hide or moderate, thinking indeed that the attempt to hide one's ideology is itself only the expression of a particular set of defunct values—the values of bourgeois humanism, manifest apparently in the "neutrality" of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. In contrast to the *OED* Professor Williams is unashamedly radical. Moreover his radicalism has taken a distinctly fashionable turn since *Culture and Society*. Professor Williams is now able to describe our society without a hint of self-doubt as an example of "late bourgeois" civilization; and able too to regard the sense of the word "media" in which newspapers are regarded as media for other things (for advertising, for example, or—presumably—for propaganda) as a specifically "capitalist" sense of the term. And indeed one detects the belief that if the words of which Williams writes were used less confusedly the result would be not only clarity but socialism.

Such dogmatism is in itself no defect. On the contrary, it lends interest to what might otherwise appear a dry and laborious inquiry. However, Professor Williams's ideological assertiveness leads to weaknesses in his discussion of individual terms, and also gives rise to a general sense of intellectual fatigue. *Despite the immense labour that must have gone into the compilation of this book*, one wonders how much Professor Williams has really thought about the presuppositions on which it rests. Take, for example, the entry on "family". It is interesting and useful to know that this word derives from the Latin *famulus* (a servant), and that it used to have a much wider meaning (both of kinship and of household) than it now has. None of that is of any great relevance to contemporary discussions of the nature and value of primary social relations, as Professor Williams realizes. Consequently, in his discussion of the modern usages of the term he contrives to introduce something called the *bourgeois family*, such use of the term "family" bringing with it, apparently, a sense of "household and property". The simplification involved in that—implying as it does the existence of a non-bourgeois family, which presumably does not have associations of household and property, of a kind of family which is not, as Professor Williams puts it, an "economic unit"—goes quite unnoticed. But consider some typical "non-bourgeois" families. The Homeric *oikos* (from which word our own "economy" is derived) had associations of household and property; the modern proletarian family has such associations; so too did the extended aristocratic family of the Renaissance. And all these represent "economic units". The implication which Professor Williams attempts to put across—that the particular family structure which exists at present is integral to the institution of private property and that both are somehow dispensable—that implication depends upon the shallowest of observations, none the less shallow for being commonplace.

From the same corpus of received ideas comes Professor Williams's description of literary criticism as "ideological":

> Not only in the sense that it assumes the position of the *consumer*, but also in the sense that it masks this position by a succession of abstractions of its real terms of response (as *judgment, taste, cultivation, discrimination, sensibility, disinterested, qualified, rigorous*, and so on). This then actively prevents that understanding of response which does not assume the habit (or right or duty) of judgment.

The implication is that Dr Johnson, F. R. Leavis, and the other great "consumers" of literature rely for their authority on the questionable assumption that literary response and literary judgment are one and the same. Having rejected that assumption we recognize the possibility of a response to literature which is spontaneous, remaining on the level of "specificity" characteristic of "practice".

Professor Williams—invoking in that word "practice" the praiseworthy associations of a Marxist view of art—seeks in a few lines to dispose not only of the entire tradition of English literary criticism, but also of the aesthetic philosophy which has its roots in Kant, and which holds that aesthetic experience and aesthetic judgment are inseparable. Professor Williams conveys no sense that anybody might have actually *argued* for the view which he rejects. On the contrary, he presents it as though it were an unconscious assumption of the language of criticism, an assumption from which we can free ourselves simply by changing our words.

It is disconcerting to find how often in this work Professor Williams is prepared to abuse the privileges of the etymologist, to profit from the necessary brevity of a dictionary entry in order to put forward as authoritative opinions which are at best contentious and often (as in this case) indefensible. Consider the parallel case of moral experience. Could there be such a thing as a response to someone's cruelty or cowardice which involved no judgment? And if there could be such a thing, would it have any value? Clearly, judgment is here *part* of the response, and the man who always observed the wickedness of others without the faintest stirring of contempt or indignation could only be described as insensible. It is some such model of insensibility that Williams must be recommending as the ideal stance towards works of art, for here too we are compelled to recognize (once we begin to think about it) that response and judgment go together, and that an attitude towards art that left no place for taste or discrimination would be an attitude which showed no understanding of its object.

But perhaps the most serious shortcoming of this book—and of the enterprise which it represents—lies in the author's failure to consider the relation between the history of words and the history of concepts. The fault is not peculiar to Professor Williams; he shares it, for example, with Michel Foucault, whose "archaeological" approach to intellectual history has manufactured some startling conclusions from a deft confusion of concept and word. Clearly, the history of the word "family" is not the history of the concept, for the concept has had a history in China, where the word has not. We have the same concept whenever we have the same classification, coexisting with a sufficient body of common knowledge; the words used to effect a classification may change, but that is irrelevant to the history of the concept. It would seem to follow that conclusions about the nature and history of ideas—even commonplace ideas—cannot be [illegible] in any simple way from the [illegible] etymology.

Moreover, while some [illegible] (such as the concept of ma[illegible]) [illegible] be common to all who spe[illegible] reason, other concepts derive their character not from common knowledge but from theories, and share the history of the theories to which they belong. Now Professor Williams does not distinguish between the two kinds of concept. He discusses not only words in common speech—such as "city" [illegible] "educated"—but also words which have only a technical significance, such as "alienation", "form[illegible]" and "dialectic". Superficially Professor Williams gives the same kind of treatment to both classes. In either case he first traces the history of the word (which in one case is long and interesting, in the other short and dull), and then attempts to create some unity among its contemporary senses. But it is not clear why one should treat the two kinds of word together. To understand the meaning of "alienation" is to understand a political theory. To understand the meaning of "city" is to have a common grasp of contemporary English. The true history of the word "alienation" is the history of a theory of human nature. It is not clear how an extended dictionary article can accommodate such a history, any more than it can indicate the history of "force" from Newton to Einstein.

This perhaps provides some explanation of the dullness and aridity of Professor Williams's articles on theoretical terms. It might also explain why he is prepared to ignore altogether some of the important theoretical meanings that hide behind common words. Thus he ignores, for example, in his entry on "tradition", the entire idealist philosophy concerning that key concept, and confines himself to a few dismissive journalistic remarks that give it one coffee-table meaning. But it is possible that here there is another explanation of Professor Williams's crudeness. For the concept of tradition is a key concept in the view of society which [illegible] Professor Williams's own, and suits his dogmatism to pass over its intellectual content in silence.

# The grammar of persuasion

### By Geoffrey Ridden

**KEITH W. STAVELY :**
The Politics of Milton's Prose Style
136pp. Yale University Press. £4.70.

**ANTHONY LOW :**
The Blaze of Noon
A Reading of *Samson Agonistes*
236pp. Columbia University Press. £6.

The difficulty of Milton's prose resides not only in the style, which to the modern reader may seem excessively formal and tortuous, but also in the content, which requires a considerable knowledge of seventeenth-century political history to be fully understood. Keith Stavely's book—a survey of Milton's political prose—demonstrates convincingly that style and content are inseparable, that Milton's style is not always appropriate for the kinds of argument he is advancing and that ultimately "it is worth considering whether or not the way Milton writes has anything to do with his [illegible]

In his first chapter, Professor Stavely compares Milton's prose with that of Hooker, Browne, Lilburne and Walwyn, and considers the relationship of their styles to the political arguments they advance. In the rest of the book he discusses the style and content of Milton's political pamphlets and divorce tracts, with particular reference to their contemporary success and the success of the party they were intended to support. He finds that the failure of the divorce tracts can be seen as both political—in that the arguments advanced were too radical—and stylistic: because Milton depicts only extremes of marital experience and "appears to believe that fully exploiting the resources of language can by itself produce social change". Indeed, this apparent failure by Milton to realize the connection between language and social revolution is fundamental to Professor Stavely's thesis. He sees the Ciceronian rigidity of Milton's prose style, a style of settled and established views, as being at odds with the advocacy of social revolution. Furthermore, in the later prose, following Christopher Hill's interpretation of the failure of the Revolution, Professor Stavely sees Milton writing in a style which "thoroughly and consciously reflects a political situation controlled by Milton's opponents". Thus the success of *Areopagitica* as a work of art is shown to derive from restraint in both political expectation and stylistic extravagance. Moreover, in this work, each change in style is appropriate to the change in the direction of the argument; the style itself convinces.

*The Politics of Milton's Prose Style* is an extremely lucid work which explains many of the problems of Milton's prose by detailed analysis of representative extracts and by continually contrasting Milton's idealism with contemporary political reality. It is eminently readable and should make the prose more accessible to the modern reader. My only criticism concerns the opening chapter, [illegible] Milton's prose is to be dealt with so fully in the succeeding chapters, a more definite statement of the stylistic standards by which it is to be judged would be preferable. However useful extracts from Hooker, Browne, etc are, the analysis could only benefit from the addition of statistics indicating the frequency of occurrence of particular sentence types in specific writers. Finally, although the book has generally been well proofread, the two errors on page 60 (company for company; begging for beginning) will presumably be difficult to eradicate now, since the book has been printed by the photographic method—advocates of economy in academic publishing beware!

Milton's great religious treatise, *Of Christian Doctrine* has no place in Professor Stavely's survey, but [illegible]

*The Blaze of Noon*. This reading of *Samson Agonistes* is intended for the ordinary reader as well as the specialist and it deals sensibly and clearly with many aspects of the drama—its characters, imagery, structure, versification—as well as considering the meaning of the work as a whole. One of the first problems it examines is the difficulty of the label "Christian tragedy", and clearly Milton's comments in the prose work are relevant here. Two paradoxes are considered—first, can there be such a thing as Christian tragedy (or indeed any kind of religious tragedy) since the hopelessness of tragedy is apparently in conflict with hope of a life after death? And, second, can *Samson Agonistes* be in any way a Christian drama, since Samson antedates Christ? Professor Low deals most effectively with the first paradox by invoking a principle fundamental to Milton's poetry, "the concealment or masking of the Christian theme by some Classical or non-Christian analogue", which can be demonstrated in, for example, *Lycidas*. The second paradox is not so well clarified and, indeed, the reader is forced to provide his own solution from a quotation from [illegible] cited much later in the book. This is a general problem with *The Blaze of Noon*, and one which distinguishes it from *The Politics of Milton's Prose Style*—the unity of *Samson Agonistes*, the massive presence of Samson, and the fusion of image, character and structure tend to militate against chapter division and a treatment of the drama under various topic headings.

Professor Low is a very perceptive [illegible] of Milton and this is a major contribution to criticism of *Samson Agonistes*, both developing ideas which he has introduced elsewhere (Chapters 3, 4, and 9 are taken from previously published papers) and presenting entirely new material such as Chapter 5, the only convincing account I have ever read of the way in which the [illegible] nevertheless, [illegible] is not the inevitability of a strictly [illegible] argument in *The Blaze of Noon* [illegible] there is in *The Politics of Milton's* [illegible] *Style*; *The Blaze of Noon* [illegible] equally well be read from [illegible] to front or from the middle [illegible] either end, and, indeed, it probably should be read in all these ways because many of the comparisons with Milton's other works are relevant to arguments other than those they are called upon to support, and many of the aspects treated, of necessity, as separable do in fact dovetail together and even overlap. That the reader must perform this task himself is not a sign of [illegible] weakness of *The Blaze of Noon* but rather an indication of the greatness of the drama with which it deals and of the extent to which it is dominated by its central character.

One reservation which I [illegible] about the book is that it does not go far enough in emphasizing how much Samson fills the drama, even though it devotes two whole chapters and parts of several others to him. While agreeing that [illegible] is certainly a "parodic double" [illegible] Samson, I would suggest that the Chorus, Manoa and Dalila are [illegible] presented as parodies of aspects of Samson's nature and that the importance of the image which Professor Low cites again and again—"Samson hath quit himself/Like Samson"—is to emphasize how Samson-centred the drama is, lacking even the possibility of an external standard for Samson's bravery.

The final chapter, "Aspects of the Verse", lacks the assurance and conviction of the rest of the book, especially in treating the [illegible] the choral stasima. This [illegible] because, having decided [illegible] Chorus are meant to be [illegible] iously (in Chapter 6), Professor Low then finds himself in the [illegible] of having to defend [illegible] lines against "the often [illegible] sibility that these lines are [illegible] be comic". Another possible [illegible] for the comparative failure of the final chapter is that it is [illegible] chapter which manages [illegible] Samson's [illegible] one thing that [illegible] *Samson Agonistes* can [illegible]

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# A pastoral Inquisition

### By Rodney Hilton

**EMMANUEL LE ROY LADURIE :**
Montaillou, village occitan de 1294-1324
642pp. Paris : Gallimard. 59fr.

Jacques Fournier, Bishop of Pamiers (1317-26), Cistercian monk, Paris-trained theologian and future Pope (as Benedict XII), conducted a severe inquisition into heresy within his diocese (of which he was a native) during the greater part of his tenure of this benefice. He was obviously one of the great inquisitors of all time, scrupulous, an acute psychologist, able to draw from the accused and from witnesses the innermost secrets of their thoughts and actions. He was also pitiless in the pursuit of error, though he is said to have allowed himself to weep at the fate of a condemned Waldensian as he burned to death. He was no respecter of persons of high social status, contrary, it is said, to the behaviour of the Dominican Inquisition at Carcassonne. Above all he saw to it that the proceedings of the Inquisition were reported in the fullest detail. So complete is the recorded testimony of those questioned that although the document is of the greatest importance for the historian of religious doctrine, it is even more significant, to quote Jean Duvernoy, the editor of this already well-known text (*Le Registre d'Inquisition de Jacques Fournier 1318-1325*, three volumes, Toulouse 1965), as "an extraordinary description of life, morals, language, the economy . . . transhumance, personal status, dialect, prices, even the erotic".

As one might expect, some half dozen university theses and other works have been written about various aspects of the Inquisition and of life in the county of Foix on the basis of this text, but the task of re-creating *in toto* the life of a village—Montaillou—or rather of the Sabarthès region, in the mountainous southern fringe of the county has been undertaken and accomplished with brilliance by Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie. This author is well known above all for his fine *Paysans du Languedoc*, a perceptive study of southern peasant society between the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries. No better person could have been found to synthesize the extraordinary series of revelations made to the learned inquisitor.

The study is divided into two parts. The first, "Écologie de Montaillou : la maison et le berger", is a study of a regional society of peasants and shepherds in action over three decades; the second, "Archéologie de Montaillou : du geste au mythe", is an analysis of behaviour, demography, social mentality and cosmology in Montaillou and the Sabarthès. The first part, half the length of the second, is nevertheless the most striking, for in it the author evokes the life of the village and of the mountain sheep pastures much more vividly than in the numerous chapters of the second part, in which indeed there is a good deal of not always necessary repetition.

Montaillou was a village of some 250 people. It was a nucleated settlement with an economy based on cereal cultivation and the grazing of sheep flocks in the mountains. The cereal economy was for subsistence, only the pastoral element in the economy being significantly monetized. The two elements in the economy were, in fact, reflected in two distinguishable though complementary and sometimes interpenetrating social structures, that of the peasant families, rich, middling and poor, based on the *ostal* and the household; and the shepherds, professional or semi-professional, akin to the villagers but living celibate lives in their *cabanes* in the summer mountain pastures. By the time of the Inquisition the shepherds' separation from the village had been deepened. Their traditional pattern of transhumance had been from the summer pastures of the northern Pyrenees to the winter pastures of the valley of the Aude and northern Roussillon. But many of them were believers in the Cathar (Albigensian) heresy and the smell of burning kept them away from their former haunts. Instead they served the longer transhumant routes from the Pyrenees southwards to Catalonia and northern Valencia, where there were even colonies of exiled Cathars from Montaillou and other villages of the Sabarthès. But this was only one respect in which local society was disrupted by the Inquisition.

The life of the shepherds is described through the remarkable biography of Pierre Maury, originally from a Montaillou weaver's family ruined by the Inquisition. One is normally sceptical about the possibility of a genuine biography, even of eminent and well-documented persons in so remote a period as the fourteenth century. But thanks to Jacques Fournier—and to M Le Roy Ladurie—Pierre Maury comes alive for us. He was a man who was sometimes well-to-do, as a result of buying sheep in addition to looking after those of others. He was also often without any property but his clothes. He did not care. He was always on the move, employed here by a man who wanted him to marry his daughter, there by a matriarch of Sabarthès origin who had fled to Spain. His one passion was a deep friendship for a Cathar holy man, one of the *perfecti*, whom he loved in spite of petty betrayals. Maury is described by witnesses who spoke about him to the inquisitor as a man always happy, always laughing. He was a fatalist. He would accept what destiny brought, saying, "No one can take my destiny (*fatum*) from me. . . . I must follow my destiny. . . . I cannot do otherwise. That is how I have lived so far, and so I will continue." And so he went from Spain back to his own country to disappear into the Inquisitor's prison.

The villagers are less attractive, more complex. *Their* passion was the maintenance of the well-being of the household, focused as it normally was on a ruling married couple (less often a widow). It was not necessarily, however, a simple two-generation household. M Le Roy Ladurie shows how the household composition changed over the years. The Belot household in the second decade of the fourteenth century consisted of a married couple; their children; two unmarried brothers and a sister; a widowed grandmother and a servant. When the daughter married, another servant was hired. A lodger (a shoemaker) tried to rape her, much to her indignation, because he should have known that she was the mistress of the head of the family. Another servant, mother to an acknowledged bastard, left to marry a peasant. The usual age of female marriage was under twenty, of males about twenty-five: in other words, no so-called European marriage pattern, and (as far as the author can work out from the data) a high fertility rate.

M Le Roy Ladurie suggests that social differentiation in this basically self-subsistent village was not sharp. The aristocracy of the county of Foix might be careful to marry other aristocrats, but in the style of life and in everyday sociability were near to the peasant upper-stratum.

Thus, Beatrice de Planissoles, chatelaine of Montaillou, flirted with a peasant overseer until he tried to get into bed with her, became the short-term mistress of a member of the dominating peasant family, the Clergues, before succumbing (in between marriages) to the head of that family, Pierre, who was also the curé. But, however difficult it is to estimate the real weight of seigneurial power (there is no evidence before the seventeenth century), our author provides enough information from the inquisitor's records to show that in fact the village was under the heel of the Clergues clan. The curé's younger brother was the Count of Foix's bailiff, and possessed considerable riches. The curé grouped around him a number of satellite households, related by marriage or by extra-marital sexual relations (he had twelve mistresses in the village at various times). He had one foot in the Cathar camp and preached Cathar doctrine to Beatrice during their periods of intimacy. But in order to defeat the rival clan, the Azéma and Lizier families, he was prepared to act as informer to the Inquisition, at the same time organizing the assassination of those who informed against him. In practice, seigneurial and ecclesiastical power was concentrated in the hands of these village notables: it existed but the pressure was indirect.

In any case, as M Le Roy Ladurie emphasizes, organized power was not, as it was in the west and north of France, in the hands of the great landed nobility, lay as well as ecclesiastical. Here it was in the hands of the Church, in its economic as well as in its political and ideological manifestations. The firm basis for the support of the Cathars was resentment by cultivators and shepherds alike at the payment of tithes to the Church which had been fixed at one eighth of the product. A bailiff in another village of the Sabarthès was reported as saying that it was the Bishop of Pamiers, not the Waldensian heretic, who should have been burned, for taking tithe against the custom of the mountain. The Cathar holy men lived in poverty, partly from alms, but also from the labour of their hands. They were respected and their dualist doctrine, their strange account of the Fall, their belief in metempsychosis, even their extreme asceticism, was accepted by the people of the mountains. But most interesting of all, the breach in the people's belief in salvation through the established Church allowed the emergence, probably among a thinking minority, of a simple naturalism, a peasant materialism which had as little to do with Catharism as it had to do with Catholicism. They believed that the world had no beginning and would have no end, that there would be no resurrection of the body, that the soul was simply the body's blood, that there was no miracle of the Eucharist and so on. At a lower level they believed that the asceticism of the *perfecti* and their own deathbed repentance ensured their salvation whatever the quality of their lives.

It is not suggested, however, that the consequence of the Cathar holy men taking on their own shoulders the rejection of the world was a moral vacuum for the simple believers. The morality which prevailed was that of a peasant community, governed by values which preserved family and household. Hence the careful planning of marriage for the benefit of household alliance. (Curé Clergue's belief that incest within the family was the best way to keep the family property intact was not acted upon.) Hence respect for property, if not for life. Hence a belief, in spite of evident economic inequalities, that excessive wealth and poverty were evil. Hence the view expressed by an extreme anti-clerical peasant materialist, Raymond de l'Aire of Tignac, that one should behave so as to avoid shame in the eyes of one's neighbours. This balanced ethos of a self-sufficient community also included a more permissive attitude to sex than is found either among Puritans or Jansenists. It was an ethos which valued those who worked for their living instead of being parasites (like friars), but did not make a fetish of work. It allowed for tenderness towards children (thus contradicting the views of Philippe Ariès) and for passionate love among peasants as well as among troubadours.

This description of *Montaillou, village occitan de 1294-1324*, is an inadequate indication of the riches which are in it—or of the criticisms which might be made of it. It is certainly too long, more than 600 pages, which are often repetitious. There is evidently a considerable uncertainty about the conceptual framework. Having rejected Ferdinand Tönnies (*Gesellschaft-Gemeinschaft*) and Marx (the class analysis), the author opts for what he terms a "historiographic-regional model" which is, of course, not a theoretical model at all, but a practical convenience. Although the book makes absolutely clear that the situation in the Sabarthès at the time of the Inquisition was historically specific, he refers to a wide range of anthropological writers — Lévi-Strauss, Redfield, Wylie, Mauss, Riesman, Chayanov, Polyani, Sahlins, not to speak of Proust, Céline and Anaïs Nin thrown in for good measure. The intention is to assimilate Montaillou and the Sabarthès to a model of a worldwide, or at least a Mediterranean, peasant culture of all time. Some of these writings undoubtedly provide useful illuminations but it is M Le Roy Ladurie the *historian* rather than the anthropologist who impresses. The disciplines of history and anthropology have much to offer each other but not at the price of surrender. In fact, perhaps in spite of himself, Le Roy Ladurie remains absolutely a historian.

# Cry God for Harry

### By Antonia Gransden

**FRANK TAYLOR and JOHN S. ROSKELL (Translators and Editors) :**
Gesta Henrici Quinti
The Deeds of Henry the Fifth
206pp. Oxford University Press. £10.

Official history, that is, history commissioned by the central government, was very rare in England in the Middle Ages, although it was not uncommon on the Continent, especially in France. In fact no history survives with explicit evidence of such commission. A few, however, exactly reflect the royal point of view (for example, the Alfredian version of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, William of Poitier's *Gesta Guillelmi ducis Normannorum et regis Anglorum*, and an early fourteenth-century version of the *Flores Historiarum*). The backbone of English historiography was the monastic chronicle, and the monks writing in the comparative security of the cloister tended to be critical of the ruling powers.

Medievalists will, therefore, particularly welcome Frank Taylor and J. S. Roskell's definitive edition of the *Gesta Henrici Quinti*, hitherto available only in the far from satisfactory edition of Benjamin Williams (1850). The *Gesta* is described by the editors as "an outstanding piece of propaganda designed to justify the king's character and policy, and especially his policy towards France". It was written late in 1416 or early in 1417 to support Henry's renewal of the French war which was decided on in the autumn Parliament of 1416. The government needed to rally support at home, in order to obtain money and prayers for victory; and abroad, to counter French hostility at the Council of Constance where representatives of the countries of Europe were assembled, by presenting Henry's point of view and demonstrating his close alliance with the emperor Sigismund, with whose help he hoped to enforce his rights in France.

The recurrent theme of the *Gesta* is the justice of Henry's claim to the French crown and to the English territories in France; it uses the same arguments as those employed in the chancellors' opening speeches to a number of Parliaments. It asserts that Henry only fought because he had failed to obtain his rights by negotiation on account of the pride and duplicity of the French. (As one chancellor said, "We make war so that we may have peace, because the end of war is peace.") It demonstrates that God was on the English side by describing Henry's victories in France, and lays stress on his piety. Besides echoing the official viewpoint, the author used official archives; he acknowledges his debt to a collection of diplomatic documents, a *liber recordorum*, which was probably preserved in the royal treasury. It was no doubt from this source that he obtained the information for his detailed account of Henry's negotiations with Sigismund.

However, the *Gesta* is much more than a mere propaganda piece; it is an authority of primary importance for the first three years of Henry's reign. The name of the author is unknown; as the editors show, none of the previous attempts at identification stand up to scholarly examination. Nevertheless it is clear from some passages, a few of which refer specifically to the author, that he was one of the king's chaplains. As such he had access to reliable sources of information and personally witnessed a number of the events he describes.

He was, for example, in the royal retinue during the campaign in France of 1415. He gives a better account of the siege of Harfleur than any of the other chroniclers, and includes a graphic account of the town itself and of its defences. Equally vivid is his description of the battle of Agincourt. During the fighting he sat on his horse with the other priests behind the lines with the baggage, as the king ordered. After the victory he toured the battlefield, seeing the carnage wrought among the French, the bodies [illegible] a few still alive, piled in heaps as high as a man: "And, as I truly believe, there is no one with a heart of flesh or even of stone . . . who would not have dissolved in tears at the sight of the horrible deaths and ghastly wounds of so many Christians."

This edition has a fully annotated text with an excellent translation and introduction. The latter is based, in so far as it relates to the authorship and purpose of the work, on the editors' articles in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, volumes 53 and 54 (1970-72). However, it adds a full comparison of the evidence provided by the *Gesta* to that in the other chronicles. There are also four appendixes containing texts and research on subjects related to the contents of the *Gesta*: on Sir John Oldcastle, Henry's monastic foundations, the Southampton plot, and the welcome given by the Londoners to the victorious king on his return after the battle of Agincourt.

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# Secession at Grasmere

## By Jonathan Wordsworth

**MARK L. REED :**

**Wordsworth : The Chronology of the Middle Years, 1800-1815**

**782pp. Harvard University Press. £13.75.**

Publication in 1967 of Mark L. Reed's *Wordsworth : The Chronology of the Early Years, 1770-1799*, was a major event for scholars in the field; the appearance now of *The Chronology of the Middle Years, 1800-1815* is perhaps an even greater advance. In the first volume much was speculative, had to be guessed at on the basis of the poet's later memories and *The Prelude*'s factually unreliable account: *for the middle years there is a mass of contemporary material. This is the period of The Prelude and Excursion, of the attempts to write a central philosophical section for The Recluse; the period that includes both the climax and the end of the Great Decade, that contains Wordsworth's active political involvement over the Convention of Cintra, and the sad protracted breakdown of his relationship with Coleridge.* Surviving manuscripts are numerous and of great complexity; while marriage and a growing family make for a large increase in letter-writing and domestic news. Professor Reed picks his way through the documentation with meticulous scholarship, establishing order, making accessible facts and dates and details previously available only to the most dedicated researcher.

Apart from being twice the size of the earlier volume, *The Middle Years* differs chiefly in the removal of most of the rather cluttering square brackets that used to surround statements based on editorial inference. This is all to the good, though it does not entirely free Professor Reed from the charge of excessive caution. Take Saturday, March 27, 1802, the memorable day on which composition of the "Intimations" ode was interrupted by a [illegible] Dorothy Wordsworth writes: "A divine morning. At breakfast Wm wrote part of an ode. Mr Olliff sent the dung and Wm went to work in the garden." Professor Reed, though footnoting the fact that no other ode is known to have been written at this period, and that Coleridge's "Dejection" quotes on April 4 from stanza IV of "Intimations", cannot bring himself to dispense with the paraphernalia of caution: "On 27 March W writes part of an ode, probably the *Ode. Intimations of Immortality*—probably some part or all of stanzas I-IV. Olliff sends the dung. . . ." Neither of those "probablies" has any force. No one doubts that the ode was "Intimations", and, given Coleridge's allusion eight days later, the stanzas cannot fail to be "some part or all" of I-IV.

As before, the meat of the volume is to be found not in the chronology of day-to-day events, useful though this is, but in the appendixes—100 pages in this case—where Professor Reed discusses in detail the manuscripts of the period, and their bearing on the dating of the poetry.

There is an immense amount of valuable information and admirable, accurate scholarship; and it would be most ungenerous to carp. There are, however, two important areas in which—because of principles only tacitly acknowledged, but very firmly held—Professor Reed has given what seems to be a partial account. With regard to *The Prelude* it is at least arguable that he tends to see Wordsworth's changing aims and differing periods of composition too retrospectively, in terms of the work as finally completed. And in the case of *Home at Grasmere* and its more famous conclusion, the "Prospectus" to *The Recluse*, it may be that a clearly reasonable preference for external evidence has led him to undervalue what is to be *learnt from the poetry itself*. Wordsworth, we are told,

> *does not appear to have formed a conception of [The Prelude] that he was able to realize as a poem, even temporarily, as complete until 1804-05, although the poem finished in 1805 contained verses composed as early as 1798.*

The statement is mystifying. The 1805 *Prelude* in thirteen Books (or parts) "contains" two earlier and quite distinct versions of the poem, one in two Books, the other in five, both of them broken up and redistributed because the poet's conceptions of his work changed radically during eight years of intermittent composition. Professor Reed may be right that neither of the two early versions was thought of by the writer as complete; on the other hand he may well be wrong—it matters very little. A work doesn't have to be complete to be important (what of *The Faerie Queene, Christabel, Edwin Drood* ?).

What does matter is that the *Prelude* of 1798-99 is a separate poem, representing a separate impulse on the part of the poet, and having, as J. R. MacGillivray pointed out as long ago as 1964, "a much more unified theme and a much stronger sense of formal structure" than the poem of 1805. As a bonus, it also happens to include a far higher concentration of Wordsworth's greatest poetry than is to be found anywhere else in his work, containing not merely the episodes of *1805* Books I and II, but also the Drowned Man of Esthwaite Water and the entire "spots of time" sequence later used in Books V and XI.

The short-lived five-Book *Prelude* of January-March, 1804, does not, unfortunately, survive as a whole in fair copy (as does *1799*), but can be reconstructed with much less uncertainty than Professor Reed has chosen to imply. It was neither part of a smooth progression towards the final poem in thirteen Books, nor merely a continuation of *1799*, but essentially distinct in its conception. The all-important "spots of time" were used on this occasion as a conclusion, following the newly written Climbing of Snowdon, and bringing the work *full circle in a return to childhood experience to exemplify the sources of imaginative power.*

In the circumstances it does not seem sufficient that Professor Reed should excuse himself from going into the five-Book *Prelude* on the grounds that "full discussion would require a quantity of transcription and editorial analysis beyond the limits of the present study". No topic in this book of 782 pages is of greater importance than the changing aims and characteristics of the early *Prelude* versions, and if Professor Reed does not believe that the aims did change, that the versions were different, then he should have presented the evidence for both sides of the case. As it is, one is left feeling that a personal view as to how poetry should be created has been allowed to simplify the chronological facts of a far less orderly process.

The question of the chronologist's relation to internal evidence is bound to be tricky. In his discussion of *Home at Grasmere* Professor Reed is strongly and reasonably influenced by the fact that though the poem concerns the Wordsworths' first months at Grasmere in winter 1800, the manuscripts all belong to 1806. The shortage of external evidence for composition in the early period leads him to speak of "some scores of lines possibly composed for *Home at Grasmere* as early as 1800", and to conclude:

> *Some work on HG may well have gone on as early as 1800, and various portions may have been composed, at least in W's mind, between that time and 1806. But no occasion can be fixed prior to mid-1806, on present evidence, when W can have composed the poem in its basic present form.*

But what if one looks at the poetry? Wordsworth is quite right to say elsewhere that he is "not used/To make a present joy the matter of [his] song", but this is a poem of the present if ever there was. It is a song of triumph at the regaining of paradise. The poetry is characterized by rhythms of mounting exultation—

This solitude is mine; the distant thought
Is fetched out of the heaven in which it was:
The unappropriated bliss hath found
An owner, and that owner I am he.

—and by exquisitely tender allusions to Dorothy:

Long is it since we met to part no more,
Since I and Emma heard each other's call
And were companions once again. . . .

*Home at Grasmere* in its original form was Dorothy's poem, thanksgiving for a love, deep, and untroubled, and totally supportive. We cannot know to what extent this love had (or was acknowledged to have) a sexual basis, but in the early days at Grasmere it inspired in Wordsworth confidence in his poetic role, and poetry of astonishing beauty:

Mine eyes did ne'er
Rest on a lovely object, nor my mind
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,
But either she whom now I have, who now
Divides with me this loved abode, was there
Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps turned
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang,
The thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Or fragrance independent of the wind.

Dorothy was quite as central to the paradise of Grasmere as Eve to Eden.

Professor Reed's views of "some scores" of these lines as possibly composed in 1800 will hardly do; he draws attention to six brief passages that "seem especially likely to reflect conceptions from that year", but *Home at Grasmere* as completed in 1806 is a poem of more than 1,000 lines, and though it is not of a piece, the first half, and the extensive later passages, show a power and consistency that is not to be explained in terms of jottings worked up six years after the events and moods which they describe. Perhaps one should ask the alternative question: What parts of this poem seem clearly to belong to the later period?

The tones and situation of summer 1806 were about as different as they well could be from those of 1800. Dorothy was still there, still tenderly loved, but Wordsworth had been married four years, and her role was now very much as second mother of the children. Dove Cottage had become too small, and, according to Dorothy in June, it was "quite out of the question" that they should spend another winter there. From Wordsworth himself a new voice had been heard in "Ode to Duty" (spring 1804), and confirmed a year later in "Peele Castle" after the death of his brother John: "Not without hope we suffer and we mourn." In general, things were going well—*The Prelude* had been concluded in thirteen Books and tidied away; and in returning to *Home at Grasmere*, Wordsworth must briefly have thought that he could go ahead with the philosophical centrepiece of *The Recluse*—but there could be no return to the passionate optimism of 1800.

The part of *Home at Grasmere* that most obviously ties in with this later, duller period is the [illegible]-line sequence of uninspiring stories that lies across the middle of the poem—the widower, for instance, "solitary prop/of many helpless children. . . . Not one of all the band a full-blown flower". Sentimental, pious, verbose, these stories are strongly reminiscent of *The Excursion*, Book *VI*. One further section of sixty lines must undoubtedly be later. It provides a rationale for Wordsworth's poetic vocation so abject, so incongruous, that it is almost touching:

But 'tis not to enjoy, for this alone
That we exist; no, something must be done. . .
Each being has his office, lowly some
And common, yet all worthy if fulfilled
With zeal. . . .
Of ill-advised ambition and of pride
I would stand clear, yet to me I feel
That an internal brightness is vouchsafed . . .

For the record, between these two sections from 1806 comes a sequence of 166 lines, of which the last sixteen are certainly 1800, and the first 150 could well contain early material though lacking the passionate involvement of the first days at Dove Cottage: one might hazard a guess that fragments here survive from the brief period of work on *The Recluse* in spring 1801. Aside from these three sections, *Home at Grasmere* contains no passage of more than a dozen lines that seems likely in its original form to be later than 1800.

So much for a reading of the poetry. Such judgments are of course subjective, but—as Professor Reed is well aware—so is the interpretation of external "fact". We do know that *Home at Grasmere* did not exist as a single coherent unit in 1800-01, because in March 1804 *The Recluse* is referred to as "one Book" ("The Ruined Cottage"), and "several scattered fragments"; but the two line-totals that Wordsworth offers during summer 1806 tell us very little, as he customarily speaks of incorporated old material in terms of recent composition.

Similarly the manuscript implications are far from clear. Drafts exist to confirm that 1806 is the right date for the section of Grasmere stories; but the bulk of the poem is preserved only in fair copy, and one is at liberty to assume that as much, or as little, as one likes was copied from manuscripts, now lost, of 1800. The first extant manuscript, *A*, is particularly tantalizing, as it consists of a single sheet implying not only 191 earlier lines (which can broadly be reconstructed), but also a further leaf, or leaves, which could have borne any later sections of the poem that one chooses to think should by this time have been composed.

Chief among the passages that could well have stood on the missing third sheet of *MS A* is the famous sequence excerpted from the conclusion of *Home at Grasmere* in 1814, and published (with *The Excursion*) as a "Prospectus" to *The Recluse*. Apart from the "Glad Preamble" (*1805*, i, 1-54), no passage of Wordsworth's blank verse is more often quoted than this magnificent braving of Milton—

Jehovah, with his thunder, and the quire
Of shouting angels, and the empyreal throne,
I pass them unalarmed . . .

—and none has caused more trouble to the chronologist. The lines used to be dated March 1798 on the grounds of their resemblance to a letter of that period discussing the scheme for *The Recluse*: "My object is to give pictures of Nature, Man, and Society." The late John Finch (*Bicentenary Wordsworth Studies*, 1970) moved them, at least by implication, to 1806; which is where, with some slight hedging of his bets, Professor Reed is content for them to stay. The argument that chiefly sways him is that if the "Prospectus" had existed in March 1804 it would be preserved in *MS M*, the collection of Wordsworth's unpublished poetry transcribed for Coleridge to take with him to Malta. But where is the logic of this?

No part of *Home at Grasmere* appears in MS *M*, and yet certain passages undoubtedly existed (the letter that mentions the "several scattered fragments" of *The Recluse* was written actually while *M* was being transcribed). It can be objected that the "Prospectus" may not originally have been part of *Home at Grasmere*, but given its opening lines—

On man, on Nature, and on human life,
Thinking in solitude . . .

—it can hardly not have been written for *The Recluse*. Wordsworth simply did not think that his work on this central philosophical section of the poem had reached a sufficiently unified form to warrant a place in the collection. To which one might add that if there was any poetry that he was unlikely to put before Coleridge in an unsatisfactory shape, it would surely be this. Already in 1804 the centrepiece of *The Recluse* represented six long years of guilt and inadequacy: again and again Coleridge had prompted him to write it, again and again he had proved unable to do so.

One important piece of external evidence (not in fact mentioned by Professor Reed) is that the first surviving manuscript of the "Prospectus" does not contain the famous lines beginning

I, long before the blessed hour arrives,
Would sing in solitude the spousal verse
Of this great consummation. . . .

This is of course the passage that connects the poem to "the ennobling interchange/Of action from within and from without" in *1805*, Book XII, and to the discussion of Imagination in XIII. It is a shock to think of it as merely inserted in revision; but that is the clear implication of the manuscripts, and it is supported by a dating of Wordsworth's untypical diction: "consummation", "spousal", "exquisitely", "progressive", "species", are none of them recorded pre-1805. When one gets used to it, the "Prospectus" in fact stands very well without this section; it also ties the more easily into the poetry of 1800.

For Wordsworth in the "Glad Preamble" (*c* November 18, 1799) the happiness to which he was looking forward, with Dorothy at Dove Cottage, was not merely personal or domestic; it was something to be earned by "prowess in an honorable field". The "mild creative breeze" of his new liberty was to be applied to the writing of *The Recluse*.

Back at Sockburn at the end of the month, he concluded Part Two of the 1799 *Prelude* in a touching farewell to Coleridge, and with "more than Roman confidence" in nature, whose "never-failing principle of joy", if truly felt and shared, would counteract the evils of the day. Then, en route for Grasmere in mid-December, he and Dorothy stopped at Hart-leap Well in Wensleydale. Wordsworth's experience there has been little discussed, but is of great importance in understanding the mood of this period:

And when the trance
Came to us, as we stood by Hart-leap Well
(The intimation of the milder day
Which is to come, the fairer world than this)
And raised us up, dejected as we were
Among the records of that doleful place
By sorrow for the hunted beast who there
Had yielded up his breath, the awful trance—
The vision of humanity and God
The mourner, God the sufferer, when the heart
Of his poor creatures suffers wrongfully—
Both in the sadness and the joy we found
A promise and an earnest that we twain,
A pair seceding from the common world,
Might in that hallowed spot to which our steps
Were tending, in that individual nook,
Might even thus early for ourselves secure,
And in the midst of these unhappy times,
A portion of the blessedness which love
And knowledge will, we trust, hereafter give
To all the vales of earth, and all mankind.

"Both in the sadness *and the joy* we found /A promise", Wordsworth writes, and for a moment the reference to joy is baffling. It is appropriate, however, because God's suffering for the stag—the fact that he minds—is itself a guarantee of "the milder day", and confirmation that Wordsworth and Dorothy have made the right choice in their secession from the common, uncomprehending world. The poet's prophetic role is seen to be justified. The desolation at Hart-leap Well makes known "what we are, and have been": *The Recluse* can show what we may become—actually help to bring about the millennium.

The "Prospectus", is of course, Wordsworth's attempt to define the nature of his prophetic role. In many ways the lines are a return to the "Preamble", written—presumably—a matter of months before. As their traditional names suggest, both passages were finally used as prefatory material; yet neither can have been written with this purpose in mind. Each is a record of the mood of exalted self-confidence characteristic of this period alone, and in each case this confidence leads the poet to match himself with Milton. In the "Preamble" playful echoes had been used to insist that Wordsworth was taking on where *Paradise Lost* left off. "The world was all before them", Milton had written in the famous concluding lines, "where to choose/Their place of rest, and providence their guide. . . ." Wordsworth too had been setting out on a new life, and he too had had his guide:

The earth is all before me; with a heart
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,
I look about, and should the guide I chuse
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,
I cannot miss my way.

The "Prospectus", [illegible] is well known, uses style rather than allusion to make its similar point:

The darkest pit
Of the profoundest Hell, Chaos, night,
Nor aught of [blinder] vacancy scooped out
By help of dreams can breed such fear and awe
As fall upon us often when we look
Into our minds—into the mind of man,
The main haunt and region of my song.

It is easy to suppose that because Wordsworth replaces celestial vastnesses by the grandeur of the mind he is offering a humanist, as opposed to a religious, system of values. This is not the case. Wordsworth is at all times a religious poet, and the opposition here is between two forms of religious experience: apprehension of God through Christian tradition, and through the *un*, or at any rate *less*, mediated use of the mind's own God-given powers.

The equation of paradise and Grasmere, implied in the "Preamble", has become in the "Prospectus" an experienced fact, and the basis of Wordsworth's faith in the future of mankind. Beauty surrounds him that is vital, actual, firmly grounded. The creations of myth and fable have been transcended, but need remain a dream no longer:

Paradise and groves
Elysian, fortunate islands, fields like those of old
In the deep ocean, wherefore should they be
A history, or but a dream, when minds
Once wedded to this outward frame of things
In love find these the growth of common day?

This is the moment of Wordsworth's greatest confidence. Two years later the "visionary gleam" appeared to have fled ("Intimations" ode); by May 1805 in "Peele Castle" he was to look back on his earlier faith as "the fond delusion of [his] heart", his earlier vision as "The light that never was on sea or land"—the result of being "Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind". In the "Prospectus", by contrast, his verse had been

Even as a light hung up in heaven
To cheer mankind in times to come

and the poem had concluded in prayer: "May my life express the image of a better time." It is interesting that at the end of 1800 Michael, the Wordsworthian good shepherd who combines undying love and silent poetry, should have a lamp, which shining over Grasmere, becomes "a public symbol of the life" that he and Isabel have lived.

There is more work to be done on these controversial issues; as an editor in the forthcoming Cornell Wordsworth series, Professor Reed will no doubt be doing some of it himself. Meanwhile, *The Middle Years*, together with the recent handsome Oxford edition of the *Prose* (*TLS*, January 17 1975), with its packed and informative notes, have made important contributions to Wordsworth scholarship.

# The world made flesh

## By Peter Howe

**LEONARD BARKAN :**

**Nature's Work of Art**
**The Human Body as Image of the World**

**201pp. Yale University Press. £7.50.**

The jacket of *Nature's Work of Art* reproduces the title page of Robert Fludd's *Utriusque Cosmi* of 1617. It shows a macrocosmic circle with a microcosmic inner circle in which a man spreads his arms and legs so that his head, hands and feet touch the circumference, while his genitals fall into coincidence with the centre. This is a contemporary graphic representation of the Renaissance doctrine that the body is the microcosm. Leonard Barkan's book is about the development of this doctrine from ancient times to the Renaissance and its effects on English Renaissance literature.

[illegible] world. The first three chapters cover the historical development and selected literary works; the opening chapter sketches the history of the whole doctrine, the second takes up the secondary concept of the body as the nation and the third describes the derived aesthetic principle that a model is to be found in the body's proportions. The first of the two remaining chapters concentrates on Sidney's *Astrophil and Stella* and the second, the last and longest chapter of the book, on Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*.

*The Faerie Queene* in particular has suffered from our ignorance of the pseudo-scientific cosmographies which form part of the intellectual tradition animating all English literature up to the Renaissance and on past the Restoration to the eighteenth century. *The Faerie Queene* seems accessible where Chaucer and other medieval literature seems the province of the specialist, yet it seems unenjoyably complicated where other works from the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries seem only difficult. But much eminent scholarship, most of it still influential, has been expended on *The Faerie Queene* already and Professor Barkan's approach is somewhat timid. He has decided, in earlier sections of his book, to summarize the concept of the human microcosm in the apt but easy equation of "the One" and "the Many". He has the One as the condition arising from human beings' being microcosmic by definition, which makes them models of the unity of the macrocosm, and the Many as the opposite condition arising from human beings' being containers themselves, like the macrocosm, of a host of microcosms in the form of conflicting interests.

This is a useful contrastive formulation, but Professor Barkan applies it to the literature, especially *The Faerie Queene*, rather directly and, with insufficient reference to the [illegible] with the Mutability Cantos, at the end of *The Faerie Queene*, he allows the figures of Mutability and Nature to slide too easily into their obvious respective categories of the Many and the One. His discussion of their points of view develops interestingly but much of it could have been worked out by a critical commentator working without direct reference to the Renaissance intellectual inheritance.

A brief discussion of allegory follows, with a tailpiece on tripartitions; anyone discussing allegories like the Three Graces is inevitably dependent on the brilliant material developed by Edgar Wind to explain this most famous of pagan mysteries.

The rest of the chapter is devoted to detailed examinations of Books [illegible] 3 and 4, [illegible] author, to produce them, has had to follow Spenser's argument to the detriment of his own. In the discussion of Book 1 psychology begins to override its visual projection: "Red Cross's essential state is an uncertainty about both himself and his misfortunes, and the multiplicity of the evils and of his own psyche realizes these uncertainties poetically." By Book 4 it is necessary to say that anthropomorphism is still in view: "The Matter of Book 4 is at once sexual consummation and the transformation of the Many into One. The human body offers an obvious link between these themes since in physical consummation two are made one by their bodies."

In the short chapter on *Astrophil and Stella* Professor Barkan describes Petrarch's method of seeing the whole of creation in terms of Laura's body and, moving on to Sidney, provides some fine analyses of individual sonnets to illustrate that poet's different usages of body imagery. But this specialized branch of anthropomorphism is not traced [illegible] procedures of concentrating on the operations of the lover's or beloved's heart or eyes, sometimes using heart and eyes together to contrast their activities, became a tradition on its own in English Renaissance love poetry, including the religious kind.

The three chapters on the historical development of the doctrine of the human microcosm are the best part of the book. It has become almost a classic procedure in historical studies of ideas to start at Plato's *Timaeus* and Vitruvius's *De Architectura* and, having passed through the medieval mystics and the Italian Neoplatonists and having glanced at Sir Thomas Browne, to wind up in the twentieth century with, of course, Rudolf Wittkower, Erwin Panofsky and Edgar Wind. [illegible] in surveys of this kind—notably the sources and diversifications in the ancient period of individual pseudo-sciences (the doctrine of the four elements, numerology and stellar and planetary astrology), the Pauline idea of a political body of Christ, the medieval meditative practices which led to the formulation of allegory, and the common present feeling, especially from the late medieval period onwards, that the bounty of nature entails a diversity which must threaten unity in this connection Professor Barkan even brings in Jacob Boehme's doctrine of "signatures").

In each of the three chapters English authors are shown using traditional concepts in highly individual ways. The chapter on aesthetics is mainly about a necessary relationship between architecture and the body, the Spenser's House of Alma is shown to be an elaborate [illegible] usage of both this principle and the medieval conventions of the "country" allegory. Unfortunately "country house" poems too are discussed in this chapter; these are indeed about houses and their occupants but Professor Barkan tries to squeeze more anthropomorphism out of the House than is there—Marvell's "Upon Appleton House" in particular is read very idiosyncratically. In the chapter on the body as the nation the extensive body imagery in *Sejanus* and *Coriolanus* is made to reveal that to Renaissance men like Ben Jonson and Shakespeare politics was a matter not only of right-and-wrong but also of considerations of the purpose of the individual existence in the first place. The climax of the first chapter, of the book, on the natural philosophy of the microcosm, is an excellent discussion of John Donne's *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*; Donne is shown using minute examination of the body, especially the sick body, as a means of arriving at some universal values. It is right that this chapter should end, as it does, by reproducing "Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse" complete.

# Jonson the poet

## By George Parfitt

**JUDITH KEGAN GARDINER :**

**Craftsmanship in Context**

**208pp. The Hague : Mouton.**

Ben Jonson continues to fight back, despite the idiosyncracies of his art and the strange fact that, while good books and articles have been written on aspects of his work, scholars and critics find difficulty in devising the right strategies for dealing with his achievement. Judith Kegan Gardiner's title indicates her strategy for approaching Jonson's poems: stress on his craftsmanship and an effort to convey pertinent contexts through reference to other works by Jonson, to the literary manners of other writers, and to aspects of his life and times. We are given separate chapters on *Epigrammes*, *The Forrest* and *Under-wood*, followed by an effort to define four phases of Jonson's artistic career, a brief conclusion, several statistical tables and a full bibliography. The result is one of the most infuriating critical books I have read in years.

*Craftsmanship in Context* has several promising tactical bases. It is a good idea to try to write chronologically about Jonson's poetry, and Miss Gardiner is sensible enough about the difficulties of Jonson chronology to write about development without becoming clever in a self-defeating way: the result is a useful corrective to the unchanging Jonson of many studies. In particular the author stresses the greater stylistic flexibility (and a more complex response to human nature) in *Under-wood*.

Again, it is a good idea (and a needed development in writing about Jonson) to set the poems in relationship to Jonson's life, plays, masques and socio-political context; and the brief conclusion makes sensible remarks about areas of Jonson's achievement which need fuller investigation. Miss Gardiner also actually seems to like and sympathize with Jonson, which encourages the best parts of her book, particularly the section on *Charis* and the love elegies, which constitutes a valuable reminder of Jonson's special achievement in this area and suggests that there is room for some re-examination of what really happened with love poetry in the early seventeenth century.

Why, then, is the book so infuriating? First because of omissions and imbalances. The author, for example, although concerned with ways in which Jonson presents himself and with the poet/muse relationship, shows little sense of how vital and helpful *Discoveries* is here; although she seems to want to say something about almost every poem (a pedantic and fearful desire which pads a short book), she has little to say—and nothing useful—about such fine poems as *Underwood* XV and XLIV, or about the *Forrest* epistles to Lady Aubigny and the Countess of Rutland. Wider imbalances are more annoying. The mixture of long explications of individual poems with brief mentions of many others seems to have compressed Chapter 4, potentially that which had the most useful contribution to make. Sadly, that chapter emerges as a thirty-four-page attempt to relate the defined phases of Jonson's poetic career to his work as dramatist and masque-writer, with some biography and history dropped in to enrich the mixture which, however, is less a good fruit-cake than a plum-duff made without recipe or a sense of weight.

This brings me to the book's quality, not so much of enterprise as of execution. Miss Gardiner's obsession with schemes and patterns hampers her here: it is interesting to have a clear discussion of how far Jonson's early poetry relies on patterns of negatives and positives, but the author becomes so trapped in her own repetitious and inflexible methodology that she cannot grasp the stratagems of such poems as those to Wroth, Lady Aubigny and the Countess of Rutland because the decorum of the "familiar" epistle makes her desire for simple balance and unity extrinsic to the ways the poems work. Then again Miss Gardiner irritates by her fear of committing herself to value-judgments, especially when—having done her homework on secondary sources so thoroughly—she becomes terrified of upsetting anybody by taking sides (let alone of standing clothed only in the thin garment of a personal belief). A good example is her footnote on page 19: the issue about the metaphysical dimension of "To Penshurst" is important and Miss Gardiner sees that it is, but her judicious summary of the critical debate ends with a conclusion which is in fact an evasion—the sort of critical evasion which matters."

At times things become still more serious. Chapter 4, already berated, is frankly appalling. The biographical notes make Marchette Chute look like Freud; the perfunctory remarks on the masques would do little credit to a hack dictionary of literary terms. (Has the author *really* read Orgel and Gordon ?) The comments on the plays revive the sentimentalist view of Ben getting amiable in *The Alchemist* and *Bartholomew Fair*. (Why confuse the idea of fuller understanding of human nature with weakening moral concern? It did not happen with Balzac or Dickens.) There is no real understanding of the early plays (has recent work on the private theatres been wasted ?); and the remarks on Jonson's ways of alienating and involving his audience reveal stunning insensitivity to his art.

"Insensitivity" is a good enough key word for concluding remarks. Critics need not be able to write as well as their subjects, but there is a level at which insensitivity to language in the critic's own style degrades, distorts and hence damages the author discussed. When the critic seems to care about his or her author, as Miss Gardiner does, this process of harming him by bad writing is sad. I do not mean to sound condescending in saying that *Craftsmanship in Context* is finally a bad book because its author crudifies Jonson through her own style.

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# Basic information

### By Giles Barber

**DENIS MAHAFFEY :**
A Concise Bibliography of French Literature
286pp. Bowker. £7.

Most French scholars alive today probably made acquaintance with the history of French literature through Gustave Lanson's standard work, *Histoire de la littérature française*, first published in 1895. The familiar squat, dense shape, together with the slightly bulkier one of the *Petit Larousse illustré* were the main furniture of the student's desk for decades. They were *packed with information and did him well. The French genius for manuels, possibly over-didactic but covering the ground, have their special place even if British histories and companions have a different contribution to make to the Entente Cordiale.*

Among Lanson's virtues was the fact that, as he first mentioned an author in his *Manuel bibliographique de la littérature française moderne* (1909-12), he gave a most useful footnote listing the subject's major works and the date of their publication together with a selection of the major modern books about him. Modern works—even in France—have abandoned this useful practice, and give but brief indications for further reading. It is true that there are now many more reference works, from the useful but brief, and entirely French-centred, *Guide bibliographique des études littéraires* of P. Langlois and A. Marouil intended for early university work, through the more general approach of the *Oxford Companion to French Literature*, that of *France: a Companion to French Studies* (erstwhile by R. L. G. Ritchie, now by D. G. Charlton and others) and D. C. Cabeen's volumes to the more advanced annual bibliographies on any particular year's work on French [illegible] American, British, French, or German-based. It remains true however that, with the possible exception of W. Engler's excellent *Lexikon der französischen Literatur* (1974), the rapid finding of the date of publication of a work by a standard French author of the past is not an easy task.

Denis Mahaffey apparently starts out to answer this need and to bring up to date what Lanson did in his footnotes. In his exceptionally brief preface he says: "This book attempts to supply basic bibliographical information on the outstanding features of French literature and scholarship, with details of English translations." Sixteen pages then list general bibliographies (in alphabetical order by author), anthologies, a smattering *of general critical works on the Middle Ages and on the sixteenth and each subsequent century. Some 278 pages then cover, in similar* chronological divisions, apparently 450 authors of which an index follows. For each author (few wild surprises) an entry for complete works, a selection of major individual works and of academic criticism is given. The bibliographical information is indeed basic, consisting of year of publication and place if not Paris, number of volumes and possibly a note on a revised edition. Bibliographies are generally noted if they occur in books. English translations, of any date, are given throughout.

How accurate and useful is the selection given in the *Concise bibliography*? Verification of the general section is not encouraging—leaving aside the unhelpful unclassified listing. The little known F. Hemon is credited with the *Histoire littéraire* of the Benedictines of St Maur, the revised edition of Lanson receives no mention, ancillary subjects receive haphazard treatment and the French press none. Turning to a selection of individual authors one finds the same thing. The section of Rémi Belleau is incomplete as regards his *Oeuvres poétiques*, omits his comments on Ronsard's *Amours* and his one play, not to mention the Textes littéraires français edition of the *Bergerie* (1954) and any critical work apart from one published in Budapest in 1917. With La Fontaine the modern editions of scholars such as R. Pintard (1949) and V. L. Saulnier (1950) are omitted, as are the valuable critical works of R. Bray, O. de Mourgues, J. Giraudoux, M. Guitton, and R. Jasinski, none exactly unknown scholars. In the instance of Voltaire, Mr Mahaffey appears not to know that Theodore Besterman's first edition of the *Correspondance* was completed in 1965 in 107 volumes and that the second, definitive, edition is nearing the end. With modern authors, such as Jean Giono, only the most strictly literary works are included. To provide a Giono without his works on Provence, the *Notes sur l'affaire Dominici*, his attempts at the cinema, is to know only half the man. The total disregard for scholarship or bibliographies in articles throughout is alarming.

While one can not deny that this book will have its uses, one wonders who the users will be. It is well bound as a reference book and priced as such. The uninformed selection, however, greatly reduces its academic value. The general impression is in fact that this is a publisher's book thought up and commissioned to be produced at speed. Page layout is generous in space without being clear, and the space given to English translations is excessive. If the purpose was to help those who do not read French (a strange one in such an academic work), surely only those in print need have been recorded and that today is fairly vain. If the purpose was one of comparative literature the job should have been done thoroughly. For a bibliographical guide to have been produced, one which could be either properly valuable as bibliographical notes (on the lines of Parenti's *Prime edizioni italiane*) or a commented guide to academically valid editions (like F. W. Bateson's *Guide to English Literature*), time and scholarship were required. This book may be bought by acquisitions librarians and some academics but it is a disappointment that it should really only be used by the learned as an aide-mémoire.

# On the reserved list

### By A. R. A. Hobson

**GABRIEL AUSTIN (Editor) :**
Seventh International Congress of Bibliophiles : Acts
84pp. Paris: Association Internationale de Bibliophilie.

The *Acts* of the Bibliophiles' Congress held in Boston, Philadelphia and New York in 1971 consists of six short papers, four by American scholars and two by Belgians. Two articles are a reminder that the United States has a coastline facing towards the Orient: a survey of Japanese books in America by Karl Kup, who as curator of the Spencer Collection in the New York Public Library formed one of the major Japanese collections in the country, and one of Islamic holdings by the late Dorothy Miner. The latter is accompanied by a useful selected bibliography. A. Hyatt Mayor contributes a brief note, "Some resources of New York libraries".

Paul Oulot describes twenty-two bindings acquired by Raoul Warocqué from the Robert Hoe sales in New York in 1911-12 and now in the Musée de Mariemont in Belgium. Georges Colin of the Belgian Royal Library gives a delightful account of the young binders trained in the École nationale supérieure d'architecture et des arts visuels in Brussels. The first professor, Vladimir Tchékéroul, a Russian émigré, taught himself binding from manuals and by experiment. Micheline de Bellefroid, his chief pupil and successor in the chair of binding studies, had made her first essays in the craft during her schooldays in an English convent in Bruges "aussi bien qu'on peut en faire dans une institution pour demoiselles bien élevées, c'est-à-dire fort mal". Literary criticism plays its part in modern binding design, as can be seen from a story of Mme de Bellefroid's pupil, Cathy Mayer. As a preliminary to binding a copy of *L'Année dernière à Marienbad* in superimposed strips of calf she constructed a plaster sculpture resembling, in M Colin's words, an enormous Gruyère cheese inhabited by mice.

Paul Kristeller took advantage of the presence of European collectors in New York to deliver a plea to private owners to allow scholars to study and publish their manuscripts. It was high time that this thorny question was discussed, but Professor Kristeller's paper oversimplifies a complex situation. Public libraries as well as private ones are involved. Of the former he declares, in words that all European scholars will applaud, "I firmly hold that the right of studying and publishing a manuscript should be granted to every qualified scholar who asks for it"; but his opinion that "[it] has caused some inconvenience but no real harm to scholars" is too indulgent to the increasing restriction of access practised in the United States. Most American universities now make a habit of "reserving" manuscripts for particular users and denying anyone else microfilms, photographs or even a sight of the originals. One can have some sympathy with this policy if a university has bought a manuscript or archive for one of its own members to use in a research on which he is already engaged. But reservation ought to be limited to a definite time. At the end of a generally agreed period after acquisition—seven years perhaps, the length of time microfilms of exported manuscripts are "reserved" in the British Library — the purchase should become accessible to all. Some American universities allow their professors to "reserve" manuscripts for an indefinite time, even if they have no immediate hope of working on them and may never work on them. Universities are not the only offenders: the public libraries mentioned in Hyatt Mayor's essay recently sold a photograph of one page of a manuscript it had owned for more than forty years to a European library on the grounds that an American professor had "reserved" it.

This is the dark side of United States custodianship. American scholars enjoy free access to the holdings of European public libraries. An international convention guaranteeing reciprocal rights to European scholars seems now to be required.

Private collections present more difficult problems. A study of the historical or artistic content of a manuscript can often add to its commercial value. The publication of an unpublished text however drastically reduces it. On this question Professor Kristeller adopts the posture of a Canute, but his brave assertion, "I think even a facsimile edition of a manuscript will increase its value", cannot reverse the irresistible tide of evidence to the contrary. American institutions have dominated the market in the field since the Second World War, and as they tend only to buy manuscripts with potentialities for research, are responsible for the consequences to which the author of the *Iter Italicum*, chooses to turn his blind eye.

Professor Kristeller's feelings betray him into one grotesque statement ("Those who refuse scholars to see or study their manuscripts are in part motivated by petty jealousy . . ."). He is, however, perceptive in recognizing a difficulty which is likely to become more common. Before Capital Gains Tax or Wealth Tax were heard of in England most British collections were accessible to scholars and loans to the Royal Academy winter exhibitions were openly identified by the owners' names in the catalogues. Unfortunately, it appears now to be the Labour Government's intention to subject to an annual fine any citizen unpatriotic enough to spend his money on books or works of art instead of wine, women, song or other durable products. In these circumstances one must expect British owners to prefer anonymity, silence and obscurity for their collections as has long been the case on the Continent.

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# Building bricks

### By Paul Quarrie

Architecture has often been the most derivative of the arts. When faced with a list of books in an architect's library, one is justified [illegible] It is no surprise that Gibbs's library was full of books of Roman architecture of the late seventeenth century, or that Pugin's was full of monastic histories, volumes on cathedrals and so on. Some architects were book collectors in the widest sense, and built up large, in some cases very large, collections, embracing many subjects, like Wren, Nash and Soane, whereas others seem solely to have collected what might be of use professionally. To this latter class belongs Sir Robert Taylor, an architect with a tremendous practice among the newly rich of eighteenth-century London, particularly those in the financial world, an immensely hard worker, who, if Horace Walpole is to be believed, scarcely even slept in a bed, a man who started with nothing—his father was a wealthy but spendthrift mason—[illegible] endow a foundation for the teaching of modern languages at Oxford, the Institutio Tayloriana.

He also left a collection of printed books to the Institute of which recently an exhibition "Books from the library of Sir Robert Taylor in the Library of the Taylor Institute" has been mounted, and a commemorative catalogue issued. [illegible] French bias. He did, of course, have several Italian books, many of which he would have seen in Rome as a young student there—Ruggieri's *Studio d'architettura civile*, Scamozzi's *Idea* and several works issued by the de Rossi brothers, as well as a fine collection of Piranesi's works, presumably acquired as they were published, but it is his French books which are interesting—a Marot, an Oppenort, Le Clerc's *Traité* (but no Laugier), Perrault's translation of Vitruvius, Le Brun's *Divers desseins de décorations de pavillons*, and the unusual and rare Meissonnier *Oeuvre*. His English books are the obvious ones for the period—Gibbs's *Book of architecture*, and *Rules*, Adam's *Spalatro*, and Robert Wood's two important books on Palmyra and Baalbec. The absence of the [illegible] theoretical [illegible] helps to underline the image of Taylor as a busy practising architect.

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# By blood or friendship

### By Vernon Reynolds

**ROBIN FOX (Editor) :**
Biosocial Anthropology
169pp. Malaby Press. £6.50.

One-sided courtship leads to unrequited love. Not so mutual courtship: we know what that leads to. At the moment a series of frenetic and increasingly unabashed liaisons is occurring along the borderline between social anthropology and evolutionary biology. Many and curious are the positions being adopted in these encounters; they are under close scrutiny by a goodly number of voyeurs. The real question, however, is: will these matings produce fertile offspring? Or are we to witness a further series of one-eyed monsters to join the ranks of those which have gone before?

Robin Fox's *Biosocial Anthropology* offers us a number of pictures for our contemplation. He himself puts together certain elements of non-human primate social structure with what he sees as the basic ingredients of all human kinship systems, in an effort to derive the latter from the former. To Professor Fox, the structure of primate societies is constituted either by the principle of *descent* (matrilineal consanguinity) as in the case of some macaque species, or by the principle of *alliance* (long-lasting relationships between particular males and particular females) as in the case of Hamadryas baboons. What early man succeeded in doing was to bring these two principles together, so producing the basic human unit, the family, which combines both a male-female alliance and a notion of continuity through descent.

This would be a nice theory if the primate data on which it rests really fell into the two basic types posited by Professor Fox. But unfortunately they do not. Rhesus monkeys, for instance, have been shown *to have* elements of both descent and alliance: J. H. Kaufmann has described some quite long-lasting male-female relationships in this species and C. B. Koford, D. Quiatt and others have shown the matrilineal principle clearly at work. Even more troubling for Professor Fox's theory are the findings of the large team of Japanese workers on chimpanzee social structure in western Tanzania. They have shown that the chimpanzees there live in distinct groups, each group based on a permanent core of adult males; females, however, when sexually active, move from group to group. What a splendid nonhuman primate basis this is for an explanation of the emergence of human exogamy! Yet Professor Fox feels we need the alliance and descent principles to explain exogamy. If female chimps move around in the way described, it is hard to see how either alliance or descent could function as efficient mechanisms in their social structure, yet these chimps come closer to the kind of elementary forms of human society described by Lévi-Strauss than any other primate societies so far studied.

If, Steppenwolf-like, we proceed to the next door, it discloses a happening, under the guidance of Norbert Bischof, which again has to do with the origins of humanity, in this case of the incest taboo. Dr Bischof shows how, in many animal species, there is an absence or rarity of mating between closely related kin. Mechanisms at the behavioural level (avoidance) and at the level of social structure (peripheralization, or the occurrence of bachelor bands) have evolved to reduce the incidence of such matings. In view of the probable selective advantages of outbreeding and disadvantages of inbreeding, these developments seem clearly in line with neo-Darwinian theory. Is it not therefore on balance more likely, asks Dr Bischof (as others, especially K. Kortmulder, have before him) that man's incest rules originally expressed and codified deeply rooted biological predispositions rather than being the kind of new breakthrough, the new basis for human society, posited by Lévi-Strauss? In this case I wholly agree with Dr Bischof. But we need to exercise care in assuming, as he occasionally seems to do, that any natural predispositions that may once have existed in our ancestors still constrain our behaviour at the present time, after who knows how many millions of years of cultural development and an enormous increase in brain size and complexity. Was Oedipus's shame the outcome of his biological programming? Or of the rules from which he had constructed his self-respect, which was now destroyed? Are damage to one's self-respect and the infringement of a biological programme one and the same thing? Dr Bischof discusses this kind of problem but briefly; I should welcome a lengthier treatment of it.

Next door Blurton Jones has a real orgy of ideas going, quite unlike the heavyweights in Dr Bischof's struggle. Each pair comprises an ethological and an anthropological partner, a doer and a thinker. A pair of mothers is hard at it, one saying how she brings up her children, the other actually bringing them up in a different way; they are the same mother. The results of an interview skate around with the interviewee's observed behaviour but the two do not fit. Anthropology, in its descriptive aspect, makes a better match with descriptive ethology. But those evil spirits, words, dance around and stir up trouble, words like "'generosity' which in some cultures is estimated from unsolicited giving and in others from compliance with requests for gifts". Thus the happy marriage between descriptive studies is undermined. What is most important and exciting about Blurton Jones's chapter is the rubbing away of boundaries of thought he attempts, the exposure of points of contact where one hadn't thought of them before. His contribution is the book's forte; he has got beyond the preformationist dogmas that limit the biological arguments of many others and steadily thinks his way ahead. The questions in which this chapter abounds will *preoccupy us for years.*

Next, Michael Chance has his hedonic and agonistic modes of social organization on display, and he pairs them against, of all things, Basil Bernstein's elaborated and restricted codes of verbal usage. In a highly original chapter, which must rank as one of Dr Chance's most contentious ever, we are presented with the idea that elaborated linguistic codes flourish in a social context based on hedonic (ie, friendly, cooperative) social interaction, whereas restricted codes are to be found in social groups based on agonistic (ie, hierarchical, power-oriented) social interaction. It is a testable hypothesis, not therefore to be prejudged but to be set against available data and future studies.

From next door comes a strange music and inside we find Lionel Tiger playing the hormonium. In fact the music of the hormonium is quite sweet to the scientifically trained ear. Professor Tiger's piece, "Somatic factors and social behaviour", certainly qualifies as serious music even though the work as a whole is a collection of parts, not a unified structure. He is concerned with what the human body's "internal secretions and states" bring to social behaviour and how they are affected by it. He pairs endocrine systems and psychological conditions, aggression and testosterone, EEG dysrhythmias and suicide, sexuality and the pill. All this is of considerable interest and much more research in these areas needs to be done.

Finally there is an enthralling performance by W. D. Hamilton on the "new" sociobiology, the modern theory of the evolution of altruistic behaviour based on recently developed models in population genetics. For those anxious to know more about this I would recommend a look at E. O. Wilson's *Sociobiology* before tackling Dr Hamilton's chapter. In Wilson's words: "A genetically based act of altruism, selfishness or spite will evolve if the average inclusive fitness of individuals within networks displaying it is greater than the inclusive fitness of individuals in otherwise comparable networks that do not display it". For present purposes, if an individual performs an altruistic act which, though it reduces his own reproductive success, enhances that of his offspring *who also carry the genetic basis for such acts*, then that genetic basis will spread through the population. Thus, through the spread of altruism, much of sociability and social behaviour can be explained.

This theory has shown itself to have enormous explanatory power in animal sociobiology, but Dr Hamilton is applying it direct to man and I am not at all sure he succeeds. One of his enemies is words. He uses words with biological meanings—"traits", "selfishness", "character"—in relation to human attributes in the following way: "the more consciences are lacking in a group as a whole, the more energy the group will need to divert to enforcing otherwise tacit rules or else face dissolution. Thus . . . having a conscience is an 'altruistic' character"—and proceeds to an algebraic analysis of a "population consisting of a mixture of particles" in which altruists give up a certain number of their personal fitness particles in order to add a certain number to the fitness of the next generation.

Space prevents a detailed analysis, so I will merely voice an objection: I am not convinced, and I do not think Dr Hamilton shows, either that the *human* qualities of altruism, selfishness and spite on which his analysis rests are of a particulate kind, or that they are inherited in a genetic/Mendelian way; and this seems to me to be crucial to the analysis. Of course, all *life* processes are in some sense based on genes and genetic processes; doubters should read Jacques Monod's book *Chance and Necessity*. But that fact by no means establishes that a human quality, such as what passes in any given culture as "altruism", has a particular, particulate, theoretically discoverable even if as yet undiscovered, genetic base, and that this base forms a genetically transmissible pattern. The point is an important one and I should welcome Dr Hamilton's reply. As representative of a major new branch in biology—the biology of inclusive fitness—his ideas have the most direct bearing on social anthropology and are poised to "biologize" the whole subject, rendering it a mere subsection of sociobiology. But if the panoply of human ideas and cultures is not composed of genetic patterns (even though it may in a Monodian sense be reducible to genetic particles) then there is, unless I am mistaken, a flaw in the analysis.

# Talking to a stranger

### By W. Montgomery Watt

**NORMAN DANIEL :**
The Cultural Barrier
Problems in the Exchange of Ideas
227pp. Edinburgh University Press. £6.

One of the features of the age in which we live is that there is a mixing of cultures on a vaster scale than ever before. Something similar doubtless happened at certain points in the history of the great empires of the past, but the scale was not global as it is now. This mixing of cultures, though often described in abstract terms, has also its personal side in cross-cultural contacts between individuals; and it is from this personal side that *The Cultural Barrier* makes its start. Norman Daniel is now British Council representative in Cairo and has a distinguished record of service in various Middle East countries. In the course of his duties he has frequently come up against this cultural barrier—the failure of British experts abroad to communicate at a deeper level with the citizens of the country which requires their expertise, and the failure of foreign students in this country to communicate at the deeper level with ordinary people here, and even with the average student. This failure of communication is because, as Dr Daniel puts it, "different groups of people do things in different ways, or do different things or think about things differently".

One of the convictions underlying the book is that cultural variety is desirable, and the associated fear is that developing countries urgently needing Western technology, may suppose that certain cultural accretions are inseparable from this technology, and by accepting these accretions may help to destroy their own culture. To counter this supposition it is insisted that the accretions are not essential to the adoption of the technology. The acceptance of Greco-Arab science and philosophy by Europe in the period from the twelfth century onwards is described in detail as an example of how a receiving culture can be selective. The "cultural filter" in this case was anti-Islamic feeling. At the present time, it is suggested, anti-imperialism may similarly act as a cultural filter, at least in some respects.

The parallel with medieval Europe shows how cultural transfer comes about through the efforts of individuals. European scholars went to places like Toledo on the cultural frontier of Islam and returned with their duly "filtered" ideas and techniques. Yet the parallel also shows that the argument of the book is only the beginning of a discussion. The returning scholars did not find the cities of Western Europe massively invaded by Islamic technology. They did not find Islamic ambassadors resident in their capitals nor Islamic news in their daily papers and broadcasts. At various points Dr Daniel opens up wider perspectives, but he does not explore them to any great extent. Yet, even if developing countries take only techniques from visiting experts and if their students in the West resist cultural blandishments, how far are their cultures going to maintain a distinct identity by the end of the century?

Because we live in "one world", cultural barriers affect us in many ways. If the United Nations are to function effectively, they must develop a common ethical outlook in political matters. If scientists belonging to a non-Western culture are to play their part in the global advance of science, they must have intellectual freedoms which may be alien to the outlook of their culture. And what about "Pakistanis in the parish"? How far can they retain a distinctive culture and how far must they become assimilated to the surrounding one? Even when it is agreed that cultural variety is desirable, the pressures towards uniformity make a measure of cultural assimilation inevitable. One cannot construct a blueprint for this process; it has to be worked out in actual living. Moreover, as hinted here and there in the book, it is a two-way process. Some cultural movement in non-Western world, already existing but not yet clearly discerned, may take the West by storm.

Dr Daniel is certainly right in stressing the importance of communication at a deep level, but briefing need not be restricted to technical experts going abroad and students coming to the West. It is gratifying that some Church leaders are using the opportunity provided by the forthcoming World of Islam Festival to "brief" ordinary Christians on Muslim beliefs and on appropriate Christian attitudes to Muslims.

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# Orators of the tribe

### By Lucy Mair

**MAURICE BLOCH (Editor) :**
Political Language and Oratory in Traditional Society
240pp. Academic Press. £6.50.

*Political Language and Oratory in Traditional Society* is a collection of essays which combines the approaches of politics and linguistics and extends the range of both studies. If Maurice Bloch as editor goes too far in denying value to earlier anthropological work on political behaviour, he is on firm ground when he asserts that what actually goes on in public meetings has rarely been followed in detail. He presumably would not include litigation in political discussion; this is a subject on which we have fairly extensive records from various sources.

The peoples discussed recognize a type of oratory with a distinctive manner which follows strictly prescribed forms; skill in the manipulation of which is both a means of earning prestige and a prerequisite of the effective exercise of authority. It does not seek to persuade by argument or to arouse emotion—it consists largely in the manipulation of traditional formulae [illegible] A successful performance can show originality without transgressing the strict limits, much as a poet may with an intricate metrical form. There is little here of the decision-making that we have all been looking out for since we read Harold Lasswell, and a superficial view might be that oratory has lapsed into meaningless formality, simply because major decisions have been taken out of the hands of these societies by superior authority. But this is not so, for—as Sir Raymond Firth shows of the Tikopia and Anne Salmond of the Maori—there *is* discussion of current problems; but it is conducted in a different way.

Oratory is an art, and there may be oratorical contests between opposing teams, scoring points not by logic but by following the rules in difficult situations; sometimes ground-rules are agreed in advance. It has indeed its political importance, but this may consist, as Dr Bloch shows from Madagascar, not in carrying a point but in preempting discussion. His example represents the extreme of formality. Prescribed forms of speech leave almost no latitude for making specific proposals. But they allow no latitude at all in the response. The required content of the speech makes it predominantly a reassertion of the established order, which is presented as part of the order of nature and hence incontrovertible.

Speeches of this kind are characteristic of societies where unity is valued more highly than action, and they have the effect of creating what may be an illusory appearance of consensus. In Bali, as described by Mark Hobart, this appearance is created by orators who present themselves as diffidently offering suggestions while always willing to follow the sense of the meeting. Real decisions are taken elsewhere, in deals between "patrons" who attract followers on Tammany principles.

John Comaroff found among the Tshidi, a Tswana tribe, that two codes could be used in succession by the same speaker. Set phrases about what was expected of a chief were followed by specific criticisms of the chief of the time; the latter were remembered in detail afterwards, the former simply as "some words about the chiefship". David Turton and Andrew Strathern write of the Mursi in south-western Ethiopia and the Melpa of the New Guinea Highlands respectively. David Parkin's subject is the various codes in which bureaucrats in Kenya communicate with African farmers. A pendant to the collection of a rather different type is an examination by Gill Seidel of the implications of the pronouns "nous" and "vous" as they are used in the political leaflets circulated during the "Events" of May, 1968.

# The early modern Frenchman

By R. J. Knecht

**ROBERT MANDROU:**

Introduction to Modern France 1500-1640

An Essay in Historical Psychology

Translated by R. E. Hallmark

285pp. Edward Arnold. £9.95.

Among contemporary French historians few have a better claim to being considered the spiritual heir of Lucien Febvre than Robert Mandrou. For half a century Febvre, the co-founder of the *Annales*, struggled to convince historians of the need to take into account the new social sciences of economics, sociology and psychology. Towards the end of his life it was psychology which he advocated most fervently, notably in an article entitled "*Comment reconstituer la vie affective d'autrefois? La sensibilité et l'histoire*". In 1938 Febvre outlined his research programme as follows:

> inventorier d'abord dans son détail, puis recomposer pour l'époque étudiée, le matériel mental dont disposaient les hommes de cette époque; par un puissant effort d'érudition, mais aussi d'imagination, reconstituer l'univers, tout l'univers physique, intellectuel, moral, au milieu duquel chacune des générations qui l'ont précédé se sont mues. . . .

Though Febvre did not live to implement this ambitious (some would say impossible) programme to any significant extent, he did sketch out in draft the *Introduction à l'intelligence de l'homme français moderne*, and it was the discovery of this work among his papers which prompted M Mandrou to write his own essay in historical psychology. When first published in 1961 this presented historians with a relatively new challenge, for Febvre's original rallying cry had been largely forgotten during the Second World War. Since then much has been done, not only in France but also in Britain and the United States, to open up the field of historical psychology especially within the early modern period of European history. Fourteen years of research by many scholars, including M Mandrou himself, on such subjects as witchcraft, the role of women, youth societies and popular unrest will have inevitably removed something of the novelty of his *Introduction to Modern France 1500-1640*. It nevertheless remains an important statement of objectives, and even if some of these may now appear, through experience, less attainable than they did in 1961, it is no bad thing that English scholars should be reminded of Lucien Febvre's "Grand Design". That the translation of M Mandrou's book should have taken so long is not surprising; his style is typical of the *Annales* school at its most intractable.

M Mandrou's investigation of the psychology of "the modern" (he really means "the early modern") Frenchman is divided into three parts. First, under the heading of "human dimensions", he looks at the body and the mind. This immediately presents him with an insuperable difficulty. Although information about the formal education of adolescents may be gleaned from *livres de raison*, the writings of Montaigne and Rabelais, or the experience of Jesuit or Oratorian colleges, virtually nothing is known about the education of the very young, a serious limitation when one considers the importance given to early childhood by psychologists and pediatricians. Our knowledge of the educational scene is also confined to certain social categories. Yet within the limits imposed by the documentary evidence, M Mandrou offers fascinating glimpses of the early modern Frenchman eating very little meat, sheltering as best he could from the elements and living constantly in fear of sudden death.

*Although the author often expresses the need for more statistics*, his approach is seldom based on quantification; more often than not it is literary and impressionistic. Thus, on the basis of a few literary examples, one of them praising the song of birds rather than their plumage, he argues that early modern man valued hearing more than sight. Without questioning M Mandrou's assumption that sight, before the widespread use of spectacles, was probably often poor, one has only to think of Spenser's imagery or Shakespeare's to doubt his conclusion. But then, Spenser and Shakespeare were Englishmen, and M Mandrou is concerned only with the French. Can it be that the sight of Englishmen was sharper than that of Frenchmen? M Mandrou is aware of the problem: "One must also consider . . . geographical boundaries", he writes, but this he does not always do, so that the possible distinctiveness of the early modern Frenchman is generally overlooked. The author is also inconsistent at times: thus in one chapter he argues that people liked to be read to because their sight was weak, yet in another he comments on the growing popularity of the printed book. The crucial problem of literacy is barely touched upon.

In the second part of his book M Mandrou looks at the various social constraints on the individual's psychological freedom. These he reduces to three:

> the family, which ensured the perpetuation of the species; the local environment, some town or village parish which often formed life's horizon for those people who were sedentary or too deeply rooted; and finally, the groups which from that time onwards comprised social classes, both by their way of life, their organization and, above all, their group consciousness.

M Mandrou reaffirms his neutrality in the famous controversy as to whether French society was divided into classes or orders in the early modern period. Both existed at once, he maintains, and he dismisses that "school of historians" which has rejected Marxist terminology as inapplicable to any period before the nineteenth century "while not caring to admit how far its pseudo-positivist attitude reflects staunch political conservatism".

The third and most important stage of M Mandrou's enquiry into the principal components of the *mentalités modernes* is concerned with three kinds of human a[illegible]: first, routine professional [illegible] and occupations (including [illegible] and hunting) of a humdrum [illegible]; secondly, cultural and [illegible] activities, and finally escap[illegible] suits (including overseas ex[illegible]tion). The ultimate esc[illegible] course, was suicide, and M M[illegible] draws attention to its high [illegible]ence in countries other than F[illegible] during the sixteenth century. [illegible] France should have been [illegible]tional is not made clear, but M Mandrou admits that he [illegible] precise figures to work on. [illegible] yet another area where an inv[illegible]tion of *mentalités* in early [illegible] Europe is obliged to fall ba[illegible] mainly literary evidence (in [illegible] case Montaigne).

Much of this book, then, is [illegible] to question and doubt, yet it [illegible] an exhilarating view of a kind [illegible] history which until recently his[illegible]ians seldom treated seriously. [illegible] Mandrou writes:

> To define emotional and intel[illegible]tual conjunctures as briefly a[illegible] have tried to do here is the[illegible] marily to show that psycholog[illegible] history, like all history [illegible] seeks to explain in depth [illegible] no frontiers. Above all [illegible] distinct from other bra[illegible] history. To presume to isola[illegible]chological history (even mak[illegible] impressive title of the histo[illegible] ideas and of feelings—or [illegible] the social history of ideas) [illegible] wellnigh hopeless task. The [illegible]tory of mentalities is a perm[illegible] and inseparable part of tota[illegible] tory. . . .

Not every reader, one suspects, [illegible] share M Mandrou's confidence [illegible] the potentialities of his subject; [illegible] only a dull one can fail to resp[illegible] to his enthusiasm.

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LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM

AMENITIES DEPARTMENT

## ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST (Local History)

**Salary £4,086-£4,356**

Required to assist the Archivist in the selection, requisition, recording and preservation of material, enquiries, exhibitions and talks etc. Hours of duty: 9 am-5 pm on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 9 am-6 pm Fridays and Saturdays.

Application form, returnable by 9th April, and detailed job description from Chief Personnel Officer, Town Hall, Catford, London SE6 4RU, or telephone 01-690 7666 (24 hour Ansafone service) quoting appropriate reference AM36 and job title.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

## RIJKSUNIVERSITEIT GRONINGEN

UNIVERSITY OF GRONINGEN
THE NETHERLANDS

POSITION OPEN

Nominations and applications are invited for the position of

Professor of the
HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY

with the emphasis on the natural sciences.

This chair will become vacant in January 1977. It will be a joint appointment since this chair in Philosophy is meant to forge a link between such diverse disciplines as Philosophy, Literature, and the Natural Sciences. Interest in the post-Descartes period as well as in the present discussions with respect to the philosophy of the natural sciences is required. Candidates will be expected to cooperate with the present staff members of the Department of Philosophy of Science and Logic.

Candidates should have completed the Ph.D. or its equivalent, should be capable of teaching undergraduate as well as graduate courses and initiate research. Some organizational ability is desirable. Candidates should have proven ability (publications) in the specified field.

A curriculum vitae, including publications and names of referees should be sent to: Afdeling Personeelszaken der Rijksuniversiteit, Postbus 72, Groningen, The Netherlands, within three weeks after this issue appeared.

Further inquiries or information should be directed to the chairman of the search committee, Prof. G. J. Harmsen, Department of Philosophy, The University, Kraneweg 74, Groningen, The Netherlands, (phone: 050-114103 or 05130-88463).

ilea INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

## Librarians (LIB. III)

**Salary Scale: £3,326-£4,169**

Inclusive of London Weighting Allowance

CHARTERED LIBRARIANS are need for the following posts:

☐ COLLINGWOOD SCHOOL, York Grove, Queens Road, SE15 2NZ
☐ GREENWICH PARK SCHOOL, King George Street, SE14 8PY
☐ VAUXHALL MANOR SCHOOL, Stannary Street, SE11 4PT
☐ BURLINGTON/DANES SCHOOL, Wood Lane, Shepherds Bush, W12 0HR

A half-time post (20½ hours per week term time only, salary pro-rata of the full-time rate) exists in:

☐ PRENDERGAST GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 30 Rushey Green, SE6 4JQ

*Application forms and further details from EO/Estab 2A/1, Room A4B, Addington Street Annexe, County Hall, LONDON, SE1 7PB (01-633 5772). Completed forms to be returned not later than Friday, 9 April 1976. Please state for which post you are applying.*

ABERDEEN COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

## PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the above post which carries with it responsibility for the organisation and development of the College Library.

Applicants should hold a university degree preferably with honours, and a specialist qualification in Librarianship.

The salary offered will be on a scale: £6,063-£7,618, and placing may be given for experience.

The successful applicant will be expected to take up duty as soon as possible after 1st June, 1976.

Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the College Secretary, Aberdeen College of Education, Hilton Place, Aberdeen AB9 1FA, with whom applications must be lodged by Friday, 16th April, 1976.

JAMES SCOTLAND,
PRINCIPAL.

Amenities & Works Department—Library Service

## PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN

£5,253-£5,838
(Including London Weighting)
(P.O.1.B.)

Applications are invited for the above post, which ranks second in the libraries establishment. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians, preferably Fellows of the Library Association. Experience in the administration of a large library system is desirable.

The Council offers assistance towards removal expenses, including legal and estate agents fees, lodging allowance and travel allowance. Interest free loans for annual season tickets are available.

Further details and application forms from the Administration Manager, Room 708, Brent House, High Road, Wembley, Middlesex, returnable by 3rd April, 1976. Telephone 01-903 0371 (24 hour Ansafone service). Reference number A/65 must be quoted.

London Borough of
BRENT

## Divisional Librarian

**A.P.5. (£3,825-£4,095)**

We seek a Chartered Librarian, with experience of library organisation, for the day-to-day management of the Divisional Library at Newton Abbot, and of nine small libraries.

Working week of 37 hours includes some late evening and Saturday duties. N.J.C. Conditions of Service apply, and assistance with removal and other expenses may be made in approved cases.

Telephone Exeter (0392) 74142 for further details.

Letter of application, including names and addresses of two referees, must reach the County Librarian, Isleworth Road, Exeter, Devon, by 2nd April, 1976. (Interviews on 12th April.)

DEVON

## Children's Librarians

**Up to £3,543**

We need two Children's Librarians to be based initially at our Gayton and Wealdstone Libraries. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians and have passed the Young People's Paper. They should also have experience of Library work with children and a good knowledge of children's literature.

Application form from Personnel Manager, London Borough of Harrow, P.O. Box 57, Civic Centre, Harrow, Middlesex, HA1 2XF, returnable within 14 days.

24 hours Ansafone Service 01-863 8270.

## LIBRARIANS

### BRUNEL UNIVERSITY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the University Library. Candidates should be of good education—and have had considerable experience of library work. The post will involve taking responsibility for Inter-Library Loans and assisting with the running of a busy circulation desk, using the Automated Library System.

Salary scale, Grade 4 £2,886 to £3,411 plus £480 London Allowance.

Application form and further details are available from Assistant Secretary (Establishment), Brunel University, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB8 3PH, or telephone Uxbridge 37188, extension 49. Closing date 9 April, 1976.

### CITY OF COVENTRY

LIBRARIES ARTS AND MUSEUMS

CATALOGUER AP4/5

£3,366 to £4,095

Under the general supervision of the Bibliographical Services Officer, the Cataloguer will control and co-ordinate the work of the Cataloguing Unit of the Bibliographical Services Section. The Cataloguer will be responsible for cataloguing and classifying all the books, records, cassettes and filing received by the Unit and will also liaise with the staff of the City Treasurer's Computer and Printing and Stationery divisions in the administration of the current computerised catalogue and the Plessey computer issuing system, which is expected to "go live" in June, 1976. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians.

Application forms and further particulars from the Director, Libraries Arts and Museums, Administration, Bayley Lane, Coventry CV1 5RG. Returnable by 9th April, 1976.

### HUMBERSIDE COUNTY COUNCIL

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

KINGSTON UPON HULL DIVISION
SYDNEY SMITH HIGH SCHOOL,
First Lane, Anlaby

APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the POST of full-time Librarian at the above-named school for approximately 1,400 pupils. The school is housed in buildings opened in 1967. The central library at the school consists of about 18 000 volumes (800 books are added annually) and has a developing resources centre.

Salary is in accordance with N.J.C. scale for Librarians, viz., £2,127 to £2,883 per annum (£2,922 to £3,283 for Chartered Librarians).

Application forms are available from the Head and should be returned not later than 9th April, 1976.

### DORSET COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY SERVICE

LIBRARIAN, DOMICILIARY SERVICES

(CENTRAL AREA)

Librarians' Scale above bar £2,922 to £3,283

Chartered Librarians with public library experience and interest in providing a library service to institutions and housebound people, are invited to apply for this vacancy, based at Poole.

Further details and application form, returnable by April 9, from County Librarian, Colliton Park, Dorchester DT1 1XJ. (Please quote Post LR 43.)

### CENTRE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Required for developing Research Library to assist in the running of the Library. The post would suit a recently qualified Librarian or someone intending to make a career in library and information work, and wishing to gain special library experience. Ability to type essential. Knowledge of French and German an advantage.

Salary: Unqualified £1,885 to £3,055 Qualified [illegible] to [illegible]

Plus £465 London Allowance. Day Nursery on premises.

Applications giving details of age, education, qualifications and experience should be sent to the Librarian, C.E.S., 62 Chandos Place, London WC2N 4HH. Telephone 01-240 3424, ex. 281. Please quote ref. 118/A1.

### LONDON BOROUGH OF ISLINGTON

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
ASSISTANT CATALOGUER
A.P. 3 £3,503 to £3,665 per annum
(inclusive of London Weighting)

APPLICATIONS for this POST are invited from suitably qualified LIBRARIANS. Applicants should be interested in the Computerization of Catalogues, as this is in active preparation.

Application forms are available from:—

The Chief Librarian, Central Library, 2 Fieldway Crescent, London N5 1PF.

Telephone: 01-607 4038.

To whom they should be returned by 9th April, 1976.

### INFORMATION OFFICER

Qualified LIBRARIAN preferably with commercial experience required by a City reinsurance company to assist and advise on setting up and maintaining the library and information services in their newly created Information Office. Knowledge of European languages would be an advantage.

Salary negotiable—usual fringe benefits available.

Please write giving full details to Miss Lettington, Mercantile & General Reinsurance Co. Ltd., Moorfields House, Moorfields, London EC2Y 9AL.

### UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS invited for this POST in the John Rylands University Library of Manchester. The appointee will be responsible for Law, E.E.C., Government and related publications. Salary range £3,174 to £6,447 per annum. Superannuation. Good Honours degree in Law essential: research experience and/or library qualifications additional recommendations.

Particulars and application forms (returnable by April 2nd) from the Registrar, The University, Manchester M13 9PL. Quote reference: 41/76/TLS.

### OXFORD UNIVERSITY

MATHEMATICAL INSTITUTE

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN/SECRETARY

An Assistant Librarian/Secretary is required from the beginning of May to take charge of the day to day running of a small departmental library. Library training and/or experience essential. Salary on University Grade III scale (£2,301 to £2,856). Salary on University Grade III scale (£2,301 to £2,856). Application should be made not later than 17th April to the Administrator from whom further details are available.

Administrator, Mathematical Institute, 24-29 St. Giles, Oxford. Telephone Oxford 54295.

### OXFORD POLYTECHNIC

SUB-LIBRARIAN
(£3,366-£3,702)

The Polytechnic library includes five sub-librarian subject specialists. There is now a vacancy for the post of sub-librarian (subject librarian—Management and Catering), for which some experience of the literature of these fields is desirable though not essential. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians and a degree is an advantage.

Application forms may be obtained from the Administrator, Oxford Polytechnic, Oxford, OX3 0BP.

### PUBLIC HEALTH LABORATORY SERVICE

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Preference given to graduate with library qualifications, medical or scientific library experience and knowledge of languages.

Salary within scale £2,898 to £3,624 per annum, plus £312 London Weighting.

Applications with names and addresses of two referees to the Personnel Officer, Central Public Health Laboratory, Colindale Avenue, London NW9 5HT.

### THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(MEDICINE) GRADE IIA

APPLICATIONS are invited from professionally qualified graduates for the above POST, vacant from 1 April 1976. The post, based at present in the Main University Library, is funded jointly by the University and the Area Health Authority. The person appointed will become a member of the team now developing the medical library service, in anticipation of the opening of the new Hallamshire Hospital Library early in 1978. The duties of the post will be divided equally between the needs of the hospital libraries within the Authority and the provision of central medical library and information services in the Main Library.

Salary on Grade IIA scale, £3,174 to £5,446. Initial appointment will be in first four points of that grade £3,174 to £3,786 according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars from the Registrar and Secretary, The University, Sheffield S10 2TN, to whom applications, with the names of three referees, should be sent by 16 April, 1976. Quote Ref. R.363/AL.

### LANGLEY COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN to commence on 1 June, 1976, in the Resources Centre of this new College, the buildings for which are now nearing completion. Duties include assisting the Tutor Librarian in the running of the Resources Centre, responsibility for the acquisition of periodicals, cataloguing and general enquiry work. Applicants should be qualified with experience in College library work.

Salary scale, AP.3 £2,[illegible]-£3,261, plus £186 London Allowance.

Further information and application forms can be obtained from the Registrar, Langley College of Further Education, c/o Education Offices, 48 High Street, Slough, to whom they should be returned by 9 April, 1976.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN/LIBRARY SECRETARY. Library experience and good typing essential; qualifications and interest in science desirable. Salary scale £2,127 to £2,445.

Applications with the names of two referees to the Librarian, 21 Albemarle Street, London W1X 4BS. Closing date 9th April.

### SEDGLEY PARK COLLEGE OF EDUCATION (R.C.)

Prestwich, Manchester M25 8JT
TUTOR LIBRARIAN
Temporary post

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified Librarians for this Temporary POST. Salary is graded as Senior Lecturer on the Pelham Scale.

Further details and application forms can be obtained from the Principal, Sedgley Park College, Prestwich, Manchester, M25 8JT, and should be returned within 10 days after the appearance of this advertisement.

**INDEX** Film and T.V. Library require Librarian. Knowledge of U.D.C., ability to type, and interest in films essential.—Please write Miss P. D. Dowling, Index Film and T.V. Library, 12 Charlotte Mews, London W1P 1LN.

## PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

### UNIVERSITY OF MALAWI

CHANCELLOR COLLEGE

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN tenable as soon as possible. Applicants should be graduates with appropriate library qualifications and extensive experience in the cataloguing section of libraries using Library of Congress Classification scheme. Experience in Bliss or Dewey Classification schemes will be an advantage. The appointee will be required to take charge of the process of converting the entire stock of the University Libraries of 160,000 volumes at Bunda College, Chancellor College, and the Polytechnic, to the Library of Congress Classification scheme which the University has decided to adopt.

Salary scale (including expatriate addition): K4,086 to K4,714 per annum (£1 sterling equals £1.58). There may be either a University addition of K720 per annum (taxable in Malawi) or the British Government may supplement salary in range £1,680 to £1,992 per annum (sterling) for married appointees or £1,020 to £1,332 per annum (sterling) for single appointees (normally free of tax) and provide children's education allowances and holiday visit passages. Gratuity of 15 per cent to 25 per cent; superannuation scheme transferable with F.S.S.U.; family passages; various allowances; biennial overseas leave; housing.

Detailed applications (two copies), including a curriculum vitae and naming three referees, should be sent by airmail, not later than 27 April, 1976, to the Registrar, University of Malawi, University Office, P.O. Box 278, Zomba, Malawi.

Applicants resident in U.K. should also send one copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further particulars may be obtained from either address.

### AUSTRALIA
### DEAKIN UNIVERSITY

Geelong

CHIEF LIBRARIAN

The Interim Council of Deakin University wishes to appoint in 1976 the Chief Librarian of the University.

The Chief Librarian will have the status and emoluments of a Professor of the University. The current salary for a Professor is $A25,955 per annum.

The University will offer courses from the 1978 academic year. It will absorb most of the functions of the Gordon Institute of Technology and the State (Teachers') College at Geelong. In addition to providing tertiary courses for on-campus students, the University will offer off-campus programmes for qualified persons within and outside the State of Victoria. Further information can be obtained from the University Secretary, P.O. Box 125, Geelong, Victoria 3220, Australia, or from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

Letters of application with a curriculum vitae, which should include academic and professional qualifications, a list of publications, a recent photograph, and the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent to the University Secretary so as to arrive by 10 May, 1976. Applicants resident in the United Kingdom, Europe, Africa or North America should also send a copy of their application to the Association of Commonwealth Universities.

The Interim Council reserves the right not to make any appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

### BEDFORD COLLEGE

(University of London)
Regent's Park NW1 4NS

APPLICATIONS are invited for a TUTORIAL RESEARCH SCHOLARSHIP in ENGLISH LITERATURE of any period (including the medieval), tenable for the session 1976/77 and renewable annually for a maximum of two further sessions. Initial value not less than £2,624 per annum. Closing date for applications 30 April, 1976.

Further particulars from the Assistant Secretary (Personnel), Bedford College, Regent's Park, London NW1 4NS.